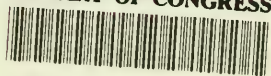


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52D O. V. I.

# THEN AND NOW.

BY  
J. T. HOLMES.

LATE BATT. LIEUT. COL., U. S. V.



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VOLUME I.

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*No more possible*

COLUMBUS, O.:  
THE BERLIN PRINTING COMPANY.  
1898.

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PRINTED, NOT PUBLISHED.

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DEDICATORY LETTER  
AND  
THE ITINERARY.



## TO MY CHILDREN :

Some years since, the inquiries and requests of the two older sisters for portions of personal history led me to promise, for your information, the preparation of three little books. The promise was on the condition that I could at some point in the future justly spare the time from the demands of my profession. This book redeems about one-third of my obligation in that behalf; the other two-thirds are still firmly joined to the condition aforesaid. The War Journal, of course, was written without such promise, or obligation, although its condensed character would seem to indicate a want of time even in those days. The book is not designed for the eye of the public or the stranger. Its style is not adapted to the taste of the general or the critical reader and no part of it has been written with any reader in mind outside of my own family. The matter and the manner need no apology to you and there is none to be made to those who are not addressed.

This memorial of the "heroic days" is made from memories and memoranda, culled in haste from great masses of each. It will give you some idea of the personal and associated experiences of the period, of the soldier's actual life, what his eyes saw, his ears heard, his heart felt, his body and mind underwent, in camp and field, on the march and in battle; how he lived, and moved and had his being; how he dared and bled and died. It puts in permanent form by "the art preservative," for you and yours, some things that must otherwise perish in a few years. If your interest shall equal one-half of my pleasure in the work, I shall have no regrets. It has been a reviviscence of the times that tried not only men's souls, but great questions, having a reach that God alone can foresee.

The plan of the work is simple, however hurried and broken may be its execution. The Journal stands in front as a sort of "contents." In general terms, there follow three campaigns: the first ending at Nashville, Tennessee, having two strands, the

## DEDICATORY LETTER.

regimental and *quasi* personal; the second ending at Chattanooga, having the personal review and making the record from memory mainly and then carrying the regimental and personal history forward from Nashville, by the partly separate route, in the light of the contemporaneous record, and, lastly, the Atlanta campaign, treated in the same way as the second. Each of the three cities becomes now, as it was then, a center from which there was and is some important radiation.

I have not attempted to write a history of the war in Kentucky, Tennessee and Georgia, or even of army movements therein, during any portion of the long four years. You will observe that the province of general history is not invaded beyond the necessity that keeps the track of the regiment and records enough of the striking work to show something of the history and experiences of its men and officers.

The constant effort has been to make just and accurate statements of fact and if, perchance, a copy of the book should fall, at some time, into the hands of one whose knowledge or information is different on some subject, incident, date, name or number, tell him he must remember his own experience, if he has ever written and had his printing done under pressure for time, or wait until he has tried such experiment, before passing sentence of condemnation. Above all, he must remember the rush and excitement of the war times and that thirty-five years are apt to becloud and shade and qualify the faculty of memory, dependent largely, as it is, upon the standpoint and the degree or intensity and accuracy of attention and observation and on the capacity of the observer to receive impressions, as events occur, and to retain and express them afterward. My life at the bar has taught me that two honest witnesses, standing together, may differ widely in their descriptions, on the stand, of a railroad accident, a horse race, or a dog fight.

An illustration three hundred years old comes to mind. The culmination of what is known in Scottish history as the Gowrie conspiracy against James VI. occurred in a room to which Ruthven, Earl Gowrie's brother, had enticed the King. There were present James, Ruthven and a retainer named Henderson, no others, at the beginning of the assault. Dr. Robert-

## DEDICATORY LETTER.

son states the differences in the statements of what occurred made by the King and Henderson.

"1. According to the king's account, while Mr. Ruthven was holding the dagger at his breast, 'the fellow in the study stood quaking and trembling.' But Henderson says, that he himself wrested the dagger out of Mr. Ruthven's hands. Henderson likewise boasted to his wife, that he had that day twice saved the king from being stabbed. 2. The king asserts, that Henderson opened the window during Mr. Ruthven's absence. Henderson deposes, that he was only attempting to open it when Mr. Ruthven returned, and that during the struggle between the king and him, he opened it. 3. If we may believe the king, the fellow in the study stood, during the struggle, behind the king's back, inactive and trembling all the time. But Henderson affirms, that he snatched away the garter with which Mr. Ruthven attempted to bind the king; that he pulled back Ruthven's hand, while he was endeavoring to stop the king's mouth, and that he opened the window. 4. By the king's account, Mr. Ruthven left him in the study, and went away in order to meet with his brother, and the earl came up the stairs for the same purpose. Henderson deposes, that when Mr. Ruthven left the king, 'he believes that he did not pass from the door.' It is apparent, both from the situation of the house, and from other circumstances, that there could not possibly have been any interview between the brothers at this time."

No wrong, even of the slightest character, has been purposely done to any man or any man's memory.

The "itinerary," so-called, and the index, especially the latter, have been so prepared as to supply many of the smaller omissions and clear up some of the obscurities of the text of the Journal.

In the index, only the later titles or designations, so far as known, of officers and other persons are given and I have taken occasion therein to correct some of the errors in names, initials and otherwise, which crept into the work, here and there, in the course of the writing, transcribing and printing thereof.

If the threatened second volume should never be written, you have in the War Journal a much fairer synopsis of most of

## DEDICATORY LETTER.

the period which it would cover than of the period covered by the present volume. It must have dawned on my mind—it did so—that the mere catch-word character of the earlier portions of the journal would prove very unsatisfactory even to myself, if spared, after considerable time should be overpast; but, though the march was a long one and some of the fighting an Englishman would call “nasty,” the opportunities with me for journalizing were a *little* better after than before Atlanta.

The old bookseller who did not know Hebrew found, while making a catalogue, a Bible in that language. He entered it “a book that begins at the very end.” On the contrary, I am ending my book at the very beginning.

The last proof sheets were read this evening and there was a fascination in the work so far completed that held me, turning over the leaves, away into the night—in fact, until the “midnight hour.” How little so ever it may interest others, in the story here told in outline I have lived over again these thrilling years. No others in my three score can begin to compare with them in depth of interests and feelings, involved and evoked; in the burns and scars from the war that scorched and withered by many a touch; in the profound and moving tragedy that passed like a horrid dream, with its lights and shadows, before my youthful eyes.

It will all, including the actors in the great drama, soon be history, memory, silence, only.

Affectionately,

J. T. H.

# THE WAR JOURNAL.



## ENTERING THE SERVICE.

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RICHMOND, OHIO, August 11, 1862.

Cars by S. & I. R. R. to Columbus. Gov. Tod. Recruiting commission. Four days only to run. Returned to Steubenville by Central Road. Arrived at midnight.

August 12 to 20. Recruiting. Fully successful.

August 20. Reported one hundred and nine men in Steubenville. More men offered if I would warrant them places in my company. Couldn't do it as my numbers were above the maximum already.

August 21, 2 a. m. Parting of friends and sweeping off of train for Camp Dennison and Dan. McCook's Fifty-second O. V. I. Delayed for want of transportation at Columbus four hours. Reached camp at 10 p. m. All safe.

August 22. Company mustered in. G in alignment.

August 23 to 25. Arming and equipping company.

August 25. By rail in the morning to Cincinnati. Receive colors; crossed river. At dusk, took cars for Lexington, Ky. Rode all night.

August 26. Early dawn, camped south of Lexington, in sight. Everything new. Busy.

August 27 to 30. Fine weather. One battalion drill; learning to live and sleep out of doors. Beautiful country; Breckenridge's property shining through the trees to left of the city. Poor rebel.

August 30. Evening and night march to Kentucky River, sixteen miles; wearisome tramp. Slept on bed of limestone, broken for repairing the pike; rough bed, but good rest.

August 31. Returned to Lexington through driving rain and slavish mud. Slept on the floor in Broadway Hotel, I guess. Wet clothes. Tired to death.

September 1. Morning moved out to camp. Lay down to rest. Wakened up at noon of

## PRISONER OF WAR.

September 2. To find regiment gone. Rebels all around. I had been taken to Broadway House, Room 44. Looked out of the window. John Morgan and his troop just passing.

September 3. Lying sick and weak still.

September 4. Paroled by Rebel Provost Marshal Major A. F. Rudler. At 4 o'clock, just able to walk, start by Covington pike north.

September 5. Passed through Georgetown and, 6th, Williamstown. Part way on foot, part in wagon. Reached Covington in the night. Es-

corted into our own lines under cavalry guard. Everybody excited. Rebels reported threatening the place.

September 7. Crossed pontoon into Ohio and lay in Cincinnati until next day.

### COLUMBUS, OHIO.

September 8. Took cars for Columbus and reached Camp Chase in the evening.

My present party consisting, all the way from Lexington, of R. E. Rex, E. P. Douglass, W. M. Cook, John R. Berry, my brother, A. R., and self, all came through safely. Found in this camp some of the Seventy-first Ohio boys taken prisoners at Clarksville, Tenn.

September 9 to December 16. Dull, inactive, listless life of prisoners of war, under parole, the monotony only broken by the removal of all prisoners from Camp Chase, four miles west of Columbus, to Camp Lew Wallace, four miles north, on the Cleveland Road. This took place about the middle of October.

I commanded Company K, Third Regiment Paroled Forces, Colonel Rathbone. Among the acquaintances formed here are those with Lieutenant Gorsuch, Thirty-eighth O. V. I.; Captain Stewart and Lieutenant Drummond, Seventy-fourth O. V. I.—profitable. I must not forget Mrs. Ford, High Street, or Kauffmann, American House, a brother of the Lieutenant K. of our Company A. There, too, was the inimitable Lieutenant Colonel John C. Chiles, Third East Tennessee Volunteers, with his Captains and Lieutenants.

December 16. Officially notified of exchange. Happy as a clam at high tide. Bounce into 'bus in Camp Wallace to obey an order received from Colonel Dan. McCook's own hand in Goodale House, November 21st, and approved by General Wright, commanding department. Order: As soon as exchanged go to Eastern Ohio and collect all men belonging to the regiment before reporting for duty in the field. The approval allowed absence of one week for compliance. Reached home 11 p. m.

Gathered by paroled party, including M. M. Cock. Cook had been discharged from the service, and,

December 26, after having spent the night in Steubenville, started by rail for Nashville. Before we reached Louisville the L. & N. R. R. had been cut, so that after much ceremony I found myself,

January 1, 1863, on board and in command of the Steamer J. H. Baldwin, with a guard of fifty-one men and one of a fleet under convoy of two gunboats bound by way of the Cumberland for Nashville with supplies for the Fourteenth Army Corps.

January 5 to 8. Laboring up stream to Clarksville, Tenn.; thus far unmolested. Here, on the evening of our arrival, we hear the first dispatches from the bloody field of Stone River.

January 9 and 10. Over the shoals of Harpeth and to the Rock City.

## NASHVILLE AND VICINITY.

January 10, to the beginning of March, the arduous duty of the garrison, in mud constantly, and for the greater part also in ill health, only broken by two foraging expeditions to the southeast about ten miles.

Round after round of picket and fatigue duty in inexperience and unpleasant weather, but the routine was broken,

March 8, by the order to move by cars to Franklin, sixteen miles southeast, and after remaining there until

March 15, we returned by the pike to Nashville again.

March 16 to April 7. Same steady old duties. More pleasant weather, however, and some battalion and brigade drills.

April 7. Marched to Brentwood. Camped in line with the Division and lay there almost a week, when the force was moved about three-quarters of a mile down the road to splendid camping ground on the bank of Little Harpeth.

May 1. Last night Colonel McCook arrested Captain Morrow, commanding the regiment, and Adjutant Masury. It makes me quake almost at thought of taking command of the regiment, but I have promised to try, and will.

May 2 until June 5. Daily drills. Splendid weather; good health; fine spirits. In this interim the shelter tent was first issued to the command. Laughed at in the beginning, it was better thought of soon. Promoted Major May 5th; Morrow resigned.

June 5. Broke camp and marched to Nashville once more, arriving at midnight. Slept on the old ground until daylight. Pitched tents and resumed garrison duty from

June 6 until 25, when I was ordered in command of two hundred teams and train guard of two hundred and thirty-eight officers and men to Murfreesboro.

June 28. After three days constant rain and labor, I am back at Nashville and report the train safely delivered to Brigadier General H. P. Van Cleve, commanding post, Murfreesboro, Tenn. Formed a good opinion of the old General.

June 29. Brigade ordered to Murfreesboro, 10 p. m.; take cars; arrive at daylight.

June 30 to July 19. Lay in camp at this post without any special events.

July 20. One o'clock a. m. reach the old camp ground, by cars, from Murfreesboro to Nashville. Brigadier General Whittaker aboard. Pointed out where he fought at Stone River, losing his Lieutenant Colonel, Major, Adjutant and every third man in three minutes. *It was hot.*

Slept on the ground till morning and at daylight moved to the camp of the Tenth Michigan Infantry, Colonel Charles M. Lane.

July 21 to August 20. Doing garrison, picket and fatigue duty; furnishing train guards, upon one of which latter details three men of

Company D were killed and Lieutenant Neighbor wounded by a collision on the line between Nashville and Murfreesboro. From the 15th to the 20th we were busy preparing for a march and on the night of the 19th all was ready. The regiment had risen in numbers to five hundred men. The sick had returned and the Northerner had become acclimated.

### THE MARCH TO CHATTANOOGA.

August 20. Broke camp at 4 a. m. Reached Brentwood between 12 and 1. Camped for the afternoon and night in the old woods.

August 21. Moved at daylight. Old darkey lost his melons from his wagon as the regiment passed. Camped about noon on our former ground at Franklin.

August 22. Citizen's meeting in Franklin. Parson Bronlow spoke; Governor Johnson also. I did not hear them.

August 23. Marched at daylight, passing through Spring Hill about noon. Weather intensely hot. Camped two miles south.

August 24. Moved at 8 o'clock four miles south to Carter's Creek. Colonel McCook started back to Nashville this morning. The Eighty-fifth Illinois, Colonel C. J. Dilworth, was left at Franklin and the Eighty-sixth Illinois, Lieutenant Colonel David W. Magee, was left north of Spring Hill about one mile.

These left Lieutenant Colonel Langley, One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Illinois, in command of the brigade, then consisting of the One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Illinois, Fifty-second O. V. I. and Battery I, Second Illinois Artillery, Cap'tain Barnett.

Preparations were made for building the railroad bridges over Carter's Creek of which there were four or five within a mile of camp. *Men maraud some.*

August 25. Just as the details are ready to swing the axes, we are ordered to Columbia, six miles. It is reached at dusk; men shouting as they wade Duck river. Camp on stony ground for the night. Have slight attack of congestion of the stomach; no harm, however.

August 26. Moved camp through to the west side of town, in the morning, upon ground that had been occupied by a part of First Brigade.

August 27 to 29. Lie still. Troxell, R. Q. M., going foraging on 28th. I received the black horse.

August 29. Colonel McCook returned. Eighty-fifth and Eighty-sixth came up. Scathing order upon Fifty-second and One Hundred and Twenty-fifth for marauding at Carter's Creek under Lieutenant Colonel Langley. Order read to the four regiments. It tickled the two that escaped.

August 30. Order read again, as it laid down the manner of march. Started early in the day; passed through Lynnville and camped in sight. People warned by McCook about *bushwhacking*.

August 31. *Five* bushwhacking shots at daylight. Two men of Company E wounded; Thompson in foot, Stewart in shoe. Colonel Harmon, One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Illinois, burns *five* houses in Lynnville on short notice. One shot fired at rear guard on Pigeon Hill. Through Pulaski four miles and camped.

September 1. Crossed Elk river at Elkton, a deserted town. R. Q. M. Troxell caught blazes from Colonel McCook when a wagon stalled on south bank of the river. Men waded as at Duck river, the night we reached Columbia; a constant shout. Camp on Tennessee soil near Blowing Springs, Alabama. Walker, Rider.

September 2. Through fourteen miles black jack barrens to Athens, Alabama; camped south side of town.

September 3. Lying over. Dust. Inspection. Overcoat stolen. McCook sketches a citizen who usually drank, as he said, but one finger of whiskey, but he always measured lengthwise of the finger!

September 4. Twenty-five miles march along the line of the M. & C. R. R. Entered Huntsville at dusk. Grand old city, viewed at sunset. Waded a small creek five times before we could find the camp in the dark. Finally formed our lines on the bank of the stream and rested for the night.

September 5. At 6 a. m. marched through the city and after a rocky and mountainous tramp camped on Hurricane Creek. Regiments searched for some articles stolen from a sick man. Found in One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Illinois.

September 6. Moved early. About 10 a. m. I was sent to take command of a mounted detail to lay waste and make an utter desolation of the birthplace of Gurley, General Bob. McCook's murderer. While I was gone Adjutant Masury ran down, tuckered out, the whole regiment. The lead was his while I was away. Country gently rolling; weather splendid, as it has been all the way from Nashville. Camped at Cave Spring.

September 7. Passed through Bellefonte. Joke on our band. They played half way through town and then discovered there was no living thing in it to hear them. Train fell behind; camped one day's march from Stevenson.

September 8. Reached Stevenson; very dusty. Colonel Harmon, One Hundred and Twenty-fifth, lost with his regiment, after getting nearly to camp. Captain Hutchison joined us.

September 9. Lying over. Troxell ordered to resign. Lieutenant Brice, Company F, appointed A. R. Q. M. Clothing drawn. Captain Schneider, Company I, detailed for scouts.

September 10. Moved up to Bridgeport. Present, the whole of General Steadman's Division, First of Reserve Corps, and our brigade, Second of the Second Division R. C.

September 11. Crossed the Tennessee river pontoon; camped on bank of the river. Saw Major Hanna, Sixty-ninth O. V. I.

September 12. Moved to Shell Mound.

September 13. Baggage inspected in the morning. Marched to Lookout Creek. Passed Whiteside's bridge, burned down, and the palisades; rough, narrow road. Reached the creek at dark; men worn out, *completely*. Supper with Sixty-ninth Ohio. At 8 p. m. moved up over Lookout mountain and at 11 p. m. bivouacked in front of Rosecrans' headquarters. Raw, damp, disagreeable night.

September 14. Marched early to Rossville, Ga. Rations scarce. Encamped, facing the Gap.

September 15 to 18. Lying in camp without rations. In this interim occurred the freak on the part of General Gordon Granger, commanding reserve corps, of stripping and tying up soldiers of Steadman's Division and McCook's Brigade for the purpose of *whipping* them.

It was not done. If it had been, I think Gordon Granger would have been killed then and there, for enlisted men were, from starvation, so far ripe for mutiny if a soldier had been struck by Granger's order. The men had been foraging "too liberally" off the country while without rations. This was the offense.

#### CHICKAMAUGA.

September 18. At 4 p. m. moved out the Lafayette road about four miles. Into line on the left, going south. A question asked by McCook angers me, not at him, but at some unknown, malignant liar. Lay in line all night.

September 19. Skirmishing in front near by at daylight. Withdraw to Rossville. Noon, I have the clue to the "unknown liar."

Heavy fighting south of last night's position. Evening, into line in the Gap on Ringgold road.

September 20. At daylight forward to McAfee's church. In line watching for movement of the enemy against the left flank of our army. Afternoon, moved to the right as far as Cloud's house. Terrific fighting all day farther to the right. Attacked before we got into position. Shelled for two hours; no casualties. Night, withdraw to Rossville, our army defeated.

September 21. Hurried into line at 1 p. m. in the Gap to meet the advancing enemy. Under fire until dark. Withdrew to Chattanooga, Tenn.

September 22. Lying in the city.

September 23. Into line behind our trenches. Rosecrans came round.

September 24. Attack at night repulsed. Mission Ridge and Lookout mountain fully in rebel possession.

September 25. Afternoon of to-day we crossed to the north side of the Tennessee on the pontoon and moved four miles up to Caldwell's ford.

September 26. Lying on the bank of the river in bivouack.

September 27. Moved three miles above and encamped at the mouth of North Chickamauga creek.

September 28 to October 9. Engaged building quarters. On this latter day I made my first official report. Some bad weather.

October 10 to 29. Picketing the river bank in all kinds of weather but good; holding election; and trying to be comfortable with little to eat and wear. Rebel possession of Lookout interfering with our supplies, materially. The men completed very decent quarters and could keep warm if it *was* almost starvation.

October 29. The Fifty-second and Eighty-sixth crossed Tennessee at Brown's ferry. Moved through the gap and camped. Boys tore down a cabin to build fires. Rain all day.

October 30. Women came for their furniture. Rain. Moved two miles up the range to a gorge. Took possession in the rain and darkness. Right wing on picket; rained till midnight. Eighty-sixth Illinois in reserve.

October 31. At 3 p. m. moved a mile farther up to occupy a spur of the mountain. Left wing and Company C on picket; remaining four companies in the gap on the right with their left flank exposed to the enemy's batteries on the summit. *Eighty-sixth Illinois in reserve.*

November 1. Lying under heavy artillery fire. Changed position till the shelling slackened. Purtilman, Company F, hit with a shell, in cartridge box! Moved back into position; mustered regiment. Rebels shelled troops and trains passing gap all day.

November 2. Shelling as yesterday; one burst in regiment. Six companies still on picket. *Eighty-sixth in reserve!* Colonel McGee commanded the two regiments.

November 3. Quieter to-day. Two companies relieved from picket by two of the *Eighty-sixth*.

November 4. All quiet. At night three rounds fired at the gap below.

November 5. Seven companies of the regiment on picket! *Eighty-sixth in camp.*

November 6. Returned to North Chickamauga, shying the batteries on Lookout. A Lieutenant at the pontoon wouldn't receipt to the rebels for their ordnance and they had quit sending it to him and his bridge.

November 6 to 19. No movements or extraordinary events. I have been very unwell since the Wauhatchie or Lookout Valley campaign.

November 19. Court-martial up at Dallas; trying Captain Mason, Tenth Illinois, Morgan's First Brigade of our J. C. Davis Second Division, Fourteenth A. C. Court-martial continued until 22d. Case disposed of. Still sick.

## MISSION RIDGE.

November 24. Four o'clock a. m. to Caldwell's ford. Pistol fired in my holster as my horse stepped into a little stream; no harm done. One p. m. crossed pontoon; into line in front of first range of trenches. At dusk, one mile forward.

November 25. Moved to support Sherman's Fifteenth Corps at the tunnel, Mission Ridge. Shell after us now and then. Terrific fighting at the tunnel. Mission Ridge carried by assault about 4 p. m.

November 26. One a. m. moved down and crossed the mouth of Chickamauga river on pontoon. Camped in an orchard, opposite our position day before, until daylight. Manœuvred in advancing all day and at dusk got into fight at Shepherd's run, two miles beyond Chickamauga Station, towards Graysville. Slept on the ground.

November 27. Passed through Graysville. Saw Sherman sitting on depot platform. Hooker engaged at Ringgold gap. Afternoon, camp near the town. Rebels gone. Bucke made good speed skirmishing to-day.

## KNOXVILLE CAMPAIGN.

November 28. Passed, in the rain, Parker's gap. Bivouacked; wagons came up with rations for officers.

November 29. Moved through McDaniel's gap, Taylor's Ridge, White Oak mountains, and camped for the night near Cleveland, Tenn.

November 30. Reached the vicinity of Charleston on the Hiawassee; encamped for the night; fine weather, but cool.

December 1. Swift and recruiting sergeants started to Ohio. Have not been well since November 6th and am apparently as far gone as man can be to live. Crossed Hiawassee on railroad bridge. Sicker still. Riding when sight failed. Straggling march; encamp within a few miles of Athens, Tenn.

December 2. Camped at night in leafy woods. Schneider and his scouts at a barn. Lieutenant Donaldson and detail killed beef. Good rest for the night.

December 3. Encamped two miles from Loudon, Tenn.

December 4. Through Loudon, and, after passing part of Fifteenth Corps, camped on the bank of Little Tennessee, opposite Morgantown. Saw McElravy, Thirtieth O. V. I.

December 5. No movement; building bridge. Browsed round about rations for our officers and scared Batcheler a little.

December 6. Crossed the river. Marched six miles toward Knoxville. Countermarched, recrossed and recamped.

December 7. Marched to and through Madisonville, Tenn. Camped twice, finally about five miles from the village.

December 8. Rain and mud. Gouldy's Mills, six miles from the mouth of Conesauga creek.

December 8 to 15. Grinding wheat and corn for the brigade and chasing the rebel Kimbrough; beat him, too.

December 15. Left Captain Bucke to finish terms with Kimbrough and marched through Charleston. Camped.

December 16. Camped near Cleveland, Tenn.

December 17. Camped near McDaniel's Gap. What a ra'n!

December 18. Through the gap. Camped at Tyner's Station. Bucke came in with Miser and Swan.

December 19. Chattanooga. Cold, bitter cold. Supper with Major Hanna, Sixty-ninth. At midnight reached North Chickamauga!!!

December 20-26. In camp.

#### M'AFEE'S CHURCH.

December 26. Rain; moved to McAfee's Church, Georgia. New quarters to be built. I remained at Caldwell's on court-martial until 29th.

December 29, 30 and 31. In camp.

January 1, 1864, to 28. In camp, building quarters.

January 28. Moved, light marching order, to Ringgold on a reconnoissance.

January 29. Returned to camp.

January 30 to February 14. Lying in camp and improving quarters.

February 14. Moved to Chickamauga Station, where we drilled, off and on, until Sunday.

February 20. Arthur J. Rosa, assistant surgeon of our regiment, died at McAfee.

February 21. Took inventory of his effects.

February 22. Returned to the station.

February 23. By way of Graysville to Ringgold. Had a talk with Colonel Harmon, One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Illinois.

February 24. Buzzard Roost. Stopped us with artillery at dusk.

February 25 and 26. Manœuvring in front of the gap and at night-fall Twenty-sixth drew back through Tunnell Hill to Ringgold.

February 27. McAfee's again.

February 28 to March 5. Constant drilling.

March 5. Let this item bear witness that if the conduct of an *officer* this evening will bear the name of gentlemanly, in any light, I prefer to live and die what has heretofore been styled an *unmannerly boor*. You may sprinkle a little of the scoundrel in it too.

#### LEE AND GORDON'S MILLS.

March 6. You call that an apology, do you!!! Buy a fool and lose your money. March to Lee and Gordon's mills; camped in swamp.

March 7 and 8. Still on bad ground.

March 9. Moved a few rods to good ground.

March 10 to 16. Drilling.

March 16. I reported on court-martial at McAfee.

March 17. Conesauga horse kicked and crippled.

March 18 to 30. On court-martial.

March 31. Whole Division reviewed. Thomas, Palmer and Davis present. McCook *tried* to drill the Fifty-second.

April 1. Writing.

April 2. Lee and Gordon's Mills.

April 3 to 30. Drilling and ordinary duties of camp.

May 1. Looking forward to the coming campaign.

May 2. Ready to march.

May 3. Marched to Ringgold.

May 4. Lying in bivouac.

May 5. Passed through Ringgold gap; camped near by.

May 6. Lying still. Saw Bob Harriman. Received a note from Sam. McMillen. Didn't see him. McCook instructs me for the fight to-morrow. I am to command the advance. "When you get 'em started, keep them on the hop."

#### ATLANTA CAMPAIGN.

May 7. Made them *hop* out of Tunnel Hill.

May 8. Lying in the village.

May 9. In the evening reported to the brigade in front of Buzzard Roost.

May 10. Rain. Evening, relieved General Morgan's brigade on Rocky Face.

May 11. Regiment under fire all day. Rained, aye, *poured*. Relieved at dark. Dropped back two miles and camped.

May 12. Marched for Snake Creek gap. Reached the mouth by steady, slavish tramping at 3 a. m.

May 13. Moved a short distance at daylight and halted. Stacked knapsacks. Evening, made a winding march into position.

May 14. Moved forward slowly. Skirmishing in front. Afternoon, supported Twenty-third Corps assaulting a fort. Terrific musketry. Carter, Company C, killed by a solid shot; cut in two at the waist. Sherman and a shot. After dark moved into position a little to the right and fortified.

May 15. Close firing. Captain Sturgis, Company B, wounded. Night fight.

#### ROME.

May 16. Rebels gone. March for knapsacks and then toward Rome.

May 17. Marched sixteen miles; no opposition. Two miles from Rome the Third Brigade, about 4 p. m., ran afoul of a smart force of rebels and lost about seventy men, but held its ground. Cloudy; damp.

May 18. Write home; rebels withdrawing. At 10 p. m. crossed the Oostanaula to check a threatened cavalry dash; fortified the streets and slept till morning.

May 19. Stay in the city.

May 20. Encamped in the suburbs and so remained, only interrupted by our cars on the 22d, until

May 24. At 6:30 a. m. moved over the Etowah a few rods above the junction with the Oostanaula and, after a day's march and passing a part of the Sixteenth Corps in the evening, we camped in woods and rain, in the vicinity of Vanwert.

May 25. Moved toward Dallas. Hooker fighting heavily in front during the evening. Camped by a stream. Rain again; Davis, our cook, Sid, the darkey, and the negro wench in blue overcoat! a blooming party.

May 26. Moved by the left to the corps; countermarched and moved to Dallas. Camped near town on a steep woody knob. Clancy stung by a scorpion. Visit from McElravy. Brother A. R. and Funston came up.

May 27. Early in the morning, while moving forward in line, one of D killed and one of F wounded by a single shot from a sharpshooter. The shot was fired at myself; I was riding *in* the advancing line. The shot came a full three-quarters of a mile. The men fell beside my horse. Line established far in advance and fortified.

May 28. Rebels opened artillery from a commanding position on our left. No damage, but this position is a *ticklish* one, so far ahead of the main line. At night our pickets came in and were sent out again.

May 29. At night, drop back a mile. Fight on the right. *McPherson*. New line in the open field. Resumed old position at dawn. Masury's overcoat and Freeman's tent make a multiplication of words.

May 30. At dusk, with the whole brigade, withdrew the line at Washington house.

May 31. Artillery practice of the Johnnies on the One Hundred and Twenty-fifth; for the rest, quiet.

June 1. Early in the morning, under the eyes of the rebels, withdrew and marched several miles to our left, going in on the right of Wood's Division, relieving Strickland's scared brigade at dusk.

June 2. Behind second line of works, at dusk, behind first.

June 3. Still behind first line.

June 4. Two miles, to left of Baird's Division. Saw Math. Simpson this morning before we started.

June 5. Lying still.

June 6. Marching orders; enemy gone. Moved near Dallas. *Fourteenth* in line. Second Division on the left. Saw Dubois, Fifteenth Ohio, to-day.

June 6 to 10. Resting. Meantime Masury declines captaincy. Lieutenant McDonald, Battery I, captured. Dr. Simpson made assistant surgeon.

June 10. Moved early. Good bite with Company F man. Nig. Mun. laughs at adjutant's want of appetite. Noon. Rain p. m. Camp. Furay talks about Sherman.

June 11. Turned; twisted; fortified; changed direction to the left; forward a mile and fortified. In good view of Kenesaw, three miles or less distant.

### KENESAW.

June 12. Remain in works. Dreary, dismal, rainy. Looking at Kenesaw.

June 13. Twelve o'clock, Companies I, C, H and E advance skirmish line and drop back. Not much opposition.

June 14. Skirmish line relieved by One Hundred and Twenty-fifth. Main line changed direction to the left and fortified. "Polk killed," as read from rebel signals.

June 15. Barnett shelling. Support Major Thomas of Eighty-sixth in skirmish advance. Brisk fight at night on our left.

June 16. Skirmish on left at night. Abe sent to hospital.

June 17. No movement.

June 18. Twelve m. A, K, G and B on skirmish line. Advance p. m. *Several bullets!*

June 19. Enemy fell back at 2 a. m. Follow to the foot of Kenesaw in the afternoon. Whiskey issued.

June 20. Move a mile to the right in the afternoon. Still under the mountain. Heavy shelling; one of Company I killed by our own shells.

June 21. Build breastworks. Right at Kirk's house.

June 22. Shelled our line in open field; moved and moved back.

June 23 and 24. Lying behind good works. Evening 23d, moved out to take Kenesaw. *Didn't.*

June 25. Relieve Rider's skirmish line. One of Company D wounded at dusk while being relieved. Whole line relieved after night-fall and marched nearly all night to the right; behind the right of Fourth Corps at dawn.

June 26. Lay in a stinking camp, resting!

June 27. The charge. Let memory tell it later on, or let no more be said by the writer. *It was terrible.*

June 28. Behind works close to *Ichany*; say forty yards distant.

June 28, 29 and 30. A constant pouring of rifle balls. Some casualties.

July 1. As for the three preceding days.

July 2. Lieutenant Miser, Company G, wounded. Midnight. Enemy evacuate their works, fearful of a mine of powder springing under their feet on the 4th, and it *might have been*.

July 3. Passed through Marietta; came in sight of the enemy's works about six miles south of Marietta. Camped in woods.

July 4. Lay in sight of Johnny; watched Coe shell skirmish pits! evening, relieved Morgan's brigade.

July 5. Following the retreating rebels to Vining's Station. Fortified.

July 6 and 7. No movement with us.

July 8. On skirmish line; hot place. Banghart lost his arm. I made Surgeon Duff nervous about the cutting. It was wholly unnecessary.

July 9. P. M. The last of the enemy crossed the Chattahoochee.

July 10. Camped near the river. Rain; wet.

July 11 to 16. Lying in camp, resting.

July 16. The regiment inspected.

July 17. Marching orders for to-morrow.

July 18. Crossed Chattahoochee and Nancy's creek. Fortified.

#### PEACH TREE CREEK.

July 19. News of Colonel McCook's death. *Fight at Peachtree.* Loss heavy.

July 20. Fortified in column and lay still.

July 21. Artillery brought up. Enemy caught—a soldier would say—*Hell.*

July 22. Moved towards Atlanta. Fighting on our left. Camp two miles from the city. The brigade in reserve.

July 23, 24, 25. Yet in reserve.

July 26. Both horses stolen.

July 27. Failed to recover them. They have gone with General Ed. McCook, I think.

July 28. Rear guard of a reconnoissance to Turner's ferry. Fighting on our left, and, as we made the circuit, taking all left hand roads, it seemed to change to our front and die away on our right. Reached the right rear of Fifteenth Corps about 10 p. m. Great straggling over the last mile of road—so dark and woody.

July 29. In line of battle, advanced over the ground upon which rebels were *strwn* yesterday. At dusk, relieved Eighty-sixth on skirmish line.

July 30. Relieved by Thirtieth O. V. I., and moved Division distance to the right.

July 31. On a reconnoissance two miles to the right. Rained like sin. "In retreat by the center." Return at nightfall, but little advantaged.

August 1. In camp. McElravy visited me.

August 2. In camp. Marching orders. No movement.

August 3. In camp. Roebuck purchased from McCook's estate.

August 4. Noon, moved to the right two miles. Line in open field. Random shell. Forward, formed second line.

August 5. Early morn. Forward changing direction to the left. Got shelled like blazes. Officer of Missouri regiment scared. Fortified. E, G, B and K on picket.

August 6. In works. Dusk, pickets relieved.

#### SANDTOWN ROAD.

August 7. Advanced to full view of enemy's works. Loss, Lieutenant Knecht and ten men. Dusk, fortified.

August 8. Four men killed in our works. Bowers, Company A, Courtman, Flynn and Armstrong, Company H.

August 9. No loss; expended 13,000 rounds. Silenced enemy.

August 10. No loss, hot fire, beat Johnny at three hundred yards.

August 11. Hot fire: Otho Linton killed.

August 12. Hot as yesterday; no loss. After dark, dropped back to third line where we had been shelled on the 5th. Damp, drizzly night.

August 13. Before daylight moved along our works to Utoy creek; occupied works of Twenty-third Corps facing a splendid valley to the south.

August 14 and 15. Resting.

August 16. A, F, D and I on picket.

August 17. Companies off picket, but little skirmishing.

August 18. Ordered to be ready to move to-night. Wagons packed; order countermanded.

August 19. March at 2:30 a. m. Support Kilpatrick. About noon, move to rear of Twenty-third Corps and lie there until night; back again to our camp on the creek.

August 20. March at daylight through *rain, rain, rain*. Cut Montgomery railroad near Red Oak. Saw Major Dunn and Lieutenant Gamble, Third East Tennessee Infantry, to-day. Knew them in Camp Lew Wallace, Ohio. *Tired, tired, tired*, to-night; words can't tell it.

August 21. Lying in camp, but little firing along the lines. Rain to-night. Artillery on the left.

August 22. Packing Clancy's effects and marking them.

August 23. Companies I, C, H and E on picket.

August 24. Pickets off. All hands resting.

August 25. Sherman and Thomas moving headquarters toward the right.

August 26. Marching orders at noon. Pack wagons and lie around loose until

August 27. Before daylight moved out. Crossed Utoy; into line; Johnny followed timidly. Built works and encamped.

August 28. Daylight, moved. Firing in rear; crossed Montgomery railroad. Into line, right of Fourteenth Corps. Rebels close to camp at dusk.

August 29. Lying still.

August 30. Moved to right front near Rough and Ready. Fortified. Talked with Colonel Dilworth.

August 31. P. M. Moved front; back and towards firing on the right. Encamped behind Howard.

#### JONESBORO.

September 1. Moved with brigade towards Jonesboro. Skirmishers. Charge, wounded. Brilliant success of our arms. Dilworth and Anderson wounded.

September 2. Encamped at Jonesboro. Wound pains.

September 3. Evening, moved about four miles to Division hospital.

#### ATLANTA.

September 4. Regiment had the advance through Rough and Ready to Atlanta; 1,600 prisoners and train of wounded.

September 5 to 28. Lay in camp one and one-half miles south of Atlanta on E. P. railroad. The monotony of our rest after completion of camp was unbroken save by the arrival and departure of Dr. M. E. Walker, who had escaped, by exchange, from rebel hands and made her way here. A very dull period, I found it.

September 28. Orders to prepare for move. Night. Bucke high.

September 29. Clancy exchanged. We leave Atlanta by cars at 4 p. m.

#### TO INTERCEPT FORREST.

September 30. Daylight found us at Vining's Station. Engine broke. Labored along all day and night.

October 1. Daylight found us at Resaca. Evening. Chattanooga.

October 2. Daylight, Stevenson. At 7 o'clock left for Huntsville; arrived at noon. Encamped. At dark, in the rain, took cars again for Athens; arrived at 5 p. m.

October 3. Lay in camp, in the rain, until

October 4. At daylight, moved out on Florence road. Hard rain, hard march. Camp in night at Rogersville after wading Elk river.

October 5. Hard march; crossed Shoal creek bridge and encamped in the night.

October 6. Skirmishing on picket line; moved without knapsacks to Florence and returned.

October 7. P. M. Moved into Florence; camp on river above town.

October 8. Marched through town to see it. Fine ladies at seminary.

October 9. In camp.

October 10. Camped on a small stream between Shoal creek and Elk river.

October 11. Camped where Buell's troops had camped two years before. *He* saved the rails, *we* burned them.

October 12. Passed through Athens and camped two miles out on Huntsville road.

October 13. Headquarters in cotton press. Received mail. Swift went home. Night moved into town.

October 14. Three a. m. Took cars. Reached Chattanooga midnight. Found the city scared.

October 15. Evening, ordered to Rossville gap. Relieve Twenty-eighth Kentucky.

October 16. Relieved this morning and returned to Chattanooga at 8 a. m.

October 17. Clothing and arms drawn. Fourteenth colored, dress parade. Lookout struck some of the boys in the face.

October 18. March at 7 a. m. P. M. camp on the old ground at Lee and Gordon's Mills. Saw Dick, my Conesauga horse, still lame.

October 19. Encamped at Lafayette. Roebuck given out, glanders.

October 20. Encamped on Chattooga river, McConnell's Mills. Regiment in lead of Division.

October 21. Driving cattle. At noon Twenty-second Indiana reported to me and we were left with the stock by the Division. Encamped southwest of Alpine, where McCook's advance was when "Chickamauga" began. Hardy shot at something. Mill creek.

October 22. Reached Gaylesville, Ala., and turned cattle over, having passed through gap.

October 23. Reading forage order. Lying still.

October 24. Add. Marsh visits us.

October 25. In camp; forage order again.

October 26. Marsh again.

October 27. P. M. crossed the Chattooga. Camped on Rome road. Band moved quarters; eighteen miles from Rome. A and F picket.

October 28. March at daylight. Pass Catty's gap. Trees felled. Camp at Rome in sight of battle ground of May 17. What changes since!

October 29 and 30. In camp.

October 31. March at 8 a. m. Rations and informal muster on north bank of Oostanula. Crossed and passed through Rome at noon. Roebuck shot. *P'm afoot*. Camp half way to Kingston, left hand side the road in a narrow bottom.

November 1. Reach Kingston in rain; camp in suburbs.

November 2. Lieutenant Lane sent to Atlanta for rolls.

November 3. Bought "Jack."

November 4. Lane returns.

November 5. Regiment paid by Major Williams.

November 6. Captain Rothacker takes money of men to Chattanooga.

November 7. Orders to move at 6 a. m. to-morrow. Glad of it, for the flow of whiskey has been far too abundant for the good of the service since we reached this post. Here I have formed the acquaintance of Dr. Harris, formerly a rebel surgeon.

November 8. By way of Cassville (burned down) reached Cartersville at 1 p. m. Election held 2:15. I opened the polls on the march through the deserted village of Cassville.

November 9. In camp one and one-half miles south of town.

November 10. Roll call orders. Some whiskey in camps.

November 11. Fifty-second and Twenty-second ordered to Etowah bridge at 4 p. m. Countermanded.

November 12. Moved at 6 a. m. to the bridge.

November 13. Crossed river. Tore up railroad south to Allatoona. Camp at Ackworth. Hardy and McGee fight. "They did, hey!"

November 14. Encamped four miles north of the Chattahoochee on a backbone.

#### THE MARCH TO THE SEA.

November 15. Marched into Atlanta, or to its ruins. It is now little else than a smoking heap. Clothing issued and orders for a move in the morning.

November 16. Train guard. Camp at dark four miles east of Decatur.

November 17. Reached Lithonia. Tore up railroad to Conyer's Station; went into camp close by.

November 18. Marched through Covington. Tore up railroad. Foraged and camped at night east of Ulcofauhatchie.

November 19. Foraged to Shady Dale. Two escaped prisoners came in this evening at forage rendezvous. Rained all night. Up in the most of it. Completely run down.

November 20. Through Shady Dale and camp at Eatonton factory.

November 21. Reached Cedar creek bridge. Played provost marshal. Guard was tricked and some mules were improperly taken. Transgressor caught. Rain and mud all day.

November 22. No movement. Other Divisions passing. Sherman at Morgan's headquarters last night. Raw, windy day.

November 23. Rear guard. Camp within one and a half miles of Milledgeville.

November 24. Through Milledgeville to Town creek.

November 25. Passed Trainor's Mills and camped east of Buffalo creek.

November 26. Skirmished through Sandersville and camped. General Morgan taking off *foraged* hats. Quartermaster Sergeant Scott in limbo.

November 27. Crossed Fenn's bridge and camped. One of D captured by the enemy to-day.

November 28. Crossed Rocky Comfort and camped at Louisville.

November 29. No movement in our corps.

November 30. Fight on picket line in the evening. Skirmish. Foragers cut off. Straggle in. Picket at dusk. Burn cotton gin.

December 1. Rear of corps train. Mired through ten miles of swamp and, night, slept by lone oak; to bed at 12.

December 2. Reserve artillery guard. Camp in woods. Twentieth Corps and cavalry close by.

December 3. Marched northeast, southeast. Forage seventy-five hogs and camp one and a half miles from Lumpkin's Station, Augusta and Waynesboro road.

December 4. Foraged towards Jacksonboro. Skirmish at Habersham. Wrong road. Dinner over Beaver Dam creek. No forage of any account.

December 5. Guard battery. Camp at Buck creek P. O.

December 6. In advance; camp by Big Black swamp.

December 7. Rear guard. Move at 10:30 a. m. Encamped twenty-seven miles from Savannah.

December 8. Crossed Ebenezer near its mouth. Gunboat shelled our train. Crossed Kugler's creek. Camped at dark; moved back to Ebenezer.

December 9. Struck rebel fort fifteen miles from Savannah, Lieutenant Coe, Battery I, Second Illinois, killed. No other casualties; camp in *brush*.

December 10. Moved out and six miles from Savannah struck Twentieth Corps camped. Rinehart, Company G, found Palmet, fine bay stallion.

December 11. Took position near Macon road. Brigade in reserve.

December 12. Tore up railroad.

December 13. McAllister stormed by Hazen's Second Division. Fifteenth Corps. That opens *communication*.

December 14 to 19. Lying in reserve. A mail has gone out and one come in.

December 19. Regimental inspection.

December 20. In reserve still.

#### SAVANNAH.

December 21. Rode into Savannah. The city was evacuated this morning by Hardee, at 4 o'clock. Came out with Rider, Major Eighty-fifth Illinois; he has now resigned.

December 22. Encamped on Savannah and Ogeechee canal, in the swamp, one and a half miles from the city.

December 23 to 31. The usual camp duties, varied by being performed through bog and fen, with a review of the corps by General Sherman in the city on the 27th. A year full of hard fighting, hard

marches and severe losses on both sides; but a year in which Rebellion has received many heavy blows. Atlanta was the entering wedge. "The march to the sea" fairly splits the Confederacy, and now comes our busiest, mayhap, our bloodiest days.

January 1, 1865. Captain Summers and Lieutenant Ray mustered.

January 2 to 12. Captain James, Captain Lane, Lieutenant Armstrong, mustered in; also Lieutenant Duff.

January 13. Broke camp, moved into the city; lay around loose all day.

January 14. 8 a. m. Picket Cherokee hill. "Information from the front."

January 15. Not relieved. Nice picketing.

January 16. Relieved by troops Third Division, Fourteenth Corps, Captain Gorsuch, Thirty-eighth O. V. I.

January 17. Inspection. Brevet Brigadier General Fearing commands our brigade.

January 18. Half freezing around the suburbs of Savannah.

January 19. Orders to move to-morrow.

#### CAROLINA CAMPAIGN.

January 20. Broke camp in the city and moved nine miles out to Pooler's Station. Rain; bad roads.

January 22. No move; still wet, disagreeable weather.

January 23. H and E relieved; rain.

January 24. Not so disagreeable; no rain; marching orders 7 a. m. to-morrow.

January 25. Good road for ten miles. Dinner, "Jack" choked. Camp at midnight in open field, facing east by northeast. Captain Swift on duty. Tent facing south. Six miles from Springfield.

January 26. March at 7 a. m. Cross Little Ebenezer forenoon. Through Springfield; few shots across a stream; camp a mile from town. Swift A. A. A. G. Cold, clear. Big supper.

January 27. Not well. Fifty-second and Eighty-fifth, rear guard. Only two miles by 4 p. m. Wade Ebenezer river. Hardy fell in! Four miles to camp. Good fire. Tent pitched. Fodder plenty. Horses hungry. Good camp at dusk. Sit and talk late. Subject, "The old men."

January 28. Move at 8 a. m. Brigade in center; camp at noon above Sister's ferry in open cornfield. Sid digs a well instant, p. m. late. Hill has three visitors. They take a drink. Expect to lie here two or three days. Cool; clear.

January 29 and 30. Simply in camp.

January 31. No movement. Night order to report 6 a. m. to-morrow to take command of fatigue party. Torpedo blew up a soldier to-day.

February 1. Report as ordered. Two hundred men from Division. Cross Savannah river. The whole day's work, in water to the knees, lost by bad engineering.

February 2. Regiment on picket on the Augusta road. Good weather. Easy duty. Jack had pine smoke washed out of his hair. Ate heartily and stood quietly by himself.

February 3. Relieved by One Hundred and Twenty-first O. V. I, Major Robinson.

February 4. Fatigue detail from regiment over Savannah, under command of Major Thomas, Eighty-sixth Illinois.

February 5. Broke camp 12 m. March at 4 p. m. Cross pontoon at dusk. Camp facing north.

February 6. In camp. Gasaway, Company B, taking smallpox. Rain; raw day. Clothing issued. Rode out a little; sick as a dog at night.

February 7. A. M. Rain, cold. I don't feel well. We're lying still. Small mail received. P. M. No rain. Get my blouse belted. Smith scared at smallpox symptoms. Marching orders for 7 a. m. to-morrow.

February 8. Train guard. Some bad road; corduroy a little. Eight miles to Brighton cross roads; town burned; encamped at 4 p. m. in edge of pine woods; camp of Third Division last night. Played square four.

February 9. March at 7 a. m. Center of brigade. Smith is well. Forage some. Bad spot for our dinner; been troops here before us; some of them didn't know we'd have to eat a meal by this swamp! Eighteen miles to-day; forty-eight miles from Augusta. Mustard spoon. Jack's left eye hurt last night. Dr. Simpson moves to Division Hospital. *Big fire*; cold day and night.

February 10. March at 6:30 a. m. Made twenty miles; camp seven and one-half miles from Barnwell. Passed to-day four streams and four churches. Antioch and Concord (Baptist), Halcyon, or Allendale (Campbellite Baptist), Gillet's (Methodist). Passed General Irvine's residence, burned down; slave prison close by. White flags hung out at a house near by the General's residence. This afternoon the scene of conflagration, right and left, front and rear, was like a patch from the eternal burnings. The smoke of their ruin ascends forever, or until they knock under. The country behind us is left a howling wilderness, an utter desolation. Amid all, I have never yet seen a school house or church on fire. They are held sacred from the torch, or abuse, by all our soldiers. Train and rear guard to-morrow.

February 11. Boys burned a *well* while we were waiting this morning by throwing into it straw, fire and lumber. Moved after the train at 9 a. m. Four or five miles and stopped for dinner; Company C found rebel clothes. Crossed Irvine's creek and passed rebel earthworks on northern bank. Moved through Barnwell. Big sun dial by C. H. En-

camped two miles from town, having crossed Turkey creek just as we left the place. Detailed to forage to-morrow. Instructed to start from right of Eighty-sixth Illinois at 5:30 and go to Williston on railroad. Old darkey talks of rebellion shrewdly. Distance to-day, ten miles.

February 12. Foraged with indifferent success towards Ninety Six and on both sides of the line of march. The column made twenty miles through Williston to Davis or Gynyon's bridge over South Edisto river. I predict General Sherman will ride, a conqueror, through the streets of Columbia, S. C.

February 13, 8 a. m. Crossed, and followed corduroy for a mile through the swamp; then camped between two roads, one leading to—I don't know where—the other to Dean's swamp, thence to Horse's bridge. In an hour, moved to Sally's Dam, Dean's swamp, distance six miles. Camp by Sally's house. Said house, Doc Watson, Division surgeon, tried to burn down, after ordering the road cleared of foragers and their wagons and tumbling off his horse. When reasoned with about burning or trying to burn the house, he said, "Get out of my way or I'll hit you wis my schtick."

February 14. Reached North Edisto river at 11 a. m. Camped on a road leading up the river. Assembly suddenly sounded. Crossed immediately. In the hustle, left my sword. Sent Cahoo, Company H, for it. He found it bronzed by fire which had burned the grass where it was lying. Crossed this river on the remnant of Horse's bridge. I don't ride my horse over such a place again if it can be avoided. No dinner. Moved to within eighteen miles of Columbia. Rained and froze as it fell all the afternoon. Good quarters in a little time, with the rear to the regiment. Distance, twenty-two miles to-day.

February 15. Seven a. m. took the back track a mile and a half; filed right for Lexington; took Calk's ferry road, leaving Waters's ferry road; encamped twenty-two miles, as you walk, from last night's camp. I don't know where we are to-night; only guess we're some miles west by southwest of Lexington C. H. We marched this p. m. with a strong line of left flankers and a squad of rebels on our right between us and the First Division, Fourteenth A. C. Ten p. m. Foragers not in yet. Lieutenant Duff and thirty-eight men lost or captured. Swift says we are *two* miles from Lexington.

February 16. Moved through Lexington. Crossed Twelve-mile creek twice, once on each side of town. Strange building on fire in the place!! Camp for dinner near the Saluda river. Columbia in sight from hill in front. Some shelling going on over the river. Countermarched, countermarched, countermarched, and encamped near Wise's ferry.

February 17. In forenoon, crossed Saluda by pontoon and marched to Freshley's ferry, Broad river. Encamped on bank of the river. Fine view up the stream. Grass in camp caught fire; no damage. I have orders to forage to-morrow; start at daylight.

February 18. Foraged in rear of First Division. Good success. Found brigade across the river; pontoon unfinished. They have had good forage luck on east side of the river to-day; butter, flour, meat and mules. Captain Thomas and Sergeant Roe drew *prizes!* Description would not look well in ink, or sound well in polite society. Cross to the regiment at 10 p. m.

February 19. Move three miles this morning. Pass Freshley's, Dr. Smith's, Esq., and Dr. Glenn's and camp at Martin's Academy, an old building, near which the right of the Eighty-fifth Illinois rested. From here, without arms! ! we marched four miles to our left rear and tore up Spartanburg railroad. Returned to camp and, according to orders, prepared surplus baggage for destruction.

February 20. At 6 a. m. Surplus baggage committed to flames. Gave my wall tent to General Fearing for a fly. Camp about noon at Ebenezer church, Little river. Night, detailed to command ninety mounted foragers; stock and equipments yet to be captured. I'll have fifty men to-morrow, but the stock will be drawn from the brigade, principally.

February 21. Crossed Kincaid's bridge before daylight. Pushed straight for Winnsboro. Captured the town and ran into General Geary, who stole all my forage. Broke away for White Oak Station, up the railroad; ran into the cavalry. Started late for the Division. Passed through Winnsboro again, in the night, and camped on the first stream south. Division, I learn, is on the Monticello road. Ran into Kilpatrick to-day.

February 22. Through White Oak to Blackstock's depot, having sent yesterday's forage to the brigade. Saw General Davis at Blackstock's. Via White Oak to Wateree church, Wateree creek. First camp with brigade. Negro Sam from Adger's.

February 23. Crossed Foster's bridge and moved straight to Dies cross roads, sending Cantrell to Rossville P. O. Followed Kilpatrick to Rocky Mount P. O. Catawba river. Slow camping. Staff lazy. Rocky creek in front of camp. Here Mr. Cantrell recants; somewhat boozy. He don't want to receive orders. All right, my fine fellow. Ran into Kilpatrick.

February 24. Crossed Catawba by pontoon, Kingsberry ferry, at daylight; mud and rain. Oh! My! How gloomy! Secured Cunningham's Mills, Cedar creek; camp for the night. I divide the mill with Major McDonald, First Brigade. I don't like to act the hog at any time. We shall see if they think one good turn deserves another, hereafter.

February 25. Batcheler brought a wagon for meal this morning. Rode into camp this evening, taking eighteen bushels, making to-day forty-five bushels for the brigade. Dark as Egypt, coming out again. Rain and mud are awful.

February 26. Sent in twenty-five bushels of meal and sent Captain Yates, Eighty-fifth, for meat. The country poor as poverty. Brigade still corduroying the hills and hollows this side of the river to get the train across.

February 27. Sent in twenty-five bushels of meal, and meat, and sent Twenty-second for meat. Mill broke last night; staid up till 1 o'clock repairing. Skirmish across river about noon to-day.

February 28. Old mill broke again last night. Thomas and I worked on it till 2 o'clock this morning. Rode into camp and found marching orders. Left the mill. Followed the Division and camped with it to-morrow (?) night.

March 1. Encamped on Little Lynch's creek, near a store and cross roads. Crossed Hanging Rock creek to-day and moved up the steep hill before dinner taken, where the three tall men and one lone woman staid.

March 2. Pushed forward by way of Laxahan, alias Hickory Head P. O., to Lynch's creek to secure McManus bridge. Left Captain Smith, Eighty-sixth, at the bridge and foraged beyond Five Fork church and to the right. Visited a parsonage. Counterpane brought in by one of the men. Returned to Division on Lynch's creek. Struck Kilpatrick again to-day.

March 3. Struck cavalry again this morning; filed right; passed bad swamp. Off to Richardson's Mills. Black creek; Captain Thomas runs a mill three miles below. Belated, Mt. Croghan in the night. Rode late, very tired. Camp five miles from Chesterfield.

March 4. Passed through Chesterfield just as the rear of Twentieth Corps moved out. Took Wadesboro road two miles; filed left and, five or six miles, struck Division. Caught brigade at noon. They had thought we were captured. Cantrell ran into Wheeler yesterday and lost four men. We had not been disturbed. Encamped with Division on Great Pedee, two and one-half miles below Sneedsboro, N. C.

March 5. Sent detachments for forage for Brigade Headquarters and selves. Laying pontoon. Resting. Cavalry came in to-night.

March 6. Through the day, no move. At night, slipped Captain Yates, Captain Harbor, Captain Smith and Lieutenant Graves, with their men, across with the cavalry.

March 7. Crossed with Captains Thomas and Cantrell at 11 a. m. Pontoon broke at daylight and delayed us. Reached Covington's Mills, Solaman's creek. Found Captain Carson quitting the mills; determined to run them. Some rebels about. Saw the afflicted! ! yellow gal.

March 8. Ground at the mill all night. Received note from Mrs. Covington. Sent her a guard. Follow Division at 11 a. m. Rain. Camp where the negro came to me with the ox team, rain still, on the Rockingham and Fayetteville road.

March 9. Passing First and Third Divisions. Found General's belt by Headquarters First Division. After crossing Drowning creek or

Lumber river, took the old chicken or dirt road to Fayetteville. Troops and trains on plank road from two to five miles to the right. We encamped, late in the night, on little Rockfish, where the second rozin mill had been burned. Cæsar! how it *pours*! We are three or four miles ahead of any column.

March 10. Built two bridges, after crossing Rockfish, and skirmished within five miles of Lafayette. Found fifteen hundred to two thousand rebels. Withdrew nicely to Buckhead creek, I think it is. Saw and talked with General Slocum. Saved Hunter's Brigade. Encamped on Hunter's right front, outside of his works.

March 11. Obtain permission to take the advance. Halted by Baird's Provost Marshal at six mile post. Sent by the General to the road on the right. Rebels fired a few shots. Moved in line on Bryant's house. Third Division passed on to the city. Struck off to the right for a mill; already taken. Came back; took dinner at Mr. Currie's within three miles of town. Got novellette, "Ada Leigh." Keep out of the city; divide my force. Myself with Cantrell's and Graves's men pushed up the river and struck Kilpatrick again. Saw loyal North Carolinian, Mr. McNeill. Camp with brigade.

March 12. Detachments out for forage; Captain Yates secures a mill in Seventeenth Corps. Issue of meal. Ayers shoes my horse and Batch draws rations, in a horn!! for my mounted men. Marching orders; send for Yates. Follow Division across Cape Fear river at dark. Camp on high bank north of Lock's creek.

March 13. Skirmish under direction of General Morgan. Drive the enemy from four stockades, or barricades, a distance of three miles. Three regiments, First Division, Vandever's Brigade, came out and drove them from one more barricade and could go no farther. Return with some forage to camp. Camp behind Brigade Headquarters on northwest side of Lock's creek, right at the bridge.

March 14. In camp. Sent up the river for forage. Captain Thomas very sick. Found "Charley," back sore though!

March 15. Took river road for Averysboro with Kilpatrick. Halted for a bite at Silver run. Cavalry passing. Here plank and dirt roads came together. Moved with Kilpatrick till nearly night; tried for horse feed. Had to come back to Taylor's Hole creek to find any. Camped on south side. Rainy. Kilpatrick skirmished a little before camping. An infantry brigade has come up to support him since dark. *Muddy*.

#### AVERYSBORO.

March 16. Kilpatrick fought; Twentieth Corps fought; Fourteenth Corps fought, about three miles from Averysboro. Foragers at Smith's ferry, opposite mouth of Lower Little river. Evening, ask Fearing to relieve me. Refused. I can't tell why. Captain Summers, (Captain French, Eighty-sixth), and several men of the regiment wounded.

March 17. Enemy gone. Forage east of Cape Fear river. At suggestion of General Davis, follow Division at 2:30 p. m. Leave our wagon at rebel works; pass Twentieth Corps train. Cross Black river. Mules broke bridge. Stand three-quarters of an hour in water with our horses. Camp in *the pine grove*. Sent General Morgan meat. Meat in abundance.

March 18. Skirmished all day, driving the enemy on the main Goldsboro road. Got shelled. Mules driven back. First Brigade routed enemy. We follow, driving them five miles. Found them in strength; remained in their front from two to three hours. It was Wade Hampton. Returned to Division, encamped on the ground where rebel artillery was this morning. I report to General Fearing what I think is in front and predict that the enemy will open artillery when the line at which we were shooting during this p. m. is carried. He does not seem to think so. We shall see.

#### BENTONVILLE.

March 19. Enemy still there. First Division, Carlin's, charged splendidly. Rebels opened as I expected; flanked First Division and routed it and, in a way, routed Third Brigade, Second Division. It held on, however. Some of the Twentieth Corps *finally repulsed*. I obtained permission to join my regiment in the fray, leaving foragers with Kilpatrick's cavalry. Captain Yates in command. We lay all night in the works where I found the regiment.

March 20. Moved into works in front, built yesterday. Wounded rebels, one officer, two men. About noon, move forward to line occupied by Second Brigade and *held by them* yesterday. Burying rebel dead. Skirmishing and some artillery in front of First Brigade. Here we slept all night.

March 21. Skirmish with the enemy from a position held by Colonel Hobart's Third Division last night and left vacant this morning. A ticklish place, left flank of the regiment stuck at the enemy like a sore thumb. They charged to burn a house from which Twenty-second Indiana sharpshooters troubled their main line. Our skirmishers are driven in. I watch our left and remain on picket with Armstrong, McIntire and sixty men, while the regiment puts up a main line in rear. No shelter; no sleep; rain; wet ground.

March 22. Enemy gone at daylight. Rebel lieutenant captured. Went back for foragers after going over battleground. Moved with Division to camp on south bank of Neuse river. Heard of McElravy through Batcheler, Twenty-fourth Corps lying here. Foragers camp, "I don't care a curse where," said Captain Burkhalter.

#### GOLDSBORO.

March 23. Traveled with regiment. Hurt Jack's back the day I came through Chesterfield, S. C., and shall not ride fast till he rests.

Sent foragers out in detachments. Cross the Neuse and find them at Little river. Pass the colored division on the bank of the Neuse. Cross Little river, northwest of, and near Goldsboro. Encamped, for the *promised rest*, on the right of the Third Division, facing northwest. Foragers in rear of brigade, near headquarters. They will soon be broken up—*disbanded*.

March 24. Remained in camp. Sent Captain Thomas up Little river and Captain Yates northeast. Thomas chased by rebels; E. P. Smith, W. K. Shultz, Company G, missing; Yates in, all right.

March 25. Foraging ten miles northeast toward Snow Hill. Among headwaters of Bear creek. Got horses, meat, meal, corn fodder. Rebels about. Captured one of Seventeenth and two of Twentieth Corps. Bryon Smith missing. Ran through fire coming back. In all right and shall go out again for anything save horse feed. William Driskell missing.

March 26. Resting from all labor. Heavy mail; first since leaving Savannah, Ga. Uriah Martin missing. James Chance severely wounded. Bad handling, Sergeant Scott, Eighty-sixth Illinois. It occurred ten miles out on Nahunta road.

March 27. Mail goes out 1 p. m. Sent Yates and Thomas for horse feed; came in O. K. Plaited horse tails and sunned myself like a huge serpent to-day. Beautiful weather.

March 28. Rode into Goldsboro with Sergeants Maxon and Mercer to look at the town. Rode out satisfied to return when I have business there.

March 29. Lying in camp. Rumor that General J. C. Davis commands left wing. Wrote Sue congratulatory. Wrote Captain Rothacker; enclosed com. bill.

March 30. Turned over stock and disbanded mounted command. Yesterday's rumor untrue. *Overhear!*

March 31. Cold, raw. Clancy goes home on thirty days' leave. Rumors of Richmond, Lee, marching in six days, etc.

April 1. Last night about midnight was very much like the evening of March 5, 1864, only much drunker and another man. This means Bucke, who came into my quarters in a maudlin condition from drink. I called him down and he came.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was a drunken tirade of which he to-day denied all knowledge or motive.

Pleasant day. Dress parade 5 p. m. Grimes Acting Adjutant; did well. Rumored orders at hospital to prepare for sixty days' campaign. More clothing to-day.

April 2. A quiet Sabbath; Grimes Acting Adjutant on parade again.

April 3. Inspection for condemnation. Captain Stinson, A. M. Band detailed for 3 o'clock this and two succeeding afternoons. P. M.: Night went up and obtained an official report. "Favorable notice." Swift tenders resignation. Detailed as president of military commission; meet to-morrow, Corps Headquarters, to try Flannagan, Government employe, for murder.

April 4. Attend commission a. m. P. M. nothing doing for want of witnesses.

Detail: Major Charles Edwards, One Hundred and Fifth O. V. I.; Captain Robert Hunter, Seventy-fourth O. V. I.; Captain M. H. Floyd, Seventy-fifth Indiana; Captain O. Watson, One Hundred and Thirtieth O. V. I.

Third Division reviewed to-day by General Schofield. I have to-night faithfully transcribed from the seventieth to the seventy-sixth page. My notes were on scattered scraps.

April 5. Military commission failed to open proceedings. No witnesses.

April 6. Petersburg and Richmond have fallen; twenty-five thousand prisoners and five hundred guns. Great rejoicing in our camps.

April 7. Sergeant Harper took express goods of the regiment to town. Official news and confirmation of Grant's victory. Harper did not get off, goods left with a guard from the regiment.

April 8. Captain Swift's resignation accepted at last. "Citizen Swift, by——." Harper off for Newbern.

April 9. "How are you, lovely?" Captain Thomas' treat, punch. To march at 5 o'clock in the morning; the order received at 1 a. m. to-day. But little sleep to-night. Campaign from Goldsboro, N. C.

#### LAST CAMPAIGN.

April 10. Move a few minutes after 5 a. m. Owing to smoke and fog, got behind the Eighty-fifth, passed it and caught the One Hundred and Twenty-fifth, after crossing Little river.

P. M. fifteen miles from Goldsboro; support the One Hundred and Twenty-fifth. Skirmish on the Raleigh R. R. Charles W. Langley says left flank when he means right. Captains Thomas and Lane detailed to watch a crossing while the brigade withdraws from the station. At dark, return to the Division; enemy gone. "Camp on the left of the Eighty-fifth." Langley: "No, camp on the right of the Eighty-fifth." Tanner. In pine thicket; damp night.

April 11. Advance of the brigade; move at 7 a. m. Third Division advance of the corps; satisfied with that. It's time they'd fight some. Crossed Moccasin creek, just outside of camp; saw mill above. Rebel works on west side. Skirmishing in front till 10 a. m., when all grows quiet. Corduroy two places to-day. At the first, General Morgan calls my left wing, "You lazy men." Reach Smithfield early in the afternoon and go into camp three-quarters mile north.

April 12. Cheer after cheer this morning. An order read from General Davis containing the terms of Lee's surrender at Appomattox C. H., Va. Glory to God and a brave country! The brigade moves at noon. Regiments directed to remain in camp for further orders.

Four p. m. follow the corps train, crossing the Neuse by pontoon in the edge of town. Road very difficult. Reach camp, Gully's cross roads, at 2:30 a. m and received orders to move at 6:30 a. m.

#### RALEIGH.

April 13. Move on time, reach Raleigh at 5 p. m. Splendid march of the regiment through the city. We took dinner to-day four miles east by south of the city and now camp for the night one mile west. Received the order while on the march to-day to respect Governor and State officials.

April 14. Move at 7 a. m. Pass Asbury and Page's (Cary?) Stations. Leave the G. & N. C. R. R. to the right at this latter station. After crossing Swift creek, took dinner close by a fine spring. Rebels came in carrying forage with our boys. Camp at night one mile west of Jones' cross roads. Sent out foragers to-day. Wagered oysters with Thomas that we will not be in Tennessee in thirty days. The marching orders were received at 4 this morning. Pleasant camp at 4 p. m.

April 15. Moved at 5 a. m. on the Haywood road. Camp at Aven's ferry, Cape Fear river, at 2:30 p. m. Rain to-day hard. General Mitchell lost General Morgan and the First Brigade and led his Second and our Third Brigades on a wild goose chase till he found them at the ferry. Hudson, Jeffries, Day, and Miller missing since last night. They were foraging. Sergeant Best missing to-night. Sergeant Lud Mills chased by the Johnnies to-day. Best was in the same neighborhood. Uniform order, Davis; subsistence order, Slocum; thirty days yet, he says. Forage order, Langley. Rumors of Johnson's surrender to Sheridan. Bosh, *I guess*.

April 16. Bright, beautiful morning. "Nice day?" "Yeth, it ith tho, a right nithe day." Eight a. m. Bucke goes foraging. Twelve m. Thompson Miller returned; been lost, not a prisoner. Rumors of Johnson's surrender. Fifteenth and Seventeenth Corps moving back to Raleigh; Twentieth under orders, etc. P. M. No movement to-day. Ed. Cook, Fifth O. V. C., still with Company G. Bucke returned from Haywood. This is Abernethy's ferry. Negroes say, "Aven's done dead!" Rumors various and conflicting to-night. To-morrow, we'll see.

April 17. All quiet in camp through the forenoon; clear and pleasant. Pontoon train moved from its position, five or six miles in rear, down to the Cape Fear at this point. No rumors of any force. Wheeler said to be killed. Kilpatrick and Stoneman fight. Sheridan and Seventeenth Corps in line. P. M. Finish reading "Old North State," by

Caruthers. Policing camp. Eight o'clock, surrender and commissioner rumors. Eight forty, Slocum's order, Rochester A. A. G. Schurz Chief of Staff.

#### PRESIDENT'S ASSASSINATION.

April 18. Rumors of the President's assassination. Captain Thomas and I burn the big brush heap. Lieutenant Conlee, Provost Marshal, Captain Cantrell, A. D. C., brigade. *No more foraging*, after the detail had started under Captain Scott, Eighty-fifth Illinois. Arms stacked. P. M. Pleasant day. Five thirty, Sherman's order confirming Lincoln's death in a theatre, Washington, on the evening of the 11th inst. at the hands of a man who uttered, "Sic Semper Tyrannis." Davis' order against foraging pending negotiations between Sherman and Johnson. Same as Slocum's forenoon. Forage and pass circular at dark. Rain, thunder, lightning. My definition of a rebel posted on a tree,

"Religion's most abhorred,  
Perdition's most forlorn,  
God's most abandoned,  
Hell's most damned."

It is from Milton's Paradise Lost.

Lieutenant McIntire closeted to-day to escape capture. Regiment turned out twice to-day without arms. Surplus mules turned over to-night. Eight o'clock, raining hard.

April 19. Morning clear. Wagon sent out for forage; clean up quarters. Work on headquarters contagious. Rumor that the report of the President's death is a hoax. Hope so. Reading Ticknor's "Life of Prescott"; very attractive work. Emory Smyth, G. Byron Smith, K. and others heard from. Will Shultz, G, supposed to have been killed March 24th. Mail received to-day. Everything is at a stand, seemingly. Negotiations still pending at Raleigh. The war is over or some crisis is at hand. Deems, C, says McKinzie's, K, wife has procured a divorce. Doubt between McK. and myself as to who was the author of "Within this awful volume lies, etc."

April 20. Morning between cloud and sunshine. President's death confirmed. It was on the 14th, not the 11th inst. Order 58, Headquarter's Military Division Mississippi, April 19th, "Hostilities suspended. A permanent peace from the Potomac to the Rio Grande to be ratified; to be conducted to our homes in a very few days." Order read to regiment in line. Three time three, for our own and the nation's honor; for peace and our homes!!! Reading Prescott; a bright example of the power of the human will. Evening, walked with Captain Thomas down to the ferry. Fourteenth Michigan coming back to this side. March at 5:30 a. m. to-morrow. Going to Holly Springs, fourteen miles west northwest. I suppose we shall camp there to await the full and final ratification of peace measures. Game of four square; Thomas and Hutchison against Brice and myself.

April 21. Moved on time this morning. Beat the battery. It passed us at the first halt. Cross White Oak creek. What a strange feeling that we are not moving to battle! The clash of arms is hushed in the first quiet breathing of peace and, I hope, forever with this people. Many pleased citizens, male and female, along our way through the camps of the First and Third Divisions, Fourteenth Corps. Met a few rebel soldiers *going home*. Camp one-half mile north of Holly Springs High School building. Gravelly ground. Team mules gone back to Aven's ferry for our forage. Citizens getting their stock from the army. Rain this evening. Reading, and think still more of Ticknor's Prescott.

April 22. Clear Colonel's mare and colt. General Morgan around looking for Holly Spring. Boys policing some. Rumored that we move toward Richmond next Tuesday. Porter, McIntosh and Cook start to Raleigh; the two first to look after Shultz; the last to rejoin his command, Fifth O. V. C. Still reading Prescott. If weather permits, must do heavy policing to-morrow. Adjutant Mann, One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Illinois, returns from New York. Doc. Mercer's mother leaving him to wait while she was fastened up in the back-lot! *Vide* Deems, Company C. How Mercer came to be called Doc. Hutchinson, James, Duff and myself make the game. Thinking much of home.

April 23. A quiet Sunday. Heavy rumors about resumption of hostilities. President Johnson refusing to ratify terms of peace. Some men blue. Adjutant Mann called for an hour this p. m. Jimmy Day arrives, a recruit for Company F. Notice of Captain Summers' death on the 16th inst.

April 24. Still a violent rumor of following Johnson with twenty-four days' rations. Masury returns. Indorse his resignation. J. Wilkes Booth, Lincoln's assassin. Police camp to-day. Logs to burn yet. Finished Prescott yesterday.

April 25. Received a Raleigh paper. Not an indicative word. Arrange mess account with Masury, \$58.46 his part. Porter and McIntosh return; they found Shultz's grave. They passed two Divisions, Twentieth Corps marching this way, Seventeenth Corps moving up the railroad and thus has ended our bright hopes and anticipations of peace. How dark the world grows to one who loves not a soldier's life! I congratulate myself on having written nothing home, although I firmly believed and yet believe there will be no more hard fighting, but how gloomy a prospect have these people if we must follow Johnson's army! Evening late. Orders to march at 5:30 a. m. All manner of rumors about Johnson's whereabouts, force and purposes.

April 26. One o'clock a. m. Marching orders countermanded. What's up? Guard got band up at three, then told them he guessed order was countermanded. Colonel Langley and staff at dress parade. Band balked. Hofele, Rheunark, I, and Vandyne, F, restored to duty by General Morgan. Reading "Ellen Percy." Rumors abundant.

April 27. Reading "Percy." Dress parade. General Mitchell brings news of the surrender and our prospective march to Alexandria, Va. Hallelujah! Peace on earth and good will to men. Duff and I deal. The mysterious jar; its contents. Took Bucke home.

#### HOMEWARD BOUND.

April 28. Official confirmation of peace. Our faces homeward at 5:30 a. m. to-morrow. How the *mother* heart will almost burst with joy! Our march to be through Kelvin's Grove, Wilton and Oxford to Boynton, thence to Richmond; fifteen miles per day. No foraging; no straggling. Hutchinson, Lane, Pierce and myself. Rode twice over to Brigade Headquarters to-day. Corps Headquarters moved to city, fifteen miles, where we shall be to-morrow night, *Deo volente*. D and I on picket. Two companies each day for the last five days.

April 29. Move on time; cut One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Illinois off. Let it pass soon. Halt at noon about one mile south of Morrisville Station, N. C. & R. R. R., twelve or thirteen miles from Raleigh. Nice camp. Black horse found to be blind. "Standard says Herald criticizes Sherman's action in the late surrender and says he has beclouded his fame. P. M. Turn over ammunition, guns, axes, spades, and wagon goes to Raleigh.

April 30. Inspection and muster at 7:30 a. m. Order to march at 5:30 to-morrow morning. Turn over every surplus animal. Wagon returns with forage. Herald's critic in Raleigh Progress. Despire it. See Major Hamilton, One Hundred and Seventy-eighth O. V. I. Dress parade; Langley's address. Signed his recommendation for Brigadier. Will Hamilton *supposed* to be in the Navy. Mail to-night.

May 1. Move on time. At Morrisville Station, after crossing some creek, took charge of train with Fifty-second and Eighty-fifth Illinois. Rear of the army leaving this country. Moved over good road till noon. Three wheels broke; two wagons upset. Detained an hour at noon. Crossed Neuse at Fishdam. Four p. m. encamped two miles north. In at dusk. Twenty-two miles. Splendid weather. Sandy soil. Oak and pine. Trouble finding camp. March at 5 a. m. to-morrow. McKenzie, K, sent back.

May 2. Move on time. Had to pass Eighty-sixth Illinois. Rode Charley till noon, first time. Back not well. Cross Tar river at Robard's bridge, at 11 a. m. Took dinner at Hatcher's run, one and a quarter miles from town. Afternoon, passed in good style, through Oxford. First Division, Fourteenth Corps, camped here last night and we are just on the other side of the branch to-night, two miles from town. Fishing creek between here and town. Officers going back by twos and more to see the lively Oxford lassies. Fine day for marching. Rode Jack since dinner. Twenty miles to-day; good road; train in by 5 p. m. To-morrow 5 a. m. Of one hundred and ten men who went from Ox-

ford into the rebel army, but ten live to tell the tale. This I predicted as we came through town from the scarcity of young men.

May 3. Move on time. Ran into Third Division, Twentieth A. C. Let it pass. Cut across and headed them off again in going about eight miles. Agreed to let them pass again. It was Tabb creek we crossed by Oxford yesterday; the camp was on Fishing creek. Passed Midway. Darkey said, "You all killed 'em all." Encamp two miles from Taylor's ferry, Roanoke river. Rode Charley; eighteen miles to-day. Camp in wheat field; march at 4 a. m. to-morrow, promptly. A darkey says, "General Holmes" went from Clarkesville. Sleep without tent. We crossed the N. C. and Va. line to-day at a blacksmith shop at 4:16 p. m. This day one year ago we left Lee at Gordon's Mills, Ga. Timber, oak, walnut, hickory, poplar. Nice day. Two Union sentiments, one Sherman sentiment!

May 4. Move on time. Cross the Roanoke, six hundred and eighty feet wide, on pontoon, at the ferry. About 9 a. m. passed through Boydton. Lots of negroes and women, but I think Oxford's has also been Boydton's fate. Crossed Allen's creek; horse flinching; through Greensboro. Encamped at 5 p. m. at Barry's bridge, near Finch's Mills, South fork, Meherrin river. Made twenty-six and one-half miles to-day. A fine college building in Boydton, but no school. Greensboro is no town at all. Benton has gone to R. Q. M. Stokes; feed out. Talk with Bucke till 10. Ordered to march at 5 a. m. to-morrow. What a pleasant campaign we are having! Saw some *sentiments* to-day; Union sentiments, too, I guess. Band played for them; good looking; three or four in one place asked us for the music; two in another. In *Union*, played without the asking.

May 5. Move on time; Second Brigade slow. Pass Finch's Mills; ford the stream and cross on logs. Two miles, we come to north fork, Meherrin, Hawkin's ford. Bridge swept away some years ago. North fork, the larger; steep hill on each side. Within five miles crossed Love's bridge at Love's Mills, Reedy creek. Passed St. Paul's (brick) Church and took dinner four miles from Nottaway river. P. M. crossed Fall's bridge at William's (Virginia) Mills, First Division camp, last night. Encamped at 5 p. m. on a branch of Little Nottaway, about four miles from the Court House. We passed through Lewistown Court House of Lunenburg. Band with the Eighty-fifth Illinois in advance. Made twenty-eight miles to-day; been in three counties; troops worn out. McKenzie re-detailed. Bah! "Half hunter, half setter," Jones, F.

On May 2. Thunder, lightning and rain a. m.

May 6. Move on time. The name of the branch we leave is Modest creek. Cross Little Nottaway; through Nottaway C. H.; small place. Crossed Little creek, Buckskin creek, through Dennisville. "Cap'n Jackson's"; took dinner. P. M. passed Bridgeworth's (brick) Mills, Beaver pond creek, and crossing Smack's creek: turning off the Bevil's bridge

road, encamped at sundown by Good's bridge, Appomattox river, after a day's march without a parallel in the history of the regiment, thirty-five miles! Saw where Sheridan had headed Lee, near Amelia C. H. Baldwin scared a wench with his bugle till she said, "Oh! Jesus!" Popular sayings on the march: "Take off your hat and halloo for Sherman"; "Grab a root." It was Second Brigade man, April 30th, who said, "I have for my country fallen; who will care for mother now? (hic)."

March at 5 a. m. Booth said to be dead. Saw some of the Sixth Corps who said it is thirty miles from where this bridge was to Richmond.

#### APPOMATTOX.

May 7. On time, cross the Appomattox; through Colesville to Swift creek. Took dinner near a branch. Band played for the old lady who "Wanted to know if you all tore up South Ca'liny." "Grab a root." Rode Jack this p. m. Rumors about transports; Fourteenth Corps beat to Richmond, etc. Passage with Adjutant Mann. Camp five miles from Richmond, after crossing Falling creek. Country for two days good, not materially injured by the war. Land poorly cultivated and to death. Timber plenty; oak, pine, poplar, walnut, etc. Not a valuable, but decent growth. A darkey hard of hearing! where onions and potatoes were selling by the roadside. Twenty-five miles to-day; not so much straggling.

#### RICHMOND.

May 8. In the morning, move the camp across the road and front the other way. New York papers received. Bucke and Hill go to Richmond. Advance of Twentieth Corps at Chesterfield, C. H. Richmond Whig. Whiskey issued this morning. Heap of talk before I got up. Dr. Hooton back this evening; Harper's Weekly, mild on Sherman; Frank Leslie, bitter.

May 9. In camp. Hooton came around; looks well. Whiskey issued; good many drunk men, especially noisy. Apply to send Bucke for baggage to Nashville, Tenn. Received notice of Clancy's illness. His brother visits the regiment from Twenty-fourth A. C. Bought pies, \$1. Damp day; Cahoo whips Miller, H. Jeffries goes for the sutler of Second Brigade. March in review to-morrow. Halleck. Procured crape for colors and officers. McKenzie stops with me a while in the evening discussing—Medical board making lists of sick for transportation to Alexandria, Va. Agree to give Langley our band for the right at Washington. March at 5:30 a. m. to-morrow; order countermanded; go to sleep.

May 10. Cloudy morning. Sick sent off. We'll probably march sometime to-day. Bucke went to Nashville and Chattanooga. Orders to move to-morrow, 7 a. m. Sick returned; no review to-morrow. *Sherman can't see it.*

May 11. Sick sent off; move on time; pass a Division at arms in Manchester. Cross pontoon, Belle Isle, enter Richmond; Castle Thunder and Libby off to the right a stone's throw; pass burnt district, on our left; Washington's monument; Lee's residence. Saw General Michie. Took dinner outside the defenses of Richmond. Sheridan was inside a year ago. The city is filthy, looks old, but has not suffered as some cities have done during the war. Crossed Brook (swamp) creek and Chickahominy. Passed Peach Turnout and encamped about two miles from Hanover. Storm came on; rained hard. Fly leaked; lived through it. Langley ordered the band out this morning. I made no agreement of that kind; and do not like the assumption of authority. The band is strictly regimental, in every sense, and the brigade commander should make no orders taking it from its owners. Virginia Central R. R.

May 21. Lie still until noon; crossed Mechump creek; troops on railroad bridge. Hanover Court House; small brick building, erected in 1735, where Patrick Henry is said to have delivered his address against the clergy. Halt here two hours. Corps Headquarters move out. General Sherman stopped here last night. About a mile this side, cross Pamunky, Page's bridge. The stream on a high and rising. Halt; fine view. Made eight miles and encamped. Single line, open field. We have seen the grandest country in the South for two days now. Camp on Brookfield farm.

May 13. Found, on waking at 5 a. m. marching orders for 7 o'clock; five companies to report to Captain Craft, Division Provost Marshal. One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Illinois reports for train guard. Gave it ninety wagons. Took the remainder with the left wing. Saw rebel lieutenant where wagons procured forage. Fine view over North Anna to railroad. Cars going north. Struck Fredericksburg road out one and a half miles. Bad track for three or four miles; good country but not grand, then good sandy track. Pass Mt. Carmel Church and find the Division at dinner. Saw two soldiers loading a woman on a mule. Pass through Chilesburg—crossed railroad at Chesterfield Station a. m. Camp one mile northwest of town at Rehoboth M. E. C. S., at half-past six. Made twenty-two miles, "Jericho." Fallen timber. Nate Gossett saw a Mrs. Chandler (Terrell) down at North Anna R. R. bridge to-day. She knows my father, the Crews and Ladds and is a violent rebel. Good weather; passable country. Oak, pine, beech, etc. Direct R. Q. M. as to the issue of forage to accommodate the Dr. (Hill). March at 7 a. m.

May 14. Found a terrapin in bed with me at half-past five a. m. Move on time. One of the boys to old darkey at roadside, "Good morning, old man." "Yes, sah! Yes, sah!" Cross Hanna's run and another branch. As before: "How far is it to the river?" "Is no rival about heyah." "I know there is, you d—d old skeezies, you're lyin' now." Took dinner in rear of the Twenty-second Indiana, after crossing quite a stream. Rails taken by men to make fires ordered back. Determine

to take Surgeon Hill to task to-night on account of his tongue and if necessary, arrest him. Camp on Culpepper road after passing a cross roads. We passed the residence of the rebel General Rosser, after leaving camp, before Mechump creek on the 12th inst. Left Sherman's and Slocum's Headquarters at Chilesburg this morning (Sabbath). Made twenty miles to-day. We passed Wallace Church; halted by it: "Built 1850." Also Good Hope, "Built by A. J. Nelson, 1860." Former brick, latter frame. Caught glimpses of the Blue Ridge in the smoky distance; country rough. Pine, oak, chestnut, beech, ash, and *underbrush*. Baldwin sounded sick call on the march; regarded by the boys as a good joke. Camp, since learned, near Plentiful creek. Sent for Surgeon Hill and inquired as to the reported use by him of certain disrespectful expressions. He denies any recollection or malicious purpose. This was the close of the conversation: "Did you say these Headquarters have been a d—d swindling institution?" His answer was an emphatic, "*No*." I informed him that no man could go free and use such language here. I think he had whiskey in him while talking this evening. Nice day, evening cloudy. March at 6:30 a. m. to-morrow.

May 15. Move on time; a little before. Cross Plentiful creek at Taylor's Mills; small stream, two miles out road, from left. Pass Chapter Church or Lynch's Chapel. Ran into Third Division four miles out, leaving its camp on Horse foremost creek. Road to left, cross roads from right rear to left. Rough country; oak, scrub pine, chestnut and underbrush, all heavy. Terry creek; women, mill and pond. Music; branch with rocky, noisy bed. Splendid weather. Camp for dinner north of Little Black Walnut creek, first stream from left to right for sometime. Blue Ridge all along. Splendid valley over Mountain river; much cleared land; soil, medium. Grand scenery, valley of Rapidan. Pass Corps Headquarters, high and dry. Wade the river at Raccoon Ford Mills. Dry off and go into camp north of Summer Duck creek on Brandy Station road. Blue Ridge in front of us. Glorious sunset. Chestnut hill was in sight to our left this afternoon; a lone tree on its top. James, Duff; Hutch and self; came out ahead. March at 7 a. m. to-morrow. "Strahange and remaharkable dreahream." Our camp is on Nawles' farm, nine hundred acres; Kilpatrick has fought here. South hills all fortified.

May 16. On time. Bad road to Potatoo river. Soldier's grave, next slope facing south. Three graves. Pass Stevensburg. Scenery the climax of all I have seen. Greater portion of Culpepper County. Hail Columbia played for John Minor Botts, who has more rails on his farm than all Culpepper besides and who will, in the end, if he lives long enough, be Governor of the Old Dominion. A branch from right to left. Cross Mountain creek on a huge bridge. Ford Rappahannock at Kelly's. Dinner on the right bank of a run at midday! Pass Third Division, cross three or four small branches and camp on a run. Made twenty miles; Blue Ridge all along. March at 5 a. m. to-morrow.

## BULL RUN.

May 17. Move on time. Cross two streams. Cedar creek. Struck railroad at thirty-eight mile post. Passed four railroad bridges, one wagon bridge over third stream. Took dinner at last bridge. Men straggled; day hot. March hard. Camp on "*Bull Run*" at Mitchell's Ford. Made twenty-four miles, a slavish day. Blue Ridge. Road crossing and recrossing railroad all day. March at 5 a. m. to-morrow.

May 18. On time. Pass through Fairfax; cross Accotinck creek and camp at noon in a point of woods south of pike. Duff and several of the boys affected by drinking stolen medicated whiskey. Jack Martin, Company H, left his shoes behind. Remain here till morning. Rain this evening; wet night.

May 19. March at 8 a. m. Warm. Pass Cloud's Mill on same creek and camp for the review. Passed Falls Church to-day, a brick building on the right of the pike. Rain; slow getting into camp; in about noon; thick bushes; good ground.

## WASHINGTON.

May 20. Lying in camp. Officers and men going to Alexandria (four miles) and Washington, on various errands. Money, some.

May 21. Sabbath, a quiet day in camp. Some rain. Police a little.

May 22. Went to Alexandria with Captains Anderson and James. Bought whole suit, \$95.25. Muddy; rode black horse.

May 23. Orders for our review to-morrow; clothing issued. Sherman will beat the Potomac. I hazard the prediction that his army will disappoint the thousands who to-day witness the review of the Potomac Army and are so anxious to see "Sherman's Ragamuffins." Splendid day. Fifty-second to lead to-morrow; *good*.

May 24. As I predicted Sherman is the hero of the war more than ever. The day has been one of fullest glory. I trust it all to memory as words here would fail me in an attempt at description. Rode Jack. In same camp; fine weather; Clancy in Alexandria.

May 25. Move at 12 m. Pass through the city in good style; camp near Fort Totten, Bladensburg road, at dusk, or little before. This is promised as our last camp; "Thank God! who hath given us the victory."

May 26. Rain all day. Can't cut and pile the undergrowth in our camp. Our baggage reached the city last evening. Bucke not returned yet. James back, absent since the 22d. Thomas, Brice, Duff, to the city; two last returned; moved my fly; read Sherman's Bowman letter of the 19th inst.

May 27. Rain till noon; cloudy till night. Baggage came up; trunk all right, glad to see it. Having good living now. Will Holmes and "Bill" Ely came over. Loaned cousin \$3. Policing done. Thompson tight; cusses Hill.

May 28. Beautiful morning. See Dr. Walker at Brigade Headquarters. See Scroggs, A. C. M., Second Division, Fourteenth A. C. Mus-

ter out order and papers to-morrow. M. E. W. visits me; I furnish orderly *its* dinner, for there is doubt in my mind as to gender; says it belongs to Twelfth Indiana Infantry. Evidently came to see me in the interest of M. E. W., in some way. The visit not enthusiastic. Dr. Smoot and wife this p. m. Collier. Recommend Hutchison for promotion.

May 29. Commence rolls. Clean camp. Clancy visits. Looks slim. Collier came again. Talk with Thomas at night; has been to Baltimore for his boy. Bucke not back.

May 30. The orderly, with strawberries and sleeping photo or sleepy photo. The orderly, a woman, I'll wager, on a *qui vive*. Clancy went back. Company A's rolls started. I'm playing its captain. Clancy to be back to-morrow night. "Nice day." Ninety-eighth O. V. I. mustered out. "Somebody better come here."

May 31. Working on rolls; Clancy returned. Fine weather; got old wall tents, fourteen. Lots of work now. I'll kick up my heels. Recommendation in New York Herald, for promotion. Talked with Clancy about Dr. M. E. W.

June 1. Fast day; Brice to city. Merchant Marshall from city. Captain ———, Ninety-eighth. It goes home at 9 a. m. to-morrow and we shall muster out nine companies. I think, may be ten. Will move for Ohio about the morning of the 4th. Company A getting on finely. Sherman's farewell in the Herald 11 p. m. Brice not back.

June 2. Orderly out again, horseback. Lay on robe in the shade and talked about Corporal Taylor, Company G. Orderly excited. Am sure it's a woman and will tell her so next time. Is to see me again. Rolls finished.

June 3. Clancy absent this morning. Regiment mustered out. Books boxed for Columbus, Ohio. James selected to take charge. Fine weather.

June 4. Orderly and the robe again. I said: "Suppose I should say you were a woman." She denied, blundered and said, "A woman!" and left. Transportation by the B. & O. R. R. at 8 a. m.

June 5. Move at 6 a. m. Some of the boys tipsy. Leave depot at 3 p. m. O. K. Night came on between Relay House and——and daylight.

June 6. Found us at Harper's Ferry, or rather Berlin Station.

June 7. Daylight, Woodstock, Oakland; sundown, Glover's Gap.

June 8. Daylight, left Bellaire; 3 p. m., in the rain, reached Columbus, Tod Barracks.

#### COLUMBUS.

June 9. Reception, Brough, Anderson. Dinner, Brough. Given. Galloway and Moody. Five p. m., in rain, moved to Chase. I came back to town.

June 10. Came to camp about noon; nothing doing. Worked like a Turk at my ordnance returns. Fence torn down by the boys.

June 11. Finishing ordnance, invoices and receipts. Saw General Richardson and had Clancy released from arrest.

June 12. Took a room at the Four Mile House to make out returns; finished and sent them off.

June 13. Went to city. Told Lamb why I couldn't come on the 11th. Rolls signed by our men.

June 14. In Camp Chase.

June 15. In Camp Chase.

June 16. Went to Columbus and carred my horses to go out in the morning.

June 17. Men paid off; going home. Certificate of non-indebtedness from Lieutenant Fletcher, Fourth U. S. Cavalry.

June 18. In Columbus.

June 19. To Richmond, Ohio.

June 20. To Cadiz.

June 21. *Home.*

June 22. Columbus, \$267.05 to John Irvine or Alf Ong. Clancy *amende.*

June 23. Settle with Uncle Sam.

June 24. Pearce and I to Cadiz. Joke on P. in sleeping car at Co-shocton.

Saturday night: *All at Home.*

FINIS.

CAMPS AND BATTLE-FIELDS  
REVISITED.



GRAND HOTEL, CINCINNATI, OHIO, May 13, 1897.

Nearly thirty-five years ago, to-wit: on a bright morning, the 25th day of August, 1862, the Fifty-second Ohio Volunteer Infantry, more than one thousand officers and men, marched out of Camp Dennison and took cars for this city. After a long march through the streets, which fagged out a considerable number of the raw recruits, a flag presentation took place on Fourth in front of the Postoffice. The address of Thomas J. Gallagher, Esq., was as follows:

"Colonel McCook:

"It is my pleasant duty to present to you and your regiment, the 'McCook's Avengers'—these flags. The name and the duty undertaken by the Fifty-second will keep alive with the citizens of Cincinnati a peculiar interest in the progress and achievements of your regiment. The friends and intimates of your murdered brother, General McCook, stand all around us. I cannot, therefore, trust myself to dwell upon the bloody and atrocious murder. I knew him well in life. He would have made lustrous with honor a career in any walk of life. In his death, our country has lost a useful citizen, a brave soldier and a gallant gentleman.

'Green be the grass o'er thee,  
Friend of my early days,  
None knew thee but to love thee,  
None named thee but to praise.'

"But, to you, sir, eulogy is vain and words are not needed to incite to the high and noble duty which is yours.

"To your hands, and to the keeping of 'the Avengers' I commit this 'banner of beauty.' I know that it will be made glorious by heroic deeds; take it. Then, made sacred to a memory inspired by patriotism and hope—

'The avenging sword unsheath.'  
And when amid the wreck and carnage of battle,  
'As the long line comes gleaming on,  
Ere yet the lifeblood warm and wet  
Has dimmed the glistening bayonet,  
Each soldier's eye will brightly turn  
To where its meteor glories burn,  
And as his springing steps advance,  
Catch war and vengeance from the glance.'"

Dan. McCook, then colonel commanding the regiment, accepted the banners and we presently marched down Race to the landing, crowded the ferryboat and, in installments, crossed over to Covington. There, during the afternoon we were entertained in Union Armory, the loyal people of that city spreading a bountiful repast for the Fifty-second and the Ninety-eighth Regiments, O. V. I. Along after nightfall, say 9 o'clock, we boarded a train on the Kentucky Central Railroad for Lexington and next morning camped in a beautiful grove of sugar and walnut, part of the fair grounds, south of that city, but in full view of it.

My better-half and I left Columbus at 7:15, this morning, with an indefinite or flexible plan, which still has some definite and fixed general features, which, it is hoped, may be carried into execution. That is to say; we propose to follow, by rail, as far as our limited time will permit, conditioned that all goes well, the course pursued by my command from the date of its entering the field until the war closed. That course may be described by a line of larger cities and towns, as follows:

Cincinnati, Lexington—but here I separated, for a time, from the regiment, having been made prisoner while sick and unconscious in room 44, Broadway Hotel. I proceed, therefore, to describe the general route of the regiment until I rejoined it at Nashville, January 10, 1863, and shall then give my own route, followed by the joint career to final disbandment.

REGIMENT: Frankfort, Louisville, Bardstown, Springfield, Perryville, Harrodsburg, Danville, Lancaster, Crab Orchard, Lebanon, New Market, Bowling Green, Franklin, Mitchellville, Nashville.

SELF: Covington, Cincinnati, Columbus, Camp Chase, Camp Lew Wallace, Steubenville, Cincinnati, Louisville, Smithland, Nashville—rejoined—Murfreesboro, Franklin, Columbia, Pulaski, Athens, Ala., Huntsville, Stevenson, Bridgeport, Chattanooga, Rome, Marietta, Peach Tree—not a city—Atlanta, Chattanooga, Huntsville, Florence and return to Atlanta, Milledgeville, Savannah, Columbia, Goldsboro, Raleigh, Richmond, Washington. From Nashville, January 10, 1863, until the close

of the war, and the final discharge, June 4, 1865, I was never absent from my post of duty with, or near, the regiment.

The "field notes" which I shall make on this excursion will be such as the circumstances of travel and stoppages and their conditions may permit. The condensed and elliptical character of the observations may not be quite so intense as many of those noted in my journal while the conflict raged in those other days, and I hope I may make intelligible some of the obscurities therein.

PHOENIX HOTEL, LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY, May 14, 1897.

We made the run from Cincinnati, yesterday, between 2:10 and 6 o'clock, p. m., better speed than was made by the train of thirty-five years ago.

We spent the whole night of August 25-26, 1862, steadily creeping up through Cynthiana and Paris to Lexington. The care was so great and speed so low, because recent trains had been fired on and the country, along the railroad, was infested more or less, at certain points, by rebel partisans, or rangers, who had an awkward, vindictive and reckless way of attempting to burn railroad bridges, removing rails and firing their guns, at trains loaded with blue coated soldiers, especially in the night season. We were not molested, however, *then* or *now*.

Before we started out, this morning, I read from my journal of 1862 so much as was written therein between August 11, of that year, and my arrival at Nashville, Tennessee, January 10, 1863. This was done with the view of giving Mrs. H. some idea of the outline, at least, of my course and adventures, in army life, down to the last named date.

The first item of importance in this day's observations and experiences was the view of the burning of the Lexington Court House. I had ordered a carriage for the purpose of being driven about the city and making an effort to locate and identify the camp, the Broadway Hotel, and other points of interest, and, while waiting, as we stood looking out of the bay window of room 20, of the hotel, Mrs. H. inquired why some young men, apparently students, were running along the street below. There were only three or four of them and the pace was very moderate. A glance up at the dome of the Court House, about one square up the street and on the opposite side, showed a thin film of smoke commencing to issue from the loftiest point, the very pinnacle, of the structure. The carriage came to the door just as the flames burst out of the tower, and the driver followed the alleys around the immense crowd, which soon gathered about the burning building, so as to give us an idea, by glimpses, of the progress of the conflagration. In sixty minutes, the work of destruction was practically at an end. The tower, the attic, the

court rooms, the whole third floor had been gutted and portions of the lower floors much injured, entailing a loss of at least \$50,000, excluding the ruined master-piece in marble, "Woman Triumphant," by the late Joel T. Hart, a Kentucky artist, and paintings of Clay, John C. Breckinridge, Barry and other national or Kentucky celebrities, some of which are, in their nature, irreparable. The walls, being of stone, seem to stand so far unaffected by the fire that they will probably not have to be taken down, but with some slight repairs may be rebuilt upon, and will properly support a new finish.

From the burning Court House, our colored driver, who said he was forty-three years old, had been born in Richmond, Virginia, and had lived twenty-five years in Lexington, started in search of the old camp ground. He failed to find it or the Breckinridge residence, though, as afterward appeared, he was, at one time, on the drive, not far from them. The land is largely built over; streets are laid out, and, of course, the forest trees have been mostly cut away. He next drove us out east to the Henry Clay homestead, a magnificent old place, where a son-in-law of the famous statesman now resides. A very considerable portion of the plantation has been subdivided and platted into city lots and improved for residence purposes. There is still a wide space, however, between the suburbs of the city and the home itself. It is on the south side of the pike by which we marched to the Kentucky river on the night of August 30, 1862, and returned to Lexington next day. It is in sight of the eastern portion of the city. Turning about, after passing the large field or grove in which the great, dark-colored old mansion, with its pretentious barn and outbuildings, stands, we were driven to the postoffice, where I made a purchase of stamps and then the driver recalled the fact that the corridor in which I had been was the one in which Colonels Goodloe and Pope, distinguished lawyers and politicians of Lexington, met and mortally wounded each other perhaps a half dozen years ago.

On our way from the Clay homestead to the postoffice, as we turned a corner, in the city, the driver, with a sort of bated breath, said, "This third house on the right is whar Col. Breckinridge live." The square old brick dwelling, sitting down close

to the ground, with little side, or front, or back yard, with the dark paint scaling off all over it, with its dingy front door, left the impression that the Colonel's hard lines have given some character, at least, to his home appearances as well as to his political and personal life and reputation. It will evidently be some years before the ladies of his congressional district consent to his return to successful public or political life.

From the postoffice, we were driven out to the Bryant Station spring, dedicated with great ceremony in August of last year to the memory of the women who went to it and procured water for the men who were besieged by Indians in the stockade on the knoll above it August 15-16, 1782. With savages lurking all around the station and the spring, not a shot was fired at the women, who by their daring brought water to the thirsty and heroic husbands and sons and brothers and made the successful defense of the station possible. The spring is some seventy-five yards from the point where the nearest portion of the block house or stockade stood; it is very powerful, pouring out a stream of water, say, five feet wide and five or six inches in depth. It runs rapidly to Elkhorn creek only a few yards away. The stone wall built around the spring is about the size of a small, old-fashioned spring house, octagonal in form, six feet above the ground, outside, very neat and substantial. The distance from the city is from four to five miles, northeast. The last volume of the Filson Club publications, which is in my library at home, contains a full account of the Bryant Station dedication and celebration of last year. I shall read it with renewed interest when I return.

While at the spring two or three things occurred which illustrate the uncertainty of fame and the occasional inaccuracy of history. Two natives were about to sit down for an outdoor lunch at the edge of the descent from the knoll above the spring, probably seventy-five feet from where the station stood, and I asked them if they could tell me its precise location. One of them pointed to a spot some three hundred yards down the creek and near its bank. I paralyzed him by asking why the women, at the time of the siege, had come all that distance up *alongside the creek* to procure water out of the spring. He simply responded "that's so," and subsided with "I don't know, sah." The ten years old boy from whom I borrowed a tin cup with

which to dip a drink from the spring said the fort stood on ground on part of which the rear of their house now stands, and he walked from the front door around to the side of the house toward the spring to indicate the exact location. The heads of the two natives, eating their early dinner, were just visible as they lay on the grass, over the crest toward the spring.

The colored driver, when we walked back to the carriage, drove on northeast, perhaps a hundred yards over the bridge across the creek and while doing so informed us that the Indian chief "fell off the stump" of a large sycamore, about ten feet high, standing in the northern edge of the creek, above the bridge, when he was shot by some one from the fort. We could not understand how the chief had been shot from the top of that stump one hundred and fifteen years ago, when the break showed that the stump had not been a stump for much more than fifteen years, but we made no audible comments. He further said Col. Breckinridge had made the statement in his speech at the dedication. The record of that occasion does not show that the Colonel made any speech or was present during the dedication exercises.

The history is that an Indian—not a chief—had climbed into the sycamore and from his lofty perch was annoying the garrison, one of whom finally detected him and by a well-directed shot—it must have been a good one, considering the distance—tumbled the redskin out of the tree, not off its stump.

The besiegers numbered four hundred to five hundred, a few of whom were Canadians and renegade whites; the great body of them were Wyandots and Lake Indians. The notorious, the infamous, Girty was among them. There were ninety persons, men, women and children, in the fort; about fifty men and boys capable of using rifles; about thirty women and girls who made the sally to the spring for water, and the remainder, small children. The siege, which lasted two days, was unsuccessful. The garrison lost two killed and one wounded; the besiegers' losses were never known, but thirty fell in the first assault up the slope from the spring.

The names of nearly all the garrison are given in the Filson Club publication and the names of the heroic women and girls

who marched to the spring and carried up the hill into the fort their buckets and piggins and noggins of water are carved on the several tablets of the stone memorial surrounding it. The credit of the memorial is due to the local chapter of the Daughters of the Revolution. The neat, old-fashioned one-story white house which typifies Bryant's Station is the only residence in the immediate vicinity of the spring which, itself, lies forty or fifty steps northwest of the unique stile, made over the fence to enable tourists to cross easily from the road into the field.

When we returned from the Bryant Station spring, our driver, shortly before we reached the Court House square, turned into a narrow street and, driving alongside of a clean, white painted, brick house, said, "This was Gen. Morgan's home and it is kept very nearly as he left it, though none of his relations own it."

He had been directed to stop at a dry goods store and pulled up his team at Guthrie & Watson's, on the Court House square. While Mrs. H. made her purchases, I talked with Mr. Guthrie, as we looked out the front of the store, about the calamity that had befallen the city and county. He pointed out the glass in one of their front windows which had been cracked by the heat, though I should think it is as much as two hundred feet away from the Court House. They thought their store would go several times, but, though the block caught fire more than once, it was saved. In the course of our conversation I learned that Mr. Guthrie was an Ohio man, originally from Highland county, and at sixteen had been a member of the Fortieth O. V. I. He did not seem to know either Col. Watson, now of Columbus, or Judge Math. P. Simpson, now of McPherson, Kansas, both of whom were in that regiment, Watson as Lieutenant Colonel and Simpson as Sergeant Major.

He thought he could point out the location of our camp and show us the Breckinridge house still standing, and so, after dinner, I ordered another carriage and picking up Mr. Guthrie, we were driven down below where the driver took us this morning and on the second pike visited found and identified the localities, though very much changed by the hands of time and improvement. The conformation of the land and the Breckinridge house

made me quite certain, however, of the spot where camp life and real soldiering began with us.

Lexington has greatly changed, as must any progressive city in the course of a third of a century, growing from a population of 4,000 to 30,000. Mr. Guthrie, having Kentucky relatives, settled here soon after the war and of course has become thoroughly identified with the people and their interests. The firm was a pioneer on the Court House square and its history and appearance argue a sound and continuing prosperity.

Mr. Guthrie, whose polite attentions were fully appreciated, directed the driver to pass the site of the old Broadway Hotel. It was torn down long ago and there seem to be at least three buildings of different ages and architectural designs and used for different purposes now standing on the corner where it stood. He showed us the boarding house at which Jefferson Davis stopped when a student here attending Transylvania University, from which Davis and John H. Morgan graduated. He pointed out the windows of Davis's room, in the second story of his boarding house, the lower portion of which is now used as a grocery. The ancient architecture, the old building itself, of the University, is impressive and a view of it well repays the short time necessary to ride or walk out to its locality.

The Clay monument will probably remain for many generations the most conspicuous object in the Lexington cemetery, or in the northern part of the city.

While the name of one Lexington hotel keeper has, much to my regret, been lost to memory, his genial personality and the evidences of his good will to myself in the shape of a hamper containing "a feast of fat things," which came out to our camp on two or three different days, linger ineffaceably pictured on its walls. I presume that there are some of my men—John Rinehart, for example—who could recall the name, for they patronized and became well acquainted with him, but it lies just beyond the end of my tongue or pen.

The following extract is from one of my letters written home at its date:

LEXINGTON, KY., August 28, 1862.

Amid the bustle and jabber of three thousand men after great labors, physical and mental, I must drop you a small letter. I was commissioned Second Lieutenant on the 11th day of August and empowered to recruit a company for three years or the war. They only gave me four days in which to raise one hundred men. The time was extended and at the end of six days I had a full company. On Wednesday evening 20th, we started in wagons for Steubenville and shipped for Camp Denison on Thursday morning, 21st. After lying by at Columbus for four or five hours, we started a second time for camp and reached it about ten o'clock at night. The boys, one hundred and seven in numbers, piled down on a new kind of bed to many of them. That bed was the feathery side of a board with a blanket spread under and over. Here we remained as busy as could be organizing the company until Sunday morning when our Colonel, Dan McCook of the Fifty-second O. V. I., ordered three days' rations to be cooked, for we were to start on Monday morning for Kentucky. All was ready and at ten o'clock Monday morning, we started by the cars for the "dark and bloody ground." We marched about five miles through Cincinnati. Five or six of my boys gave out, A. R. among the number. We halted on the river bank and the tired boys all crawled along so that by the time the steamer swung round for the left wing of the regiment every one of our boys was ready to go aboard. In Covington, I saw James Dickerson, Oliver Reynolds, William Ely and a host of acquaintances, members of the Ninety-eighth, which had left Camp Steubenville a day or two before.

After a good supper, furnished by the patriots of Covington, we took the railroad for Lexington, which place we reached about nine o'clock Tuesday morning. Here we have been ever since in the blue grass country, encamped in a beautiful grove of sugar and walnut southeast of Lexington about eighty rods. Here are the slightly rolling lands, trodden once by the venerable Clay, here are lands owned by Breckinridge and Morgan. \* \* \*

This bit of paper tells its own story:

## HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF KENTUCKY,

LEXINGTON, September 2, 1862.

I, Captain J. T. Holmes, Company G, Fifty-second Ohio Volunteers, a prisoner of war, captured by the Confederate forces under Major General E. Kirby Smith, having been this day paroled, do solemnly swear that I will not take up arms against the Confederate States of America until duly exchanged, and that I will not communicate any military information to the enemies of the Confederate States, which I may obtain whilst in their lines. The penalty for the violation of this parole is death.

[Official.]

A. F. RUDLER, Major, Provost Marshal.

It is dated the 2d of the month, the day the enemy captured Lexington, but the oath was taken and the parole delivered on the 4th. The Confederate lieutenant who came to my room seemed to be quite nervous, as though the business of "swearing people and letting them go" was new and embarrassing to him.

A portion of another letter bears on the same period:

COLUMBUS, OHIO, September 20, 1862.

We mounted the train and put away for Lexington about half-past nine. Twenty-five cars in the train. Twenty of them cattle cars and in them ten companies of Ohio's brave sons. It was no nice place to ride, but the men took it as a "military necessity" and sang songs and slept and, sorry to say, some swore, all night long. Colonel McCook ordered his officers to ride in the hindmost car, a medium passenger, but, by the side of the cattle car, a rarity. We jogged along very carefully. Company A, Captain Clarke, with guns loaded, for the train on the previous night had been fired into by rebels. After dawn—Tuesday, 26th August—at every bridge we saw a squad of Union soldiers and in all directions one silent waste, to all appearances. I think the Kentucky Central must run through a desolate country, for I could see no indications of life anywhere save at Cynthiana and Paris.

Without accident, we arrived at Lexington. The very air smelled of secession.

Not a single demonstration greeted us and in all the city I only saw two flags that morning while we marched through. We camped and afterward I wrote you.

On August 30th, about dusk, we received marching orders. Such was the haste in which we took arms that I forgot to change shoes and started off with thin-soled gaiters. We were off for Richmond, twenty-six miles southeast, where Nelson, with eight thousand men, had been contending two days with three times his number. There were five thousand in our temporary brigade. I had not marched more than two miles until my feet began to remind me that they were too close to the pike, but it was too late to turn back then. Eight miles out and the men, unaccustomed to forced marching, were stopped for water at a spring. Yes, a Kentucky spring. I was bamboozled two or three times right among them, so I must tell you what a spring in Kentucky is. Take a low piece of ground, dig a hole thirty feet in diameter and three feet deep, wall it up on three points of the compass, leaving it open on the fourth. Let the water collect there partly from the ground and the rest from the skies; let it stand until the green scum and filth reach an inch in thickness and you have a first-rate Kentucky spring. I was fooled by looking for the running water when we would stop and not seeing any I, after a time, found out these places were their springs. While

we stopped at one of them, somewhat worn out, I lay down among Company G on the road and fell asleep. It was probably eleven o'clock when, amid shouts and rushing men, I was aroused to receive a kick on the head from a mule that had gotten loose and run over the Company. When I scrambled to my feet and turned around my sword and hat were both gone; the scabbard was by my side, but the blade was gone. One of my boys found the sword lying some ten feet from where I had been sleeping and the hat came from, I don't know where. "Fall in," "Forward," "*March*," came next and the mule with jingle heels was forgotten. Three or four of my boys were bruised a little, but none seriously. My first thought on waking was that there was a battery of artillery running over us! We finally moved off for Richmond again, but I had to leave four or five of my Company behind; two of them went back to Lexington on the retreating wagons and the rest, after snoozing a while, came after the regiment. About three o'clock in the morning we halted, when I took the sweetest sleep I ever had in my life on a bed of limestone, broken ready to be put on the pike when winter comes. Captain Clancy lay next me and Lieutenant Sturgis next him, both from Smithfield. If I live to be as old as grandfather, I'll not forget the depth and sweetness of that sleep; the other two said the same thing.

After falling in again we soon reached the bank of the Kentucky river. Here we halted and caught sight of rebels across the stream planting a battery. Having no artillery, we countermarched and spent the Sabbath retreating. Nelson had been completely whipped on Saturday evening and in our condition it would have been madness to attempt a stand. It rained during the last eight miles—didn't rain—it poured rather, and that was what brought me here. Those shoes were soaked in five minutes and marching eight miles in that condition and sleeping in wet clothes threw me into the fever that held me till Jeff. got hold. I had in my pocket one hundred and twenty-five dollars then and by the time I landed in Camp Chase I had just twenty. So much it cost me to be made prisoner. That was nothing, however, compared with the sacrifices of many. My life was spared, and all that came with me fared better for the money. Money taken out, I saved all private property, sword and revolver to boot. Abe can tell you all about the eighty-four miles' march from Lexington to Covington, or has told you already.

Nothing remains of this trip, for this city, but to praise the entertainment at the Phoenix, pay for it, buy railroad tickets to Nashville *via* Louisville and the Mammoth Cave, and take our leave by the Chesapeake & Ohio train at 6:30 p. m.

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE, May 16, 1897.

We left the Chesapeake & Ohio train at what is called the First-street crossing in Louisville, one square north to the Galt House and retired at midnight in room 514 of that famous hostlery, from which we took our departure soon after 6 o'clock yesterday morning. After breakfast, by a blunder of the transfer company, if it was not downright dishonesty in some employe, I was obliged, at the last moment to call a carriage to take us and our baggage to the Louisville & Nashville depot, in a hurry. We were barely in time and at 11:26 a. m. stepped off at Glasgow Junction to enter the car for Mammoth Cave, nine miles up over the mountains. They are Kentucky mountains, not very high, although one cannot say so much for the fare, as you are politely asked to pay \$2.50 for a round trip, fourteen cents per mile! It almost takes away the breath of the economical tourist who finds himself aboard the little nondescript car, with its little nondescript engine in front to find his purse so heavily assessed for so short a ride. Some of the groaning among the economical was audible and amusing, though the rate was a serious matter with them. I paid for an excursion ticket from Lexington to Nashville and return, nearly six hundred miles, \$5.90, while the Mammoth Cave, eighteen miles, called for almost one-half that sum. The cave hotel was reached at 12:15 p. m.

Our baggage had all been taken along on the theory that we might stay over Sunday and come down to this city by the forenoon train to-morrow. It soon became apparent that there would be no such "stay over." The Railway Guide for May announced, with reference to entertainment, when speaking of the "Cave Hotel," that it is "A commodious structure, famous for its southern simplicity and comforts, southern hospitality and particularly for its southern bill-of-fare." This announcement is part of the notice contained in the Guide, which notice is authenticated by the name of the manager. I have somewhat to say about the portion quoted above.

There were, perhaps, thirty visitors, merely transient visitors, at the hotel. There are accommodations for four hundred or five hundred people. I registered, as I always do, my citizenship:

for when I become ashamed of Ohio and its beautiful capital, my home, I shall feel like exclaiming with the ancient Jew anent his beloved Jerusalem, "If I forget thee, let my right hand forget her cunning. If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth," or words to that effect. We were assigned to room 97 and conducted past vacant, unoccupied downstairs and upstairs rooms, that would accommodate two hundred persons, to the remotest upstairs room in that establishment. I mean the room farthest away from the office and the general sitting room. Number 97 was cold and dreary. We left our satchels in it and repaired immediately to the dining room opposite the office. This was as cold as the cave itself, being in temperature about fifty-five degrees. Now, the structure is commodious; no one would wish to deny it up to the four hundred or five hundred capacity. It is, I must say, clean and well kept. Its simplicity and comforts are in Southern Kentucky, but I have seen a good deal of the South and the "simplicity and comforts" are not, by a long shot, as much southern as western. I have spent months in the Rockies where just that sort of "simplicity and comforts" was to be found in abundance. The manager may think the hospitality and the bill-of-fare are southern in type, but I can assure him that the people of the South—those who know what true social life and good living are—would be slightly inclined to call his statements when carried into execution, if we saw fair samples, a gentle libel on southern hospitality and bills-of-fare.

Before the dinner was fairly begun the "stay over" idea was "deader than a door nail." Fifty dollars per day and a free conduct over the seven miles and the seventeen miles trips through the cave would not have tempted us to stay until the coming of the Monday forenoon train for Nashville on the main line. It was a mistake to come from Ohio and disclose the fact on the register. The war is not entirely over with some few, I hope very few, classes of people, and those who carried neither guns nor swords and retain the war feeling fight in other ways and with other weapons.

The train was to leave the Cave Hotel about 7 p. m. and it was settled that we should sleep in Nashville from midnight until

this morning, and we did. We did not take either the short or the long route in the cave. We did walk down to the mouth and in as far as the iron gate, which bars further progress, except with a guide, perhaps sixty steps from the wide opening by which one begins the descent. That satisfied all sentiment and gratified all curiosity, under the circumstances. The mouth of the cave is in a wooded valley, through which a small mountain stream flows in wet weather. Its channel is within a few steps of the opening and along it winds a country wagon road. Going out the rear of the hotel buildings, you pass through a garden containing a half acre of ground, then out through a door in the fence. On this door are a hasp and padlock to fasten it, at all proper times, to the staple driven in the gatepost. Immediately outside the door, you begin the descent of one hundred and fifty yards, through woods, down the steep hillside, to the cave's mouth. A spring pours a continual stream down over the middle of the opening, which is, I should say, twenty-five feet wide and perhaps fifteen to twenty feet high. The mouth is entered by going down a steep flight of stone steps, some twenty-five or thirty of them. About half way down, the drip from a spring may strike the rock at one point and sprinkle you slightly. The steps are at the right side of the mouth as you look caveward. We spent a half hour seeing our friends make ready for the short route and accompanied them to the iron gate. Of the party were Dr. and Mrs. Goldsboro, of LaGrange, Kentucky, twenty-seven miles from Louisville, whom we met first on the Cave railroad. They were returning from the Tennessee Centennial, now being held in this city. There were also a Chicago man, a young gentleman from Los Angeles, California, and a spare-personed Englishman.

While this party was gone, some three hours, we looked into the common sitting room, where a large open wood fire was burning and enjoyed its heat for a time; we rambled over the grounds about the hotel and visited the young black bear, the two grown coons, the grown fox and three small ones—the former red and the latter of the gray species—the opossum; the white hawk, whose left wing had evidently been broken by a shot, at the time of his capture; the six large owls; the two hawks, and

the setting hens, all in cages. One hen was maturing twenty-six young ducks, as yet wholly unconscious of the fact that they will plunge into the first body of water past which she may attempt to lead them. We inspected the long row of nine double cabins, now turned into a continuous row of bed rooms by boarding up the open spaces. The large spaces originally left in each double cabin make bed rooms, each holding two beds, the cabins themselves each hold three beds, and the narrow spaces, say three feet, between the ends of the original doubles, make closets by having doors cut in from each adjoining cabin. We rambled upon the hill where we had left the train and in the edge of the wood, on the dirt road, met Uncle Jimmy Hayden, a colored teamster, who carries passengers from Glasgow Junction to the cave at one-half the rate charged by the railroad syndicate. He drives a good team and has a comfortable spring wagon, supplied with good robes. It is without doubt, that he is a formidable rival of the Cave railroad in the carrying business, and it is safe to say the management is not over fond of him.

Uncle Jimmy gave us a fund of information. "Deh wah is not over yit, sah!" "Northern men find very few places where they are made welcome as settlers." He did not know where we were from and proceeded to give the history of an Ohio man's experience, who sold his Ohio farm and bought four times as many acres in Tennessee with the proceeds of the Ohio sale. Uncle Jimmy talked with him at Glasgow Junction as he was going south and some four years later happened to meet him there as he was on his way north again. The Ohio man's report was that he had enough of the South; he had sold his Tennessee land at a discount and expected to begin life without capital when he returned to Ohio. The venture had taken his all. Uncle Jimmy had been more than a year in the Confederate army as the attendant of his young master, who was wounded at Chickamauga and died not long afterward at Savannah, Georgia. He has a good home near Glasgow Junction and is shrewd and economical; he is about fifty-eight years of age.

The cave visitors came back about 6 p. m., most of them satisfied; all of them tired. We had supper in the chilly dining room, the floor of which is bare wood, the ceiling low, but the

"southern fare" was the main feature. The native, half-breed waiter spilled the coffee on our clothes and that was the only real passable article on the table, except the hominy, out of which I made my meal. At 7 p. m., with a very quiet and undemonstrative good-by to the slightly deaf manager, we started up the gravel walk for the car.

I omitted mention a moment ago of the splendid eagle whose cage is just beyond the black bear in the large hotel grounds. I discovered two large feathers, dropped from his wings to the bottom of the cage, and bribed one of the native servants, with a quarter, to procure them for us. The cages of all the animals and birds are large, with frame boarded up three or four feet from the ground, then wire mesh and a roof over that from twelve to fifteen feet above the earth. The eagle and other birds are given the ground for a floor, but the animals are put on timber floors to prevent their digging out.

We arrived at Glasgow Junction soon after dusk and found a telegram from home showing all well there. The 8:15 p. m. train was on time and we landed in this city about 11:30 p. m. Coming down from the cave, some young ladies—seminary girls, I should say—with their young gentlemen escorts, from a few miles down the road, made considerable noise in the way of entertaining each other, cracking what were no doubt, in good faith, intended for jokes and witticisms and duly appreciating them by corresponding "loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind." Some of the wit was like the wit of all such crowds, unpremeditated, extemporaneous, enforced and, accordingly, excruciating in character. Now, a *genuine* piece of fun—I do not call it wit—as comic in its situation and action as a burlesque, occurred on the train as we were well up toward Lexington on the day we left home. Across the aisle from our seats in the parlor car was a short, spare man, with closely cropped beard and hair streaked so as to indicate fifty-five years of age, wearing a white necktie, reading the Western Christian Advocate and having a ministerial air. He had put down his paper and taken up a yellow paper-backed book which looked mightily like a story of some kind, and was deeply absorbed in its perusal, when a quick-spoken, nervous man, dressed in gray, with white hair, about

sixty-five years old, entered the front end of the car and walking briskly along the aisle toward the rear, as he passed the reader, struck him on the right shoulder with a folded or rolled newspaper which he carried in his right hand, at the same instant observing, in a quick, jerky way, "You're an old Methodist; can tell it by your looks." The man never missed a step, but walking to the rear door of the car looked out for about two minutes, during which the other turned and stared and stared at him in an effort to solve the mystery of such familiarity. Presently the new comer turned from the rear door and went out front without a glance at any one, our ministerial friend watching in an effort to identify him, failing in which he followed the other into a forward car from which he returned in about five minutes apparently satisfied, for he took up his book and resumed his reading. From the time the blow was struck with the newspaper until the minister passed out after his assailant, his interest in the performance was intense and the situation comical. It was not easy to explain why, but the whole situation was solved as I was buying our tickets for Nashville in the Phoenix next day. I stood in a draft between two open doors for a few minutes and as a result sneezed. Instantly some one stepped out of the hotel office into the ticket office and said, "Who sneezed?" There was no mistaking that voice, with its wiry tone. It was the man who said, "You're an old Methodist, &c." I turned and said, "I did, sir, from standing in this draft." A glance into his face showed that he had "a crack in his understanding"; he was a harmless lunatic, running at large. I laughed, again, to think of the minister chasing vigorously after him to learn what did not come to me until twenty-four hours later. The crazy man's wit, so to style it, was genuine and interested spectators more than the empty quip or the loud laugh which it evoked.

From Dr. and Mrs. Goldsboro, we had such accounts of the Tulane—old Nicholson—House that we concluded to try it, though the Guide and our conductor both named the Maxwell House as leading, and so we walked up Church street two squares from the Union Depot and stopped at the Tulane. At once we were impressed by a want of neatness. Dust covered everything and at the foot of the elevator stood a spittoon full of

tobacco quids, cigar stumps and tobacco juice in the various stages of decomposition. It was disgusting, but a fair index of the keep of the house. I gave my trunk check to the clerk and waited an hour to learn that the baggage man or porter of the hotel could not obtain the trunk that night. It was to be obtained and sent up immediately after 6 this morning. At 9 o'clock we had an abominable breakfast. As soon as it was finished, I started for the Maxwell House and found room 1, second floor, a splendid place to lodge for two or three days, or much longer if one wished, and we soon abandoned room 300 of the Tulane for room 1 of the Maxwell.

Mrs. H. at 11 a. m. went to McKendree M. E. Church south, on the east side of Church street between the two hotels named. The Maxwell is about two squares from the river while the Tulane is four and the Union Depot is six, all on the west side of Church street. When I had settled my bill with the Tulane at 10 a. m., I found that the trunk had been there about four hours without any effort to send it to our room according to promise.

After dinner we walked to the Government Building on Broadway, thinking it possible that the postoffice general delivery might be open, but it was not. From that point we walked to the Capitol Building and to the upper verandas, from which one has a magnificent view of the whole city and its suburbs. The building itself is just as it was during the war, except that time and the smoke of a great and growing city have darkened the Tennessee marble of which it is constructed and which in war times used to shine white and clear as far as the eye could see it. The interior remains unchanged in general appearance. It is dusty and, as in the long ago, has a neglected and unkempt or untidy air. During war times, this condition was to be expected, but I can only account for it now on the theory that during these centennial months the doors are much open, the visitors throng the corridors, rooms and verandas, the Legislature is not in session and the janitor's work is not very well done, in fact, does not seem to be done at all.

Looking from the heights of the Capitol over the city, in every direction, I note very great changes. The old has already passed away and the new has taken and is taking its place. Where

in 1863 were say 25,000 or 30,000 people are now settled 120,000. The boundaries seem to be well out toward, and in some places beyond, the picket lines, which I used to ride nights from the Cumberland river above to the vicinity of the Cumberland below the city. The line was from eight to twelve miles around, or half way round the city. From January to August 20, 1863, the south side of the river was the side of greatest interest, as the enemy was south and southeast of us from twenty to forty miles and not liable to gain the north side of the river without notice.

From the Capitol grounds, which are very much improved over their condition in the olden time, we came down past the Polk homestead. It is in a dilapidated and forlorn condition. The elaborate tomb of the ex-President, which was constructed at the rear of his large side yard after his death and where his body rested for many years, has fallen into utter ruin. The superstructure, with its columns and the columns themselves, except a portion of one of them, have disappeared. The wide deep vault is half filled with all sorts of debris, brush, grass, stones, logs, &c., about one-third covered by a stone, some ten feet long and thirty inches to three feet wide, lying across the middle of the opening, the stone itself partially eaten away by the action of sun and winds and rain and frost. The thin slabs of stone, which made the sides of the vault are still in place and fairly well preserved. The curbs which marked the sides of the walk about the tomb are down even with the ground, and the whole scene is grass grown and shabby in the extreme. One enters the large side yard north of the house by an iron gate, which embodies as its principal features an anchor, a circle and a light iron frame all surmounted by an iron eagle as large as your two hands spread out. This is the north side of the premises. The portion of the house fronting on this flank has four large columns, made of wood, with capitals of the same materials, extending from the low porch to the height of the eaves and covering a side door. Remembering that the front of the house is toward the east and has this same sort of columns, the impression is given that the side columns were put up later than those in front. The front yard is, I should say, one hundred and fifty feet square and the house looks down a short street, Polk avenue, which ends in

Church street, running north and south, two hundred yards, or less, below. A large portion of the rear of the original lot, especially the southwest corner, has been sold off and built upon by the colored people. We passed around the front of the house to the south side where is the old well, still operated by a windlass, rickety and typical. A colored woman, sitting in the door of her little wooden house, could almost reach the well with her walking stick and the aroma of her pipe would easily reach the windows of the old mansion. The outside of the house failed to answer very definitely whether or not any one lived in it. Two or three pots of plants, at side and front doors, indicated the affirmative, while the closed blinds and doors, the grass-grown grounds and walks, the fallen fences, the dark paint scaled and scaling from walls and columns and doors and windows and blinds all seemed to show complete desertion. The colored woman, however, said that a Miss or Mrs. Paul, an adopted daughter of President and Mrs. Polk, still lived there. This accounted for the potted plants and discounted a little the air of total abandonment spread all around the old home, which a stranger would suppose would be one of the proudly preserved and protected spots in Tennessee.

I had forgotten the precise locality of the house, and as we were at the corner of the Capitol grounds, asked a gentleman who stood in front of his residence just where it was. He showed us the corner of the grounds a few yards east and remarked, apologetically "the property is not kept up as it should be." The colored woman said Miss Paul had no money to "spar to keep de property in ordah."

I can recall the excitement of the presidential canvass when James K. Polk, of Tennessee, was elected. My boyish mind was heated by the accounts of the Mexican war, which occurred during his administration. The memory of the accounts of his illness when he left the White House and on his way up the rivers to his home is very distinct. There were no railroads then. The last work he did—and in it he overtaxed his strength—before he finally lay down to die, was in the arrangement, or rearrangement, of his library not very long after his return from the presidency. His death occurred June 15, 1849. Mrs. Polk survived

him many years, dying in the homestead during Harrison's term as President.

The Capitol building stands with its foundation higher than the tops of most of the houses in the city. It is like one of the Scripture houses, built upon a huge rock and it is visible for long distances from every direction. The equestrian statue of Jackson stands in the grounds near the northwest end of the building; his painting adorns the Senate Chamber of the Capitol.

Sunday on the streets, with their rush and noise and clatter, has been hardly distinguishable from the ordinary business days.

Since the foregoing was written a member of the Nashville bar advises me that Mrs. Polk died in August, 1891, and her husband's remains were removed from the homestead to a new tomb in the Capitol grounds in September, 1893.

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE, May 17, 1897.

It is perfectly clear that we have made no mistake in changing hotels. The Maxwell House is superb in its dining room supply and service and every other way so far as our observation and experience go.

The first point of interest this morning, after a good breakfast, was the postoffice, where I found a letter from home. "All well" covers a multitude of good things, when coming from, or sent, home, and that was the message which the letter bore.

Next, we took an exposition car for the grounds, which are in the southwestern outskirts of the city. The day was mostly spent going through the different buildings. Although last year was the centennial of Tennessee's admission into the Union and the work of preparation was begun, continued and carried into this year, the work is still going on in every building except what is known as the Government building, which was formally dedicated and thrown open to-day. Uncle Sam has not done the thing in any half-hearted way. His exhibit in every department is intensely interesting. The arrangement is perfect and the whole effect most satisfying. We went through all, but could spend a week with profit and interest in this one building alone. I am glad to see the Government do such a thing, in such a way and at such a time and place. It argues better things for all the people.

A vast amount of work has been done in the way of preparation, but a great deal remains to be done and the work must be pushed or the 1st of October, the end of the exposition, will come and exhibits will still be unpacked. It seemed to me that much time had been given to details and a great deal of labor put upon them which might have been better directed and expended. For example, in the agricultural building, it must have taken time and patience and labor to surround a tall column from floor to dome with ears of corn nailed to it. The principle and the product could have been as well illustrated in one-fourth of the time and with one-fourth of the labor. This sort of judgment crops out at many turns; but the showing even in the incomplete and imperfect form is very creditable. From the far away north, from

the Golden Gate, from the mountains of the east, from abroad, from Germany, France, Italy, Russia, Turkey, and other countries of the old world, are dainty and creditable representations. China and Japan are there in fair exhibits. The law and the gospel, old and new, find places beside the evidences of savagery and the uncivilized past. Against the wall are fastened the crossed swords and guns of the Federal and Confederate, gathered from battle fields of the civil war, far and near, and above this impressive exhibit, in bold letters, is the appropriate legend: "They shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning hooks."

Philadelphia in 1876, Chicago in 1894, Atlanta in 1896, have taught our people very generally the character and quality of an exposition. It would be laborious to go into any particulars in these hurried notes and we, therefore, pass out of the grounds to other scenes and entertainments.

At 4 p. m. we took carriage for a drive out College street in search of our second camp ground at Nashville in 1863. The ground is laid out in lots, streets and alleys and compactly built over, but I was enabled to locate the point by the old cemetery and the old college building. The Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis Railroad and Fort Negley hill also contribute to make the matter definite and certain. From this point we drove across the railroad track and, following the boulevard, which has been cut and built, running south, between Fort Negley—now called St. Cloud hill—and the Franklin pike, until it entered the latter pike, beyond the line of the stone wall which ran from Negley down to the pike and up the hill above our first camp to Fort Morton, we crossed over to the Granny White pike and drove out to find the point where I cooked my first piece of ham, held on a forked stick over a fire in the rain, while commanding a picket post, in January, 1863. I identified the spot by the pike, the conformation of the ground and the general surroundings.

The large grounds near by in which the statutory and cultivated lawn formed such attractive features during the war, known as the Acklin place, are still preserved and in fair condition.

From the Granny White pike, on the return to the city, we drove through the grounds of our old camp, the line of the street

by which we crossed from the Granny White to the Franklin pike, at old Fort Negley, being just where there was a road back of the row of company officers' tents and beside which the sutler did business while we quartered there. Baldwin was his name, an old steamboat captain, who had married the splendid sister of the fighting McCooks. Baldwin died long ago and thenceforward Mrs. B. lived with her widowed mother, until the latter died a few years since. Mrs. Baldwin is, I think, still living. I saw her last at the Barnesville reunion of the regiment in 1873, where she was in company with her mother, Mrs. McCook. Some of the wags of the Fifty-second used to provoke the sutler by talking about his "pies and things" with such a pronunciation as to suggest that the two words made one and that he kept and sold to them "pizen things."

From this vicinity we passed to the cemetery, which lay below our second camp, mentioned above, and across the railroad northeast, entered the gate and drove all through its roads. It has fallen into considerable decay and shows a want of exact care. A new one has been established to the northeast of the city two miles or more away, but still in sight, and in time the old ground will be wholly abandoned and bodies and ashes and monuments and markers will be removed to the new location and business will intrude precisely as it did in the case of the old north graveyard at Columbus. The conditions are strikingly similar. The N., C. & St. L. R. R. cuts through one corner of the Nashville burying ground as did the Little Miami alongside of the old North graveyard and the inexorable logic of events, the conscienceless demands of business and utility will overthrow all sentiment and the dead must take up their beds and walk. When we left the cemetery gate our driver was instructed to take us to the Montgomery-Bell Academy, the school of Prof. S. M. D. Clark, a Kenyon schoolmate of Edward Bates, Mrs. Holmes' older brother, who died at Gambier while they were attending the college, May 13, 1860. We found the Professor swinging in a hammock on his veranda, after his day's work. He came out to the carriage and while we waited and talked it was arranged that he should send his janitor down to the Maxwell in the morning, by which time our plan for to-morrow will be settled and

possibly we can all go to the Hermitage. It was growing dusk when we reached our hotel.

The original purpose down to this day has been to run out to Murfreesboro to-morrow morning, view the Stone River battle field and come back here just after dinner, and the next morning go by rail through Brentwood, Franklin, Columbia, Pulaski, Athens, Decatur, Huntsville, Stevenson and Bridgeport to Chattanooga, because we camped twice at Brentwood in 1863—April 7 to June 5 and August 20—twice at Franklin—March 8 to 15 and August 21 to 22—and on ground where the battle of Franklin was fought in 1864—November 30—and then on down the line indicated and up to Chattanooga as shown by my military journal. I find, however, that the railroad connections are so bad by this route as to render the trip by rail very undesirable. This I had partially learned before we saw Prof. Clark and when we left him we were debating the feasibility of running out to Columbia and back to-morrow morning going by way of Murfreesboro to Chattanooga. This last scheme will show us the camps at Brentwood, Franklin and Columbia and the battle ground at Franklin, but no ground on which my command was in action. So, the matter settles down to a choice between the later programme and the Hermitage drive for to-morrow.

After supper. We have settled the question. The Hermitage will be visited to-morrow afternoon. Beside reviewing camping grounds, which were merely temporary, with little of excitement or special interest about them, it seemed, at last, that the relics of the hero of New Orleans, the strong man of Tennessee, should have precedence, as we shall see Stone River field, at least in large part, from the train, as we approach Murfreesboro to-morrow morning.

And now, before another day breaks upon us the two strands of the old story, which began at Lexington, Kentucky, September 2, 1862, and ended at Nashville, Tennessee, January 10, 1863, must be separately followed.

As to the regiment. I may well adopt what I, substantially, wrote at Lee and Gordon's Mills, in acknowledgment of which the following letter was received:

"No. 25 WEST FOURTH STREET,

CINCINNATI, April 12, 1864.

Major J. T. Holmes, Fifty-second Regiment O. V. I., Gordon's Mills,  
Ga., Via Chattanooga:

Accept our thanks for your favor of 4th inst. enclosing a History of yr Regiment: we shall hope for your further aid in supplying material for completing yr *record* to nearly the time of publication, so soon as our Editor approaches the period when he will need the information.

Yours respectfully,

MOORE, WILTACH & BALDWIN."

The editor aforesaid was Whitelaw Reid and the description is found in "Ohio in the War," Volume 2d, pages 314-316.

The facts were derived from officers and men who participated in the campaign.

"In the evening of August 30th orders were received to march to the relief of General Nelson, whose troops had met with disaster at Big Hill, near Richmond, Kentucky. Before daylight of the following morning the Fifty-second Ohio had reached the Kentucky river, fifteen miles from Lexington. Rumors of disaster and defeat were here changed into certainty. The National forces had been completely routed, with great loss in killed, wounded, and prisoners.

Soon after dawn the enemy made his appearance on the opposite side of the river in force, and, after the interchange of a few shots between pickets, a deliberate withdrawal of all the National forces began. After reaching Lexington, and remaining in its vicinity until the evening of September 1st, the regiment moved with the column, acting as rear-guard, toward Louisville, Kentucky. Then commenced a period of hardship and suffering that surely has never been paralleled, or at least surpassed, in the annals of warfare. What was true of the Fifty-second Ohio was true of nearly every regiment in the retreating column. The men had not been inured to the hardships of the service; and what would have put to the fullest test the powers of endurance of veterans was being suffered by raw recruits. All engaged in that march will ever remember the source from whence came the greatest misery. The parched lips, the blood-shot eyes, the quick, smothered breathings, the uncertain, tottering gait, all proclaimed the thirst that was hourly consuming the very life-blood of those excessively wearied soldiers. The springs were dried up, the heat and dust were terrible, and, added to all these, was the momentary anticipation of an attack from the army under Kirby Smith, flushed with a recent victory. No language can ever portray the torture of those few days.

The Fifty-second Ohio, forming, as it did, the rear-guard of the hastily-retreating column, came in for (if possible) an additional share of hardship and suffering. If straggling among the men was possible

in the front regiments, it was impossible among those of the rear. Therefore, the most exact discipline was absolutely necessary, and was carried out rigidly and to the letter. Men in their agony of suffering would reel out of the ranks and attempt to reach some inviting farmyard to quench their burning thirst, but were sternly met by the Colonel or his Adjutant and driven back to their places.

The retreat was ended, and the regiment went into camp at Louisville on the 6th of September, 1862. At this date the army, under General Buell, in pursuit of the rebel forces under Bragg, had reached Louisville. The citizens of the city and surrounding country were in the greatest alarm for their safety. Kentucky was overrun by the armies of Generals Bragg and Kirby Smith, and an attack was momentarily expected. Meantime the work of reorganizing and recruiting the National forces steadily progressed. The new regiments were placed in brigades and divisions. The Fifty-second Ohio, Eighty-fifth, Eighty-sixth, and One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Illinois were thrown into a brigade.

On the 1st of October, 1862, the regiment and brigade moved out of Louisville with the army, then resuming the pursuit of Bragg's retreating forces. The rebel army was vigorously followed, until, at the little village of Perryville, nestled among what are called the Chaplin Hills, a collision occurred. The brigade in which the Fifty-second was placed had attacked the enemy about four o'clock on the morning of the same day, and carried Peter's Hill after a sharp conflict. General Bragg ordered the hill retaken, and, as has since been authoritatively learned, informed the division he sent to do the work that they must take the battery (meaning Captain Barnett's Battery I, Second Illinois), attached to the brigade. Bragg said to his troops: 'It is supported by green troops, and can easily be captured.' His troops made every effort to carry out their commander's orders, but were sent howling back. The regiment and battery, instead of giving way, stood up to their work like veterans. In the general attack several of the new regiments showed signs of demoralization, but as the fight progressed their ranks were closed up, and they stood firm in line until the battle was ended.

The pursuit was resumed the next morning, and on that march the command was much reduced by sickness, and a large number of the members of the Fifty-second were compelled to go into hospitals along the roads clear up to Nashville.

At Bowling Green, Kentucky, General William S. Rosecrans relieved General Buell and assumed command of the army, and the Fifty-second Ohio moved with what was then called the Fourteenth Army Corps. On reaching the vicinity of Nashville the Fifty-second and the other regiments of its brigade were, on the 10th of December, detailed as a part of the garrison of the city of Nashville, and were accordingly sent to that post, where they remained on duty until the 7th day of March, 1863.

The Fifty-second Ohio was not immediately engaged in the battle of Stone river; but, while that battle was raging, the left wing of the Fifty-second was detailed as a part of the force to escort an ammunition train to the front. The enemy's cavalry were swarming in the rear, and the roads were closely watched by them to prevent reinforcements or aid of any kind reaching Rosecrans' forces. It was, therefore, a responsible and dangerous task to perform. Seven miles from Nashville, near the Lunatic Asylum, on the Murfreesboro' pike, the train was attacked by a rebel cavalry force under the command of Pegram and Wheeler. After a brief skirmish, in which the enemy were handsomely repulsed, the train moved on, and reached its destination in safety. The conduct of the troops in this affair called forth the warmest commendation from General Rosecrans.

The battle of Stone river being ended, the regiment returned to Nashville and resumed its former duties."

From Mitchellville, Tennessee, in one of his letters to me, Sergeant Rogers of Company G wrote a *resume* of the march from Louisville. "I will now tell you the places touched at on our march from Louisville to Nashville. Places of importance; Bardstown, Springfield, Perryville, Harrodsburg, Danville, Lancaster, Crab Orchard, then retraced to Danville, bore off to Lebanon, New Market, near Cave City, Bowling Green, Franklin, cross Kentucky line; first town in Tennessee is the present, Mitchellville, next, Nashville. Whole distance from Louisville, marched over, is five hundred and twelve miles—time thirty-eight days, making an average, thirteen and a half miles per day. \* \* If we get loaded to-morrow, we will leave next day for Nashville." This was November 17, 1862.

Now, for the other strand. In some of the spare minutes which followed the completion of winter quarters at McAfee's church, commencing February 6, 1864, and before the close of the outing at Chickamauga Station on the 22d of that month I find that I made, in an old note book, imperfect and unfinished sketches of the first two months in the service. From these I draw most of the details which follow down to the middle of October, 1862. These sketches were made when events were still recent and the record has not faded as much as the memory of many of the points of experience and observation.

Going back a little, I take up the situation at the Kentucky river on the morning of August 31, 1862.

General Nelson had passed us in a carriage on his way to Lexington, wounded, and it was now that our fate as a regiment began to look dubious. Here we were one thousand strong and

I might safely say five hundred men of that number could not have loaded a Springfield rifle according to Hardee or Casey to save a republic. Seven hundred of those guns had never been fired and as for evolutions almost every officer and man below the Colonel was a complete novice. The opposite bank began to swarm with the foe. Company A, Captain Clark, had been sent down the road to the river to watch the enemy. A brisk skirmish soon began and if it had been the policy of our generals to offer battle here, the opening had been made. Such was not the purpose, however, and as the sun began to climb above the treetops and heat the dust-laden air the retreat commenced. Slowly the troops filed out of the fields upon the pike and struck out for Lexington.

The day grew intensely hot before noon and a few random shots at the new recruits just as they started back had made their speed, as well as the flow of blood through their veins, more rapid. These raw levies were well accoutred, each man carrying the full allowance of a soldier. When the first piece of artillery sent its messenger after us, it was amusing to see the string of government blankets making its way speedily from the marching column into the fence corners at the roadside. There proved to be no occasion for alarm, although there was no time to be lost.

Shortly after noon, the heavens opened their windows and the floods came. When this began we were eight miles from Lexington. Struggling on through the blinding sheets of rain and the mire which soon gathered on the pike, we reached the city at dusk to find it crowded with troops that had arrived by other roads from Richmond. We found quarters for our men, some in the Court House, some in a vacant hall, and wherever there was room soldiers were stowed away to sleep without food or drink. Lieutenant Rothacker and myself purchased for the company some \$4.00 worth of bread and distributed it. I then turned my attention to my own condition. Before starting on the march I should have put on my boots, but in the bustle and hurry they were forgotten. My feet, marching in the thin gaiters, were bruised and chafed by the stones and when it began to rain, after we started on the retreat, the shoes bursted and left me nearly no protection for my *understanding*. After distributing to

the men the provision we had purchased, I took off the remaining parts of the shoes, wrung out my socks, spread down a damp blanket on a muddy floor and, with every garment saturated, lay down to sleep. Lieutenant Rothacker lay on one side of me, while Will Heberling, a member of the Ninety-eighth O. V. I., Colonel Webster, lay on the other. We talked a while of probabilities and possibilities and then fell asleep.

Monday morning, September 1, we were aroused early and the regiment having been gathered from its widespread resting place moved out to the old camp. I felt wearied, wearied almost to death. From the morning of the 11th of August, mind and body had been on a constant tension; I had rested but little, probably an average of less than two hours in each twenty-four. Nature was giving away, completely exhausted. When we reached the camp I lay down to rest with but one thought, "tired, tired, tired." I fell asleep in an instant and all idea of the flight of time as well as the flight of the Union army was completely lost for thirty hours. I dimly remembered afterward that some time through the day, I was partially aroused by some one washing my face and hands with cold water. I recognized Joe Swan as the person and heard some one say, "He's got a fever." I was asleep again immediately and only recall the fact that I was carried and laid down in the hospital tent in camp. At the end of thirty hours, or noon Tuesday, September 2, 1862, I awoke to find myself in the hotel with my brother, E. P. Douglas and John R. Berry, while the famous guerilla chief, John H. Morgan, was riding past the window at the head of his wild rangers. I was a prisoner of war!! In the hands of Rebels before I had been in the field two weeks!! Here was a go. I learned from the boys that the enemy had taken possession of the city in the night. Berry, Cook, Rex and Douglas had been captured that morning at dawn, about eight miles out on the Versailles pike in a vain endeavor to overtake the regiment which had moved off on the retreat about midnight. They had been within a mile and a half of it when captured. My brother and Mode Cook had remained to take care of myself. In the confusion, Colonel McCook's order that I should be put into an ambulance and taken along with the retreating column was overlooked or disobeyed. From all

that I afterward learned, the excitement and confusion were great and my being abandoned was a pure oversight. Army supplies in considerable quantities, which could not be transported in the retreat, were committed to the flames and there was hurrying to and fro which, in greater or less degree, lacked system or method.

I was fevered and weak, but after waking was not so far gone as not to observe the rejoicings of the inhabitants at the ingress of the hordes of rebellion. Young and old, all sexes, colors and conditions strewed the path of Morgan with bouquets and rent the air with shouts for "John Morgan and Jeff Davis." Morgan was the jauntiest, sauciest looking rider I ever saw on horseback. From where I lay, I saw recruits fall into his column. Every evidence then requisite was on the tapis to show Lexington a rebel city. I lay and listened to the turmoil and confusion of Kirby Smith's column passing through the streets. Almost every regiment that passed my window had "Shiloh" upon its banner. Their men were worn down with marching. They had no knapsacks and very few haversacks. Their arms and accoutrements were good for they had just been the captors of immense stores at Richmond as well as Lexington. Kirby Smith made a speech in front of the Phoenix Hotel, in which he told the people that his forces were without provisions and must take them from the country, but that every one who furnished anything for the army should be paid full value therefor; in Confederate scrip, of course! There is no doubt as to the provisions having been taken for the use of the Rebel army, but I hardly think that every one who furnished them was amply remunerated even in Confederate bills.

From 4 o'clock p. m. of September 1, my own experience and that of the regiment became separate. At that hour, I had been taken to the hotel and the regiment had moved south about two miles to lie in line of battle until night. It had gone back through the city in the night and was then away for Louisville, Kentucky.

After the oath was administered and the parole delivered to me by the little, embarrassed rebel lieutenant, who had been conducted to my room by Mode Cook, I tried my strength by pulling on my boots and standing on my feet. Holding to the railing

of the bed I was able to take a few steps. With a determination that might have proved very injudicious, I said to the men who were with me, "We will leave this place immediately." Sending to the landlord, a good Union man, by the way, for my hotel bill, I paid it and having the trusty pastry cook, who had concealed my sword by thrusting it into some obscure chimney about the building, bring it to the room, and after seeing my trunk stowed away in the luggage room for future reference, we sallied forth about 4 o'clock in the afternoon. To conceal the sword, which had been presented to me by the ladies of Richmond on the afternoon of August 20th, just before we left for Steubenville, Ross E. Rex dropped it between his pants and drawers, leaving the hilt under his blouse at the left elbow. To add to the deceit he had cut a hole in the upper of his left shoe and walked with a cane a little lame.

We started up the Covington pike, and although my strength often came near dishonoring the requisition made on it and my gait was one of great weakness, yet by 10 o'clock at night we had traveled eleven miles. Here I was compelled to stop and rest until morning. We lay down first on some rough timbers near a barn, some of the men going into the barn itself. It soon became evident that the spot would not serve for sleeping purposes; there had been hogs about that wood pile! Some forty rods away in another field I discovered a couple of hay ricks and to these we repaired. The squad which had been captured from my company was all along with me save Mord. M. Cock, who had started for Ohio as soon as he was paroled, and we could not tell where he might be at that time. We lay down in the hay stacks and slept an hour or two, when the members of the squad began creating a disturbance on the subject of fleas. For three or four hours every now and then I would be awakened by the crowd cursing the fleas they had caught in and about the barn and the wood pile. Aroused in this way along toward morning and feeling fretful and nervous, as the sick are often wont to feel, and not being more than half awake, yet knowing there was some profanity being added to that of the preceding hours, I said, "You fellows are doing a great deal of unnecessary swearing." When the laugh that followed had subsided and I was entirely

awake I comprehended how it was fully justified, for opposed, as I was known to be, to such waste of words, it seemed from the remark that a limited degree, or amount, of swearing under such conditions might be *necessary*.

At daylight of the 5th we moved along the pike again. It was without any breakfast, however, for Douglas had taken off his shoulder, my haversack, which the Broadway landlord had plentifully filled with ham and bread and other substantials, at our first resting place outside of Lexington, and when we started forward had left it on the ground. Some hungry rebel, no doubt, had a good dinner out of it. We were only a mile from Georgetown. In sight of that comely village before we came to it we saw a fine residence, perhaps thirty rods off the pike to our left. It had a very homelike appearance and after we went up to it we discovered that it did not belie its looks. The owner, a Union man, by the name of Thomas, was then in Cincinnati to escape persecution. Mrs. Thomas was at home, however, and showed herself one of God's noblewomen. Probably thirty-five years of age, she was still a dashing, sensible beauty; slightly below medium height, fresh complexion, nervous in action, with a dark, intelligent eye. One would pronounce her at first sight a complete lady—sound in body and mind, in the prime of life and in the full enjoyment of every power and that right well cultivated.

She gave us a welcome that was unmistakable in its sincerity, ordering a breakfast that an epicure might have enjoyed and to which we sat down with infinite relish, in the meantime entertaining us with descriptions of her courage when their property was within rebel lines. Her husband being known as a staunch Union man, whenever the rebels gained possession of the country, was compelled to flee north for safety. She had not been troubled much in the rebel advance that was then going on, but in May preceding when Morgan had made his famous raid he had pitched his headquarters in Georgetown, and the result was considerable annoyance. Morgan had sent a squad of soldiers after her fine horses one day and the squad had gone back without the animals, although they stood hitched in the stables close by and Mrs. Thomas offered to show them the stock, adding, however, that they could not take one hoof away unless it

went over her dead body. The squad did not visit the stables and, somewhat cowed, reported to Morgan the state of the case. He cursed them and ordered a stronger force to go and bring in the horses forthwith and not be scared by a woman. Mrs. Thomas, in telling me this incident merely observed that "when they came back the second time there were no horses in the stables and they couldn't find one about the farm. I had put them away." She didn't say where, but I think if Morgan's men had looked in the cellar of her house they would have found not only the horses but even the fine carriage which, in his wrath, the General had ordered brought to himself. The lady's conversation was interesting both in subject and manner. She heartily disliked rebels and as heartily rejoiced to be able to assist Union soldiers. For example, while we were making way with the breakfast set before us, a couple of rebel soldiers came into the front yard and said they wanted breakfast. She simply said, "You can't have any. I've fed enough such, and you'd better go away." They went, and after conversing a short time and refusing to let her detain the "Captain" until he should grow stronger and more fit to travel, we set out with many thanks for her hospitality and kind offers. I determined not soon to forget that woman and if ever opportunity offered to visit her home again. Such women are like angels' visits.

I had almost neglected to notice that a member of Morgan's band had made a rebel soldier dismount his horse and let me ride three or four miles the evening previous. The Morgan soldier was a short, waddling kind of fellow, fond of fun, and at the time we joined company, about two sheets in the wind, with the third fluttering. After I had mounted he gave me his gun to carry, jocularly remarking, "I reckon you won't shoot." From the Thomas home we went on to Georgetown, and as the September sun was growing warm we stopped to rest in the shade of a tree at the corner of two streets soon after entering the place. Young ladies were flirting and flaunting back and forth, up and down street, talking of their lovers who had paid them a flying visit as the rebel army moved north. Their noses were either elevated in supreme disgust or their faces averted in marked contempt whenever their eyes fell on our little group of Union sol-

diers. There was one sharp contrast. It was a lady who, the moment she discovered us, came down a street from the right, I suppose from her own dwelling, and while we sat in the presence of the flirting class utterly regardless of the opinion of her rebel sisters, said: "Boys, can I do anything to help you? Do you want anything to eat?" I thanked her. We had just had breakfast. "Ah!" said she, "for I don't allow Union soldiers to go through here hungry while I can feed them," and she cast a look of bold independence towards a couple of the young lassies who exhibited but little sympathy with her or the objects of her solicitude. She went back to her house and sent her little girl and boy with a dipper and pail of cool water to us. We drank, and grateful to our benefactress, without learning her name, started for our next station, Williamstown, about thirty miles distant.

Soon after leaving Georgetown we crossed a branch of Eagle creek and at the end of another mile, having tarried a while at the bridge, we came to the residence of the then Governor Robinson of Kentucky. It was a fine place, not having suffered from the havoc of war. We climbed a stone wall and lay down in the shade of catawbas and catalpas. The top of the wall was just even with the earth on the upper side. While lying here concealed from the sun's scorching rays a contraband with a load of wood for some resident of Georgetown came along. We told him to hurry back with his team and he should be well paid for taking us on our way four or five miles. In due time he returned and we mounted his wagon. It rumbled along the specified distance, I gave Cuffy a dollar, and we took our feet for it again. About 3 o'clock p. m. we brought up at a house, fagged in the extreme, having procured a substantial dinner at 12, with some clever people, who cautioned us about some marauders that infested the pike a few miles farther on near Big Eagle creek. Importuning the man a very little at whose house we had stopped, upon the strength of \$10, promised, he agreed to risk his wagon and team and haul us through to Williamstown, eighteen miles.

At 9 o'clock p. m., having crossed the Big Eagle, we stopped for the night at a tavern. The landlord could give us no quarters, and as a consequence we slept out, some in the crib, while one or two of the party made the night in the wagon. Our num-

ber had increased to nine, three having been picked up along the way after we had hired the wagon. When breakfast time came the provision for it was almost like the chance for a bed had been the night before—slim. As soon as the scanty allowance was swallowed and paid for our team was ready, and we bowled away for Williamstown. By 10 o'clock we arrived, and squaring up with the driver, he set out on his return, and I hope saved his team from the needy paws of Kirby Smith's quartermasters! Here another team was procured, and at dusk by rapid driving over a splendid pike, we entered the little town of Independence, seven or eight miles from Covington. The teamster would go no farther, for at that time the authorities were considerably alarmed for the safety of Covington and Cincinnati, and every man with a team was pressed into service preparing defenses, and our driver did not relish getting himself and horses into business of that kind at least.

I had improved in health and strength rapidly, and while tarrying in this town a few moments preparatory to setting out for Covington, an old man, I should judge his age to have been eighty years, at least, came up to me and very sociably began to converse on the subject of the rebellion. He noticed I had a sword which Rex had carried the entire distance and which there was no further necessity for concealing, as we were out of the rebel lines.

I had no straps, a dorky in Lexington having stolen both straps and blouse, said he, "Are you an officer?" "Yes, sir," I replied. "Where have you been?" "*I have been* very recently taken prisoner." "How did that come?" I told the man the particulars as briefly as I could. He listened and when I became silent, looking me steadily in the eye, while his burned with brighter light, he said: "Young man, I was a soldier in 1812: I fought for my country and love her still. I know what soldiering is, and now mark me, they'll never catch you sick again. I can see it in your eye." I thanked him for the compliment he paid my strength of constitution and in a little time parted from him wondering why the old man should break away into prophecies concerning the military future of a perfect stranger. We concluded to make Covington before we slept and accordingly turned

our footsteps in that direction. About 9 o'clock we fell in with a squad of our cavalry. It proved to be Captain Rogers from Maysville. He had been out on a scout and had a wagon along. It was dark and the Captain had serious misgivings about permitting us to ride in the wagon. After we did climb in he rode alongside and peered at us in the night, saying, "This may be all right, but if it isn't, I've got the men here to make it so." I assured him that he had no cause for alarm for he would find us just what we purported to be—prisoners of war paroled and on our way to Camp Chase, Ohio. The Captain shared in the nervous anxiety which just at that time pervaded all circles thereabouts respecting the Queen City of the west and her companion over the river. He came, however, to look a little less seriously at the matter as we jogged and talked along in the darkness. Presently we struck the picket line and for two miles, even to the inner gates of the city, we were halted every forty rods by pickets. These passed, we found quarters with the Captain and his men, under guard, until the morning of the 7th dawned when we bade him good-by and after procuring a pass at the Provost Marshal's crossed the pontoon to Cincinnati. Here we stopped at the Gibson House, room 62.

Cincinnati was at that time thronged with troops, come to her defense. Among the thousands that crowded her thoroughfares drilling, marching from position to position, and engaged in the necessary daily pursuits of life was that genius, long to be remembered, the squirrel hunter. You might see him on every corner and sidewalk, wandering listlessly about, waiting for the rebels to attack the city. In many instances he had, no doubt, never been out of his native wilds and in a great city before, and while he had time was round seeing the sights. These were earnest men, however, and their long hunting rifles would have told fearfully at short range, as witness the battle of New Orleans. Each man carried his quilt or blanket, a haversack and a well-stored shot pouch. Leaving the busy street, after making a few purchases to supply the places of what had been lost, I withdrew to my room and addressed myself to the task of giving Lieutenant Rothacker a brief description of our fate and wanderings. I was very anxious to hear of my company and its course—how its

members had fared—if any others had met with the same mishap as ourselves and desiring in the main and at the conclusion to know all that had befallen them both as a body and as individuals, for I esteemed every man in the company as a brother. Having a general idea that the retreat of our army had been towards Louisville, I gave my letter that direction and mailed it.

On the morning of the 8th, having procured transportation for myself and squad to Columbus, where all such paroled prisoners were ordered to report as the nearest station—Jefferson Barracks, Missouri, and Annapolis, Maryland, being the other rendezvous for prisoners, we boarded the first available train. Before noon we were in the city and had reported to the military commandant, Captain A. B. Dod. I met at his office Sergeant John Porter of the Second O. V. I., with whom I had formed some acquaintance on the 11th of August, his brother, Stiles W., as well as brother Emory, having been students at the Richmond College, the former being at the time a private in my company, having been discharged from the Second Ohio some months before. He was slightly amused to see me in Columbus again within a month a prisoner of war. In my frame of mind I could not appreciate the joke. We took a 'bus for Camp Chase and when we landed in that desolate looking place we found some acquaintances, members of the Seventy-first O. V. I., in our own condition; they had been captured about two weeks previously at Clarksville, Tenn.

At Camp Chase, in barracks built for rebel prisoners, we had nothing in the wide world to do but kill time reading newspapers and thinking. I had time to review the past month—to think quietly of all that had occurred in it in which I was personally concerned. I thought of the hurried trip to Columbus on the 11th of August to procure a recruiting commission, of my busy feet and hands during the succeeding eight days, of the night visits and speeches at Springfield, Salem, Unionport, Richmond, and so on, of the many words spoken for the care and safety of the husbands, brothers and sons who had been entrusted to my charge by patriotic fathers and mothers, wives, sisters and kindred spirits, of our organization and equipment at Camp Dennison, our trip to Lexington and the *quasi* sortie to the Ken-

tucky river, of the return, the sickness, the capture and the shouts of victorious rebels, of the starting to walk that eighty-four miles of pike from Lexington to Covington, of the whole-souled but boozy Morgan raider who made his brother rebel dismount that I might ride—I don't know that editors generally love a nip, but I do know that this former editor of the "Vicksburg Whig," for such he confidently asserted himself to have been, was over jolly—of the "unnecessary" swearing, of Mrs. Thomas and her unknown compeer, of the Robinson plantation and the Sambo who said, "Fellows mus git out o' de wagon here, cause Massa's house isn't bery fur away, and if he'd see you all in it, he'd lick me," of our other drivers and conveyances, of the old soldier's prediction, of our stay at Covington and Cincinnati, the trip to and arrival at Camp Chase, of the fate of my company and its trials, of the rumors of disaster that must reach home before any communication of mine could set things in their proper light, of the long and tedious days and weeks before me during which I should be only waiting exchange, of these and many other persons and things, and from all I could draw but little consolation. It was a plain case, however; a paroled prisoner, I must await the movements of the authorities in whose hands might rest the power of exchange. That exchange might take place sooner or later and it mattered not how patiently or impatiently I might endure my prison days.

So ends the first brief chapter of my military career.

Six companies of the Seventy-first O. V. I. had been captured about the last of August. They had heard, through Mord. Cock, who had preceded us two days, that we were coming and they were prepared to welcome us, not "with bloody hands to hospitable graves," but, with its miseries and monotony, to companionship in prison life.

The names of special acquaintances among them were Harvey McGown, orderly sergeant Company K; Wilbur McCue, commonly called "Doc," from his being an embryo dentist; Henry Jackman, John Wernitz, John Reed and Billy Stewart. This squad, with two other members, had volunteered at Richmond in September, 1861. They had, after various changes at Camp Dennison, been transferred to the Seventy-first, Colonel

Rodney Mason, and when Grant's expedition moved up the Tennessee in the spring of 1862, the Seventy-first was along. When the memorable battle of Shiloh, or Pittsburgh Landing, was fought on Sunday and Monday, April 6 and 7, 1862, the regiment was among the first to suffer. Mason showed the white feather in the outset of the fight and Kyle, the Lieutenant Colonel, being soon killed, the regiment went all to pieces in the battle.

Thomas P. McFarren, a private of Company K, a recruit from Richmond, and an estimable young man, was mortally wounded early in the engagement and left in the hands of the enemy. He died in a few hours and had been found and buried by his comrades after the conflict was over. Will Hamilton, another of the original squad, held commission as Second Lieutenant of Company K. Having become separated from his company in Sunday's fight and defeat, he took command of a company in an Iowa regiment, which had lost its officers, and fought gallantly through all of Monday's struggle. The sounds of strife died away. Our army, like a human being, had been knocked down on Sunday and by the aid of General Buell's reinforcements had gotten on its feet on Monday. "But the unlucky Seventy-first O. V. I., what of it?" Although it had as good material in it as any from Ohio, it was unfortunate in its Colonel, and in disgrace, through his conduct. With colors taken away, it was put on a transport and conveyed to Fort Donelson. From this place, six companies were afterwards sent to garrison Clarksville, and when in August a flag of truce was sent in by the rebels demanding a surrender the Colonel, after sending Lieutenant Colonel Andrews out to ascertain the enemy's force, and the latter representing it as overwhelming, having called a consultation of the officers, capitulated, surrendering at discretion.

They were put on board a steamer for the north and when near the mouth of the Cumberland, about 9 o'clock at night, Lieutenant Hamilton rose from his seat on deck, remarking that he believed he would go to bed. There was a barge alongside in which some of the regiment slept, and as he walked down the plank to enter the barge he lost his footing and fell between the two crafts as they were in brisk motion. He was gone forever.

The steamer rounded to and search was made, but no Hamilton greeted their eyes or answered the call of the crew. A body was found some miles below a few days after and buried on the bank of the stream; it was supposed to have been his, but the truth was never known to a certainty. He was a rollicking, hair-brained, jovial companion and had passed unscathed through the two, then greatest battles of the war, to meet his end in the waters of the Cumberland. He had been in Bull Run and Shiloh.

While coming up the Ohio Lieutenant Colonel Andrews had prepared a document exonerating Colonel Mason from all blame in the surrender, as some Ohio papers were beginning to call loudly for Mason's dismissal from the service. To this paper Andrews procured the name of every commissioned officer then with the six companies. Driving a point that none but himself then saw he withheld his own name from the paper, although a space had been left for it at the head of the list and all the officers expected, as he was so much interested in pushing the matter through, that they were seconding the laudable efforts of the Lieutenant Colonel to secure justice for Colonel Mason and that the blank would be filled "G. W. Andrews, Lieutenant Colonel, Seventy-first O. V. I." Not so. He folded the paper and quietly forwarded it to Washington, D. C. In about ten days, every officer whose name was on the paper, along with Colonel Mason, was dismissed from the service.

Andrews had succeeded. He had seen that Mason would be dismissed and that, too, for surrendering upon the strength of representations made by himself when he had returned from the inspection of the rebel force demanding the surrender, and he thought to make a clean thing of it by getting the old company officers committed to Mason's cause and fate. His object was to curry favor by filling the vacancies with men of his own choice and moulding. He never said the rebel force against them at Clarksville was small enough to have been whipped by the six companies until after the surrender took place. In the council he reported their force at two thousand with two pieces of artillery and *advised* surrender. It was a cunning, a crafty thing to do. I give these statements as I received them from reliable officers and men of the command. Justice is often slow of foot,

but exceeding sure. The personal popularity of Rodney Mason, even in his disgrace, seemed to be greater with the men of this regiment than that of his astute Lieutenant Colonel.

On the 9th of September, then, we fairly entered upon a paroled prisoner life, bound by an oath administered by traitors not to make war upon traitors until duly exchanged. The prospect was peculiarly galling to me, in that I was so soon taken from the men to whom I had pledged my care and services, through good and ill, as soldier and officer. Day followed day for some three weeks and I had watched the papers for all that might be said of prisoners and of the army in Kentucky. I had, too, about the 16th of September received a reply from Lieutenant Rothacker. He simply stated that they had reached Louisville; suffering from scarcity of water had been great, and that he was not well. The details for which I was anxious had been somehow, in the fullest degree, omitted. I took the claim of ill health as the reason and wrote again, being still more explicit in my inquiries after particulars. I received for reply in due time the substance of his first communication and gave up as a bad job the effort to obtain details of the information desired.

I was placed in command of a company of what was then called the second paroled regiment. It had been Company K, of the Seventy-first, and included those of Company G, Fifty-second, who had been taken prisoners. We had in the three weeks heard and told our whole war experience and it only remained afterward to be an oft-repeated story. We had listened to all the songs that the merry ones could sing over and over again. The rations for the men were good and sufficient; the officers took meals at a temporary eating house or saloon established near post headquarters.

By some blunder in orders about fifteen hundred eastern troops, that had just been captured at South Mountain and the second battle of Bull Run, had been shipped through to Camp Chase over the B. & O. R. R. They came into camp minus everything save a scanty suit of clothing on each man. They were disorganized, demoralized, and they remained without organization while in Camp Chase. Scores upon scores of them went back by returning eastern trains, and daily for a month men

were smuggling themselves through to the eastern states. Some remained and concluded to await orders, let who might blunder.

About five days of the time previous to the 1st of October I boarded in the city with a Mrs. Ford, at the southwest corner of North High and Spring streets.

Taking advantage of the loose regulations then existing in camp the boys had all, at different dates, made trips to their respective homes. The first of our squad to break away was Mode Cook, or "the fighting Quaker," as he was sometimes called, for he had been born and reared in the faith of that strictly non-combatant sect and in the bosom of the Quaker Church. He struck out for home the morning after our arrival in camp. I was slightly opposed to Mode's being the first to reach home to tell the story of our adventures, because I knew he talked very rapidly, and I suspected the tints in some of his high colorings might be viewed as too strong for the originals to justify. He was off, however, and as I expected a few large stories grew out of his sayings. He would not purposely color the truth, but his enthusiasm sometimes ran away with him and incorrect conclusions were liable to be drawn from his statements.

It flew over Jefferson and Harrison counties that Captain Holmes had gone insane, become a maniac, in three weeks' soldiering. My father and mother were ready to start for Columbus to find me in the Insane Asylum, but happily for them and myself my brother reached home the evening before that appointed for the trip and set their anxiety and fears at rest by informing them that I had the usual amount of common sense when he left me the morning of that same day and to his knowledge I had not been crazy, and he supposed the rumor grew out of the fact that I had been *unconscious* when taken prisoner. During this three weeks I met a sister of Cook's, Mrs. Annie Cunningham, at the American Hotel, and after a pleasant chat we separated, she and Mode going north.

About the 1st of October all paroled officers and soldiers were ordered out of Columbus to Camp Chase. General Lew Wallace had been sent by the administration to take command of the paroled forces in and about Camp Chase. He came with his immense, gaudily-dressed and gaily-caparisoned staff out to

camp to make a speech to the unfortunates. Sitting on his horse, after the prisoners had been mustered in the open parade ground, he said: "The Secretary of War has sent me here to take command of you. I find you poorly clad, almost naked. I find your camps filthy and many of you in ill health. I find you without organization or discipline. I propose to correct these evils, to clothe and feed you well, to move you to a new camp and pitch my tent by the side of yours, to live with you and share your lot. I propose to draw arms for you and to institute drills and discipline and then, as the savage hosts of the northwest are butchering the inhabitants of our frontier indiscriminately, we will go to their relief. Such a course will not be a violation of your paroles. Your oath binds you not to take up arms against the southern confederacy. This will be an entirely different matter and by the time you have crushed the Indians you will be exchanged and can again take your places in your old regiments to war against rebels, every mother's son of whom richly deserves death. These things will be done; they may be depended upon."

I have often thought: "A penny for your thoughts, General, as you rode away from that assembly of tattered American soldiers." There was an evident look of approval upon every face when he talked of feeding and clothing them well; everyone was pleased with the proposition to have plenty to eat and good clothes to wear, but all other proposals of the General failed to meet the approbation of the motley mass. These men understood their obligation, under the existing cartel, as excluding them from the use of arms and prohibiting expressly all camp and parade duties that would put weapons in their hands and tend to render them more efficient soldiers.

The nature of the soldier or his natural turn to do no more than the most indubitably legal orders called for strongly seconded this interpretation of the obligations imposed by the cartel agreed upon between the United States and the so-called Confederate States of America. Where, through the General's brief harangue, one might have expected lusty cheers from soldiers eager for the camp and field, all were silent, or if not, it would be a low murmur, "He don't get us to go hunting Indians." "We volunteered to fight rebels and don't go on any

such wild goose chase as this." My impression was that General Wallace would conclude on his way back to the city that paroled prisoners were not the easiest troops in the world to command and, altogether likely, there was a grave doubt in his mind as to whether any man could induce them to go very enthusiastically for Indians just then. After dispersing, the expressions of the men became loud and emphatic as to doing duty and chasing red men. Some were so profane as to say they would "See Lew Wallace in h—l in the middle kettle before they would go to Minnesota while paroled prisoners."

Notwithstanding his unfavorable reception, however, he began the work of organizing all the paroled forces into companies and regiments and transferring them to a newly-authorized and established camp four miles north of Columbus on the Cleveland railroad; the troops in each case receiving pay as they passed from Camp Chase through the city to the new camp, Lew Wallace. The soldiers were thankful to General Wallace for the success of his efforts to secure them *pay*, and many of them, eastern and western troops, were so glad that as soon as the money was securely in hand their joy carried them to a cheap clothing store and then the money and the cars took them home to their loved ones, not to be seen in a camp of paroled men again so long as they could avoid a visit.

The transfer of the Third regiment paroled forces from Camp Chase to Camp Lew Wallace occurred on the 9th day of October. My company, K, therein, mustered one hundred and eight men before it began the march from camp to the city and the same number stood in line on the steps of the east front of the Capitol when the first man was called to step forward to the window of the Attorney General's office and receive his pay. The paymaster sat inside that office.

Before payment began, I instructed the men to report as speedily as possible at Camp Lew Wallace, at the same time convinced that a very large proportion of them would not obey the order. As the call proceeded the attendance at the pay window was prompt, even eager, and the steps were light and speedy as the boys passed around or through the State House toward High

street. Each seemed to have some important business in hand which he did not stay to explain, and no one said "good-by."

My lieutenants were Alfred Cross and Francis M. Hoskins of Company E, Third Tennessee Infantry. We came last to the pay window and when we turned away from it not a man of our company was anywhere in sight.

This was Thursday; on Friday morning only ten men of the company answered roll call. In the course of a few days some of the stragglers reported, but the company never at any time reached thirty men in camp.

The Third regiment had one thousand men on its muster rolls, yet on the 13th day of October, 1862, four days after it had been paid off, eight hundred and fifty were absent without leave! Some of them in citizens clothes remained about Columbus and occasionally rode out to look at our location. Most of them never saw Camp Lew Wallace. The reasons for all this were not far to seek. Prison life like that was monotonous, stupid, irksome. The men desired to see their home friends and the latter desired to have them at home.

No real prejudice could come to the service from such absence and it required a keen argument with the army regulations in hand to demonstrate that there was much common sense in the effort to keep such men in camp at such a time. The shadow of a camp remained while the substance was scattered from Maine to the Mississippi. It did not furnish even a rallying point for information or exchange movements. The men learned through the public press and in many other ways of their exchanges and of the consequent duty to report to their regiments. The army was spread in various ways like a living telegraph all over the northern states—everywhere in rear of the lines at the front down south—and notice of the duty to take up arms again set the absentees in motion to rejoin their commands by direct routes from their homes. It cannot be proved mathematically, but I venture the statement that ninety and nine out of every hundred of those men took their places in the ranks, at the front, soon after exchange.

It was no doubt a minor consideration, but some of the unattractive features of that camp life determined many of the boys

to endure no more of it. General Wallace had told them in his little speech that he found them poorly clad; in ill health; their camps filthy.

In this year of grace, 1897, for the first time, I find in a letter written home by my brother, A. R., October 3, 1862, humorous corroboration of part of the General's statement. The writer was discussing the order which had just been made for organization into companies and regiments and removal from the old to the new camp. He said:

"On any condition, it will be preferable to staying here and being plagued by fleas or devoured by rats. Now, may be you think that is extravagant, but then just think of it; our fleas are not common fleas and our rats are most uncommon rats. The first are bigger than house flies and the latter can stand on their hind legs and take a three pound loaf from a table three feet high; and when the camp grows quiet after dark, they are so thick that their pattering sounds like a small squad of cavalry on the floor of our quarters, and when they go out on a foraging expedition we have to keep a sharp lookout or a whole day's rations will disappear."

The Ninety-fifth O. V. I., Colonel McMillen, captured in the Richmond, Kentucky, fight, the last of August, was encamped on our left at Lew Wallace. An effort to enforce discipline in that regiment, sometime during the month of November, perhaps it was, resulted in some bad blood among the men; it was almost bloodshed. A detachment was imprisoned in the guard house for some sort of supposed insubordination or offense, and if my memory is not at fault the men released them and the guard house somehow caught fire and burned down the same night. Things had an ominous look for an hour or two, but the feeling subsided and no great harm resulted. The fact was, as I have indicated, the time and the place were not appropriate for the enforcement of rigid discipline. This was the only really stirring incident in the camp during the two months which I spent there.

The line officers and men were quartered in comfortable wall tents; headquarters' business was done in temporary pine board structures. For a considerable part of the time the officers took their meals at an eating house perhaps fifty rods in rear of the line of our camp toward the south and on a line between Camp Thomas and the Cleveland railroad. Camp Thomas was

near the Worthington pike, now North High street, and Camp Lew Wallace was up on the hill northeast, about half way from Camp Thomas to the railroad. North Columbus was about one mile in front and a little to the left of our line. One of its kind-hearted residents several times called to see me and politely invited me to his house to break bread with himself and his family, but it is my recollection that I never visited his home, and, like the Lexington landlord, while his person and face remain in memory, his name has long since taken its departure.

Frequent trips were made to the city and sometimes a few days and nights were passed in the enjoyment of a good room and good meals at the American House, but for the most part I stuck to the camp, the wall tent and the rough pine board eating house. As the cold weather came on, I purchased a stove for company headquarters and we did our best to keep warm. After the middle of November we often found it less chilly about the large stove in Colonel Rathbone's pine board shanty, or in the eating house, and repaired thither. There was no drill; there was no labor; there was apparanetly but one public duty and that was to wait. Waiting had no warmth in it. It was possible, during the last month, to warm our tent by giving diligent attention to feeding the little stove with wood, but it was a delusion and a snare to hope that there would be any contribution of artificial heat for even an hour after crawling into one's bunk at night. Snow fell at times.

I recall an incident in my experience in that November which illustrates the meaning of the word "shoddy." With good money, I purchased a very fair looking pair of military boots. The price was well up. Taking them out to camp, I congratulated myself on the prospect of well selected, serviceable foot gear for the winter and next morning duly donned the boots. I took good care of them and at the end of eight days, precisely, I wrapped them carefully in a newspaper and as carefully tied about them a string. Then I rode in a jolting, rumbling, grinding omnibus down the ratty pike to the city and repaired to the shoe store where, and to the very partner of whom, I had made the purchase. Handing him the bundle, I stood by while he untied it. He held the boots up and looked at them. Each was

broken open, on both sides, from the front of the heel to a point across the great toe and the stuff looked like paste or paper, not leather. His face was blank for a moment, but he was in that business and he had his nerve. "You ought to refund my money." "We have no use for these; you have worn them." "I bought them to wear, not to look at." "We can't refund the money." "I can't wear your boots." So I left him with the goods lying on the floor. An action would have recovered the money, but it would have been a losing game. For some years after the war, I was accustomed to pass the less pretentious store of Mr. W. and his partner to which they moved. I never spoke to either of them. They had not prospered with shoddy goods, and the dishonest merchant, with his red gills and his redder nose, many years ago, turned his toes up to the daisies and is still asleep in Greenlawn.

On the 21st of November, 1862, I met Colonel Dan McCook, his father, Major Daniel McCook, and his mother—the mother of most of "the fighting McCooks"—in her room, second floor front, in the old Goodale House, the entrance to which was the room in which the Ohio Furniture Company is now doing business, South High street. Colonel McCook there wrote an order of which the following is a copy:

COLUMBUS, OHIO, November 21, 1862.

Captain Holmes as soon as exchanged will proceed to the eastern part of the State, and gather up all the men of the Fifty-second Ohio Regiment, and take charge of them and conduct them to the regiment where it may be found. This shall be his warrant for so doing.

DANIEL MCCOOK,

Colonel Fifty-second O. V. I.

Anticipating the announcement of exchange, I forwarded the order to department headquarters for approval. It was returned indorsed as follows:

"HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE OHIO,

CINCINNATI, OHIO, December 13, 1862.

Approved: Captain Holmes not to be absent on such duty over one week.

By order of Major General WRIGHT.

C. W. FOSTER,

Assistant Adjutant General."

Early in November the postmaster of Columbus drove out to our camp and called on me as the commanding officer of Company K. It seemed that one of my men, member of an eastern regiment, had somehow obtained from the postoffice and opened a letter containing twenty-five dollars, intended for a wholly different person, with a wholly different name. The postmaster was a very pleasant-spoken, sensible, practical gentleman, with whom I enjoyed almost thirty years of subsequent acquaintance, extending down to the date of his death. His name was John Graham, once known of every resident of Columbus. The soldier had used the money. I interviewed him. He was clearly inexcusable and in a tight place. I found subsequently that he was of good family, living, I think, in New York. The boy had an honest face. It was probably his first offense. I took his promise that he would repay and would never offend again, and this paper shows what I did to help him out of his trouble:

“Received, Columbus, November 6, 1862, of Captain J. T. Holmes twenty-five dollars, being amount taken from letter by Private L—n. belonging to Charles H. Smith. JOHN GRAHAM, P. M.  
\$25.00.”

December 2, following, L—n remitted me the amount. I have suppressed his name here though it appears several times in my correspondence. There is reason to believe that the lesson was his most valuable one down to that time and that he turned over a new leaf.

Finally there came a day which then seemed the *dies dicrum*: it broke the prison bonds and set the prisoner free. The evidence was contained in the document which follows:

Special Order  
No. 178.

“HEADQUARTERS U. S. PAROLED FORCES,  
COLUMBUS, OHIO, December 16, 1862.

Captain Holmes, Fifty-second Ohio Volunteer Infantry, is hereby ordered to join his regiment; official information of his exchange has been received at these headquarters.

Captain Holmes will turn over all public property now in his possession to the officer who may be detailed for that purpose by the Commanding Officer of Camp Wallace.

By command of Brigadier General COOPER.

WM. VON DOEHN, A. A. General.

MAJOR PIERCE, Commanding Camp Wallace."

No time was lost and by midnight of the day I received notice of exchange I was in Eastern Ohio ready to comply with the order of Colonel McCook. As far as possible notices were sent to the men who had been under parole, and after vibrating a little between home and Richmond, as principal points of personal interest, on the 26th of December, 1862, I left Steubenville with my men, who had been exchanged. Closing up unfinished business, at Columbus, eight of us, belonging to the Fifty-second, left that city at midnight of the 29th for Cincinnati. From Cincinnati, which we left at noon of the 30th, to Louisville where we awoke on the morning of December 31, we traveled by the steamer Major Anderson.

John Morgan had cut the L. & N. R. R. on Christmas and as supplies must go forward to the army at the front a fleet of a dozen steamers was loaded at the Louisville wharf and moved through the canal around the falls and started for the mouth of the Cumberland on Friday afternoon, January 2, 1863.

The canal is about seven miles long. The boats steamed very slowly through it; the wheels were barely kept in motion. On the left bank, near its mouth, is a little town—Portland—in which "Jim Porter," the famous "Kentucky giant," lived long ago. My father made a river trip from Wheeling to New Orleans in the year 1828, and stopped to see Porter on the way down. The giant stood seven feet six inches in his stocking feet.

While the boats were being loaded on New Year's night an alarm sent them all flying over to the Jeffersonville side of the river. Morgan was reported to be within three miles of Louisville. It was a hoax, a New Year's joke, of the enemy. Sunday morning, January 4, we were at Evansville, Indiana, having rounded to at that point about 8 o'clock the evening before.

I had command of the steamer J. H. Baldwin, with fifty-two soldiers beside the captain and his crew. During my stay in Louisville I stopped at the Galt House, on the main stairway of which building General Jeff C. Davis, afterwards one of my firmest friends, had killed General Nelson, on the 29th day of September, 1862. The shooting grew out of some opprobrious language applied by Nelson to Davis in connection with a request by the latter for better arms for his brigade. Nelson was

much inclined to be brusque and overbearing and Davis was a nervous, high spirited man. He was never prosecuted for the killing and advanced in favor and in the importance of his commands until the close of the war.

Rumors of a great battle having been fought near Murfreesboro, with statements of varying results, had been coming to us for some hours before we landed at Evansville, and there it was said our arms had been finally victorious.

Hon. Maxwell P. Gaddis, of Cincinnati, sometimes called Rev. and again Captain, was on board as a passenger. He had lectured in Richmond, Ohio, twice before the war broke out, while I was in that college, and I had met him in Columbus. Pushing to the front his title as Rev., he preached to us in the cabin of the steamer as we moved down the Ohio on the evening of January 4th. The seven Fifty-second boys on board happened, nearly all, to be good musicians and led the singing in the services. He was a man of active mind, with a cheery, social disposition; loyal, ambitious, but not quite steady in purpose and judgment; in fact, inclined to be a little erratic and changeable. He died some years after the war. He had a slight lameness which resembled that which, I imagine, from descriptions, afflicted Byron.

On the 5th of January we reached Smithland, at the mouth of the Cumberland, and we were, owing to the low stage of water, three days plowing and pounding up to Clarksville, where the Seventy-first had met its disaster. On the 6th we passed the point where Lieutenant Hamilton had been drowned the preceding August.

The first seventy-five miles up stream were devoid of interest or attractions. The banks and the lands on each side are low and monotonous and the plantations and improvements were woe-begone and "no way enticing." The remaining distance up to Nashville presented a better appearance. Fort Donelson, situated on a high bluff, on the right, as you ascend the river, was a most unpicturesque place to fight around, unless the action of the gunboats be regarded. That may have possessed something of the picturesque, but when we passed up the river no romantic patriot would have selected either the inside or the outside of that

famous fortification as a desirable place at which to shuffle off the mortal coil, either in conflict with a flying minie or "e'en at the cannon's mouth." It had the appearance of a desolation. It had been invested by General Grant February 13, and surrendered by General Buckner February 16, 1862. The distance from there to Nashville is sixty-three miles southeast.

During the years 1857-8, while at college I had, for some reason, become greatly impressed with the idea of settling for life in Nashville; perhaps it was suggested by the often expressed purpose of one of my college mates, W. C. Ralston, afterward carried into execution, to locate in Mississippi; at any rate, in the course of my reading touching the city and the State of Tennessee, I remember a glowing description of the beauties of the Cumberland river. There are some attractive scenes along the river, but the account I had read was overdrawn and, upon actual view, I was disappointed. True, the trip of one hundred and ninety-two miles, from Smithland to Nashville, was not made under the circumstances contemplated when I was reading the "glowing account"; still, the river must have disappointed me if I had made the trip in 1857.

We steamed up to the little wharf at Clarksville about night-fall of the 8th—the day we passed Donelson—and our steamer was delayed long enough to permit a few of us to walk through portions of the streets. There was nothing of particular interest to be observed in the dimly-lighted, sleepy and, one might say, sullen southern town, and we soon took to the steamer again. It was not the Clarksville of to-day, with its 8,000 people and various prosperous institutions; it had 3,000 then and many of them were "not at home." There was a growing interest, however, in the sixty-five miles of river still to be traversed by the fleet. Our convoy of two gunboats might be some protection, but fifteen to eighteen loaded steamboats in a narrow, shallow stream like the Cumberland were bound to "string out" a good deal and this made perilous sudden dashes of small bodies of the enemy, if they could properly time the dash. We were moving by water and had no choice of courses or distances and if the rebels came they might easily find us. At 9 o'clock on Friday, the 9th, we struck the foot of Harpeth Shoals, thirty-five miles above Clarks-

ville. The labor of working the steamers up over the half mile or more of swift shallow water was in a manner herculean. It was puff and plow and stick and back and land and unload and try it again for hours. I shall never forget the ting-a-ling of that little bell—repeated a thousand times—away below at the engine, as it told the engineer his varying duties in the effort to “stem the flood.” At last, however, with almost two-thirds of our freight on shore, we “made the riffle,” and at 3 p. m. of Saturday, January 10, 1863, drew up alongside the wharf at Nashville, and bidding good-by to Captain and crew of the J. H. Baldwin, rejoined the ranks of the Fifty-second.

The apprehensions entertained from Clarksville up had been fairly well founded, though we fortunately were protected by the care and watchfulness of the authorities at and about Nashville. The enemy had notice of our coming and from their position in the vicinity of Franklin had sent out a column of troops strong enough to capture and burn our fleet while laboring up over the shoals. It was timed and directed to strike us at that point, but General Rosecrans, advised of what was going on, directed a column from Nashville which was timed to intercept or strike the flank of the rebel force and we were unmolested. I tell the story as it was then told to me.

It was also reported that four days after our arrival a second fleet of fifteen steamers was attacked at Harpeth Shoals; that the gunboat in advance pushed up stream and the one in rear dropped back, and that one of the steamers was burned by the enemy and several lives were lost in the fight, including the Colonel commanding the fleet.

NASHVILLE, May 18, 1897.

About 9:30 a. m. we boarded the south Spruce street car and rode out the Granny White pike to a point opposite the old site of Fort Negley and then walked across to the Franklin pike and up the shelving, rocky hill, crossing the boulevard, to the ruins of the fort. It was long ago dismantled and abandoned. Across the hill on which it stood, in unmistakable language, the finger of time has written of the material thing the one word Ichabod; its history remains.

We went to the summit and walked around what were once the tops of its walls now broken down, no stones of all the masonry being visible beyond a glimpse here and there under foot. The whole thing is a sort of irregular heap of earth. The grounds, including the long mounds, which were once walls, are covered with rocks and small stones, the debris merely of the demolished fortress and the stony hill on which it stood.

Fort Morton, a large earthwork which stood on the hill across the Franklin pike from Negley and just above our camp—I mean in front of it—has wholly disappeared. The reservoir of the city water works is located on the hill next east of the Fort Morton hill, still south of the Franklin pike. A street has been cut from the old city limits in the side of the Negley hill about half way between the Franklin pike and the center of the fort which runs into the pike a little way beyond the reservoir hill. This is what our driver yesterday called the boulevard, out which we drove before we crossed to the Granny White pike.

We spent an hour among the Negley ruins. An old uncle, who had been a slave, was sitting on one of the eastern walls of the fort. He was looking for work, he said, but had, these last few days, found very little to do. His wife died last July. A geological student, the only other person about the hill, was making diligent search for specimens among the scattered rocks and stones. I spoke with him about his work and he advised me that the specimens which he was finding were quite rare even in this State and for some reason confined largely to the Negley hill. Going back through the camp on the line of our regimental dress parade ground we took the south Spruce street line to the hotel again.

Before going out on this excursion, Professor Clark had sent us a note of inquiry and I had answered it advising him that we should pick him up at his home about 3 p. m. for a ride to the Hermitage. Mrs. Clark's health, much to our regret, is too delicate to permit her to ride so far—twenty-four miles out and back—in one day. I purchased tickets for Chattanooga and made arrangements generally for taking the train south at 9 a. m. to-morrow.

At 3 p. m. we were on our way, with a good team, carriage and driver, having taken in Professor Clark and greeted his wife, to Jackson's old home. It lies, as intimated, twelve miles from the city and is on the north side of the Lebanon pike, out which I was accustomed to ride nights, through June, July, and August, 1863, to commence my riding of the lines about Nashville, starting with the Lebanon pike and crossing Chicken, Murfreesboro, Franklin, Granny White and other pikes, as I made my way, inspecting picket posts, as far as the present grounds of the Centennial Exposition. The Lebanon pike runs up on the southeast side of the Cumberland river, but not very near it; it crosses Mill creek at about four miles and Stone river at eight, passing through a fine grazing and farming country, which reminds one of some portions of Ohio. The tokens of comfort and prosperity—not great thrift, in these times, but fair living for all—were manifest on the right hand and on the left.

A mile before we reached the Hermitage, we turned squarely to the left and by a narrow road traveled perhaps a quarter of a mile, passing, on our left, standing well back from the road, a Confederate Soldiers' Home, established by the State on what was once a part of the Jackson plantation. He owned some two thousand acres in a body which is now reduced by sales to about six hundred acres. The Confederate Home is a very substantial and commodious structure, with attractive surroundings. There are perhaps two hundred inmates at this time. We met some of the veterans along the roadsides and as we returned two of them were down fishing, with hooks and lines, from the bridge over Stone river. After passing the Home, we turned to the right and after driving from a quarter to a half mile entered the front gate on our left and approached the mansion with its pil-

lared or columned portico through a wide avenue of various kinds of trees, three rows on each side of the roadway, which makes a wide circle immediately in front of the great house. It is said Jackson planted many of them with his own hands. The distance from the gate to the house must be at least thirty rods, with a slight ascent from the gate for the first twenty. The trees extend the entire distance. The house faces the south, the Lebanon pike.

We landed. On the veranda was a sort of string band—four musicians—there to make music for a dancing party in the dining room this evening. The fee for admission to the mansion is ten cents. The Hermitage Association, composed largely of Tennessee ladies, is right in making such a charge to meet expenses. As we entered the wide hall we were met by a young woman attendant who took the fee and answered Professor Clark's inquiry for "old Alfred" by saying he was in the garden. The Professor accordingly led us out the side hall door on our right, and into the garden, in the southeast corner of which is the Jackson tomb separated by a walk from the graves of perhaps a dozen relatives, including the adopted children. These latter occupy the corner and the President's tomb stands out farthest from the fence. Apparently a vault was built which rises fifteen or eighteen inches above the ground. It is of stone and circular, about ten feet in diameter. It is covered by stone. I cannot say whether there are two vaults or not; there are two slabs lying on top of the vault which seem each to cover an opening.

Rachel Jackson, the General's wife, died in 1828, and her body occupies the north side of the vault. The General's body lies under the south slab. He died in 1845. Over this structure, at the height of twelve to fifteen feet above the slabs is a graceful canopy, supported by columns of appropriate size, all painted and kept white and clean.

The garden has, perhaps, more than an acre of ground enclosed by a white fence. It is laid out in plain, well kept walks and there are flowers and roses everywhere. It is about seventy five to a hundred feet from the side hall door to the garden gate. Uncle Alfred was just starting away from the tomb as we entered the garden and made our way to that corner. He took the party

which he was then conducting out to the house and came back to us. He answered questions and volunteered information very readily. He was Jackson's slave; is now ninety-three years old; has always lived "*on de place*"; went with his master to Washington in 1828; came home in 1830, at the end of two years, to look after the General's horses—he had a great many horses of all kinds—to train them and get them in condition to take to Gallatin, Tennessee, to market, and has been here ever since. What a history this man's life covers! There is no fake about him. The old man was plainly Jackson's servant and has survived his master more than half a century. I confess that if I ever heard of old Alfred and his survival of Jackson, I have completely forgotten it, because the fact of his existence and his very presence in the old body at the Hermitage came as a revelation after I entered the spacious hall of the Jackson mansion to-day. He is well preserved; has the appearance of being about seventy years old. His left eye is sightless, but his hearing is almost perfect. His voice is clear and the nerves and muscles do not show either a shaky or a feeble condition. In height he is about five feet ten and a half inches and stands with very little stoop of the shoulders. He will weigh about a hundred and forty pounds. There is a tinge of white blood in his veins, or, rather, it should be said he is not entirely black. He may be of pure African blood. His grandmother and his mother had been servants in the Jackson family, and he pointed out the cabin, fifty rods away to the left and rear of the garden, which faces south, though the gate is at the side next the house, where they had lived and in which identical cabin he was born. In front of this cabin, a few paces, stands the upper story of Jackson's first log house. The first story was taken out and removed for some reason. The old man said that it was out of the back window of this log house that Jackson crawled before daylight "*in de mornin'*" to go and fight de duel wid Dickinson; and none of us didn't know whar he wus gone." "*Dat house stood right in dat same place.*"

As to that duel: It was fought with pistols, at eight paces, on the bank of Red river in Kentucky, a long day's ride from Nashville, on the 30th day of May, 1806. Dickinson was a high blooded, sporting, young Nashville lawyer, the crack pistol shot

of the State, with whom and his father-in-law, Erwin, bad blood arose from their having to pay to Jackson an \$800.00 forfeit on a proposed horse race and, in his cups, Dickinson had cast repeated reflections on Mrs. Jackson and then on the General. Jackson challenged him. When they met Dickinson fired first, but slightly misled by the large sized frock coat which covered the thin, spare person of his tall adversary, only broke a couple of ribs. Making no sign, Jackson fired, tearing a great hole in Dickinson's side—a mortal wound, from which he soon died, not knowing that his ball had touched the General. General Overton, an old Revolutionary soldier, a Scotchman, who gave his name to the Overton farm, five miles out of Nashville, where the brunt of General Thomas' great battle was fought, December 15-16, 1864, was Jackson's second, and gave the word to fire, in his excitement pronouncing "*ferc.*"

Uncle Alfred went over the family graves telling us the connection between each occupant and the General, or his wife, and then we followed him into the house, entering by the side hall door. We passed directly into the great hall. There is a flight of stairs running up from each hall to the second story. The first room on the left of the large hall as you enter from the front is part of the double parlors, the other being in rear of this front room. Here is the case of relics, including the General's big silver headed hickory cane. There are several items, but the numbers are small when one thinks of the comparatively recent death of the General and of the personal and private property which he must have had as the accumulation of the years from his birth, 1767—the year before Napoleon was born—until his death, 1845—the year that Joseph Story died, seventy-eight years, the life of Jackson. On the wall above the relics hang two pictures of the battle of New Orleans, one of them purporting to depict the death of Pakenham. As works of art, they are in no way remarkable. One is an engraving and the other seemed to be handiwork of some sort with which I am not familiar. They are small sized, the larger not over fifteen by twenty inches and the smaller but little over half that size. Over the fireplace in this room hangs a picture of the General, which Alfred said was painted by Healey four days before Jackson's death, the artist having

made a visit on business of a different nature, and finding the famous man very ill had devoted his time to the painting. To the left, as you face them, hangs a fine painting of Mrs. Jackson. The room next west, looking out on the front lawn, is the dining room, in which the young people were expecting to have their dance. The ladies of the Association have put a new floor in it and Alfred has put a fine wire screen over the fireplace to preserve the celebrated hickory mantel, made on the 8th of January, in different years—no work on it being done on any other day in the year—and presented to Jackson in 1835. This screen was necessary to prevent the cheerful idiot in the person of the relic hunter from tearing the mantel to pieces and carrying it away. The work of the vandal, before Alfred built his cage around the hickory, is quite manifest in the stripping of some of the shorter bits of wood from a kind of center piece just above the fireplace.

There are a few pieces of furniture still in the house, left by Jackson at his death, but they are scarce; there are, in addition to the battles of New Orleans, already mentioned, and the paintings of the General and Mrs. Jackson, a very few other pictures in the rooms below, none at all above; in fact, there is nothing in the upper rooms, except what belonged to the family of the adopted son, Andrew Jackson Donelson, and we did not go upstairs as the rooms correspond in size with those below. In the room where the General died, first on the right of the main hall, as one enters, are book cases with books of miscellaneous character in them and an old-fashioned bedstead and bed, but none of them were there in Jackson's time. They are put in by the Association simply to give an idea of the appearance of the room at the time of the death. In the dining room is an immense stone china water pitcher, the only article left, according to Alfred, which was in the room when the General died. I should think the pitcher would hold at least four gallons.

The well with its windlass is at the back of the house, and we took a drink therefrom along with other thirsty tourists. Old Alfred's tongue ran on incessantly. He has told his stories thousands of times and yet his memory is losing some of its points and the old man knows, and himself states, the fact. Now and then, he will transpose events, misstate dates, or forget the answer to

your question, but, in the main, his mental faculties are in a marvellous state of preservation, and accurate and reliable. Just before we separated, asked how long since the Hermitage was built, he said the first house was erected on the ground where the present one stands in 1819 and was burned down in 1834. The present building was put up in 1835.

As we left the bedroom the old man lingered behind, answering some of my questions, and took occasion to say that people hardly gave him time to eat or sleep. "Las' Friday, sah, I had on'y a cup of coffee in de mawnin', and not a bite to eat tell dark." I said to him that if I were at his age, I should have regular meals and rest, no matter who waited. He agreed that he ought to have them, but added, "If I did dat de newspapers would complain and say I was neglectin' my duty." He was probably right about it, but when a servant of God or man attains the age of ninety-three years he has a right to disregard criticisms on his neglect of duty by newspapers, or "cheerful idiots." When we first came in from the garden, before he showed us anything, he carefully called attention to the ten cents admission fee, not knowing that we had paid it. He said that as many as two hundred visitors per day sometimes registered in the book kept in the main hall for that purpose.

From every side of the house you have extended views over a billowy, gently rolling country, clothed at this season of the year in its most attractive garb. Leaving the young people, some of the young men having been students at Montgomery Bell Academy under Professor Clark, to await the coming of the lighted lamps and "the light, fantastic toe," we took the carriage for the ride back to the city. The coming out to the pike was like the going in except that it was a sort of continuation of the way. Instead of turning to the right and going back over our track from the pike, we turned to the left at the front gate and completed the travel along three sides of the large block of land—some portions of it still covered by the original forest—which lies between the Homestead and the Lebanon pike before we came out into the latter and turned to our right on the way to Nashville.

In one hour and a half we discharged the team at Professor Clark's house and sat down to a delightful supper with his wife

and himself, and after an evening of social reminiscence and enjoyment we took the street car for the Maxwell House.

As we were about to retire last night an alarm of fire filled the streets about and below the hotel with people and horses and buggies and bicycles and fire engines. The paint and oil house of Warren Brothers, one square below on Church street, was on fire. It is not an easy matter to extinguish a fire which feeds on as inflammable material as oil, so that there was no hope of saving the establishment from the start. The fire department did heroic work, I should rather say it was magnificent, in keeping the flames confined to the two large buildings immediately involved. There was no wind, but so fierce was the power of the fire that it sent showers of sparks and burning pieces of wood over the Maxwell and far beyond, very greatly endangering the business center of the city. People all through the hotel prepared for flight in case it should become necessary. Our trunk and grips were hastily packed and our house set in order for leaving if the fire should "catch on."

At Lexington the fire department labored with defective hose and probably had some other temporary troubles with its machinery; here nothing seemed to give way and the department, with high skill, accomplished the best possible results, preventing a most disastrous conflagration. While excitement was at its highest a young gentleman, an entire stranger to me, stopped in front of the hotel and began talking about what a member of the firm had recently said to him as to business conditions. It was a delicate subject and a queer thing for him to state to an entire stranger some of the facts which he alleged. In answer to my question, he said the members of the firm were men of high standing in every way. Upon our return from Negley this morning, we walked by the ruins still smouldering and burning with hose playing a stream of water on them.

When we started on the drive about the city, in search of the old camps yesterday afternoon, the first point to which I directed the driver was the landing, a little way below the Warren Brothers' establishment, because it was at this point that we left the boat in which we had made the trip from Louisville between December 31, 1862, and January 10, 1863. I found that the landing now in

use is about one block further up the river than the one of war times. This is easily determined because the old L. & N. R. R. bridge is just where it then was, and so our ride had the boat landing for its initial point. It seemed to me when I entered the Maxwell House on Sunday morning that I had been in it during the war and the impression has gradually strengthened until to-day I had it confirmed. When I left the boat, January 10, 1863, I marched my fifty-two men, belonging to different regiments, up street to the Zollicoffer building, then in command of—no matter—and delivered the men to the Commissary of musters in that building. It turns out that the Zollicoffer building was the unfinished Maxwell House, taken possession of by the government for military purposes, and no one now seems to know, at least, my inquiry failed to elicit any explanation as to how it happened to be called the Zollicoffer, as it was built and being completed as the Maxwell and has been so known ever since the war.

I think I omitted to make a note, in my observations with reference to Bryant Spring, of the fool scribbling of names by half-witted tourists and visitors all over the smooth portions of the mason work of the memorial walls. The lover might carve a heart or two hearts in outline and cut therein the initials or names of his best girl and himself on some beech tree by the school house, or in other woods, near his country home and only be laughed at for "carrying his heart on his sleeve" so that the daws or jays might peck at it, but patience, good nature and indulgence draw the line when it comes to defacing a work of art or utility by names and dates and addresses which, instead of fame, give a sort of infamy, at least to the extent of obtaining the credit of being sap-heads. They will go on doing it, however, until the final trump.

CHATTANOOGA, TENNESSEE, May 19, 1897.

We came out of Nashville by the 9 o'clock train this morning. The railroad runs through the country along the Murfreesboro pike for the first thirty miles. The experience I had June 25 to June 28, 1863, along that celebrated thoroughfare is still vividly recalled. A very small detachment of rebel cavalry could have captured and destroyed most of my train very easily, at almost any point on the road. Two hundred loaded wagons, drawn by twelve hundred mules, stretched out five miles in spite of all I could do, and what with rain and mud and raw drivers and wet and scattered soldiers, I simply trusted to the chances. They favored me. In the "endless chain" of mule teams, I was obliged, by the coming on of darkness at Lavergne, after I had gotten, say, one hundred teams over the creek, to turn the others into camp on the right of the pike near the bridge to cross the next morning. It was midnight before the rear of the train came up. At daylight on the morning of June 26, the creek was up within a few inches of the bridge and it was unsafe to attempt crossing it. After a little time, the bridge went down stream and there I was with a divided train, and a torrent of waters making its union impossible until late in the afternoon. By the night of the 27th all were over, the creek having fallen sufficiently to permit the wading of the same. My notes show the substance of my doings beyond and down to the return to Nashville on the 28th of the month. I slept under the tail end of one of the wagons from midnight until daylight on the morning of that day, the train being parked in the night on the northwest bank of Stone river, in rain and mud unspeakable. Very early in the morning, I reported to General Van Cleve of Iowa, whose headquarters were not far from the river on the Murfreesboro side north of the pike. He was up, but only partially dressed, when he received me. He was a spare, thin man with hair mostly turned gray, but kind and genial and considerate. Setting out a little whiskey immediately after I made known my work and mission, he said, "I never drink liquor except on two occasions, either before or after a meal! You look as though you needed a little stimulant after your campaign through the mud." I was muddy all over and greatly fatigued,

but cannot now remember whether I touched his liquor or not. I know I ate a splendid breakfast with him at his table, and after settling the business part of the delivery of my train with his quartermaster, myself and my orderly betook ourselves to the pike for the ride to Nashville, where we arrived that evening.

As we came along to-day I pointed out the battlefield, or so much of it as can be seen from the cars, to Mrs. H. and explained movements, disasters and the retrieval, by the personal heroism and magnetism of Rosecrans, when the day was almost lost. All of the final retreat of our men and of their forward movement to the recovery of lost ground occurred in sight of and upon and over the pike and the railroad track which are near together as you approach the crossing of the river at Murfreesboro; and the river runs a sort of third parallel, on the left, not far away.

When the train was moving out from the Murfreesboro station, a lady who was evidently much interested, said, "Now, I want to see the battlefield." She had passed through it without being aware of the fact, and when she wished to do so was unable to see any part of it.

From Murfreesboro to Stevenson, I was on ground over which I had never passed, our line of march having been, as stated, directly south from Nashville to Decatur, or rather to Athens, and thence to Stevenson, but at this latter station I took up the retracing of familiar ground and scenes so far as landscapes were concerned.

At 2:35 p. m. we stepped into the Read House, Chattanooga, and were assigned room 90—fair quarters. Taking a late dinner, we went to the top of Lookout by Incline number one. There is an Incline number two and the rivalry has been sharp. To-morrow number two swallows number one by consolidation. A hotel has been built immediately against the palisades in front of the mountain from which there is a very good view of the whole field of operations, in the Wauhatchie Valley, on Lookout Mountain, Mission Ridge and about Chattanooga. The valleys on each side of the mountain are easily seen by walking from one end of the veranda to the other.

We took in and for a while studied the general view. It was all familiar, or nearly all, to one of us, and all new and strange

to the other. Presently we climbed the ladders, by which one scales the palisades, and stood where the confederate batteries were planted, which played on Cameron hill, Moccasin point and into the Wauhatchie valley. I found the gap among the Wauhatchie hills in which we lay during those eight or ten miserable days in November, 1863, when we were obliged to lie still under the pounding of the rebel guns and gunners two and a half miles away. There has always been one compensation to us for these ugly days, in the recollection that they familiarized us with the ground over which Hooker was to fight "the battle above the clouds" on the 24th of that month as a preliminary to the storming of Mission Ridge on the day following, my birthday. From our position, on the south side of the Tennessee at Caldwell's ford, for we were then on our way to the north end of Mission Ridge, we distinctly saw the flash of Hooker's guns as his men rounded the nose of the mountain about "the white house"—the Cravens' farm below the palisades. It was a foggy day and opportunely for the poetry of Hooker's battle, a fog settled about Lookout for the time being and made "the clouds" above which and in which the fight occurred. Although it was daylight while the action went on, it was damp and drizzly and soggy along the river and looking at the mountain a piece of artillery, or even the rifles of the men, when fired, would flash as a light in a dark place.

Mrs. H. ordered a photograph of the Wauhatchie gap to be taken and sent home. I purchased a series of one hundred and twenty-five views of the battlefields about Chattanooga. Let me see; it has been said and written so often as almost to produce confusion of mind, but, from the point of Lookout, on a clear day—remember, it must be a clear day—one with good eyes and a telescope can see into, how many States? Well, Tennessee, Georgia, Alabama. That is easy without the telescope, for down at Shell Mound, a short march along the river toward Bridgeport, it is possible to stand with the left foot in Alabama, the right one in Georgia and at the same time touch the State of Tennessee with the hand. Then there are Virginia and North Carolina and, it is said, on very bright days, Kentucky, South Carolina and Mississippi. These facts point to Chattanooga as the strategical heart and center of rebellion, as Richmond and Virginia were its

head and front; and they gild and glorify the genius and skill of Rosecrans in the plan of campaign which produced the fall of this American Gibraltar.

We climbed down just in time to take the last car of the day for the descent. At the foot of the mountain, where we changed cars for the city, Mrs. H. dropped her purse and we were a good quarter of a mile on the way when she missed it. Getting off the car and walking back, without much hope of recovering the lucre, our guide, and liveryman for to-morrow, who had run back ahead of us, met an honest boy bringing the purse and contents along after the car. The boy was suitably rewarded. Taking the next car we "camped" in our hotel at dark, with so much of our sightseeing here duly finished.

Let me now, briefly as I may, bring forward the story which ended with the reunion at Nashville, January 10, 1863. Some of its points have already been given, but some of those that remain ought, perhaps, to be stated.

We found the state and condition of my company about as follows:

Fourteen were dead; ten had been discharged the service; thirty-five were in camp on duty; the remainder were in hospitals, which stretched their various locations from Nashville to Louisville; and this was the substantial condition of each of the other nine companies of the regiment. It had shrunk from a magnificent thousand to three hundred and fifty men in line. They were quartered in the old-fashioned, browned, weather-beaten, smoked and greasy Sibley tents. The camp looked much like some of the Indian villages which I saw on the plains and in the Rockies in the summer of 1867, excepting that there was a regularity about the rows of tents and company and regimental streets, which the Indians, for the most part, wholly disregarded. The men fit for duty were strong and healthy and in good spirits.

This reminds me that the steward of our boat presented me, as we were leaving it, two choice bottles of spirits, which went from the landing to the camp with the first installment of luggage. Nothing was unpacked and I returned immediately to the city to make report and, so to speak, bring up the rear of our

return. While I was gone, the satchel containing the glorious bottles was opened and spirits and bottles had taken their everlasting flight before I re-entered the camp. The Chaplain and Lieutenant Colonel were asleep upon my return although night had not yet fallen. They had called at my headquarters and in my absence had extended their welcome to my grip sack, and then lain down to think over it! Those were war times. *Inter arma leges silent.*

The battle of Stone River, which had been fought December 30-January 1, preceding, was still the subject of earnest daily discussion and conversation. Nashville was full of the *debris* and the evidences of that great conflict; it was, in fact, an immense hospital, with a charnel house attachment in the undertaking establishments whence the dead had been and were being boxed and shipped, in great numbers, to their northern relatives and friends. The battle itself and its results belong to general history.

In my letter of January 20, written home, I find a description of one of the foraging excursions common in those days.

"Last night at 8 o'clock we received orders to have one day's rations and be ready to march by 3 o'clock this morning.

We were ready. A. R. is well, save a cold he has caught, and was acting orderly for the captain commanding the expedition to-day. This put him on horseback.

There were two regiments and two pieces of artillery,—the 10th Michigan, 52d Ohio and the artillery from Barnett's battery. We marched into town about six o'clock this morning without any very definite idea as to where we were going save that it was a *foraging expedition*.

Going up Broadway we finally came to the Hillsborough Pike leading S. S. W. As soon as we filed left, and got out of town we came upon the wagon train and we piled in, eight men in a wagon. There were several wagons I thought and by 11 o'clock we reached our destination about one-half mile to the left of the pike. Here the wagons were sent into the planter's fields and loaded with fodder, corn, and oats in the sheaf. In two hours they were all filled, some of them from the crib and his barnyard, where two forage trains within a year had been shelled from the surrounding hills and destroyed by the rebels.

The wagons were all loaded and that man, be he rebel or Union man, and the strong probability is if he was not a rebel this morning he is one to-night, was minus one hundred and one six-mule-team-wagon loads of forage and two negroes, for they ran off and came with the train.

People north lose their friends, their sons and brothers, their husbands and kinsman, in hospital, or in battle, but they know nothing of the ravages and horrors of war. The desolation that broods over these hills and vales, as beautiful as God ever formed for man, is truly frightful.

I remember well when a little younger than now of reading about that beautiful city with its gorgeous capitol away up the Cumberland river. I was fascinated with the descriptions of Nashville beyond those of any other city. It must have been beautiful with its palace-like residences, green trees, shaded walks, its bridges, railroads and pikes, with its steeples, its spires and last, though not least, its proud state house.

What is it now? *One immense hospital*, its business closed, its streets filthy, its prisons crowded and no shadow of a smile upon it."

On the 26th January, followed the description of picket duty and a second such expedition:

"Now from Nashville go two or three miles up the river and you will find on this side a reserve of twenty-five or thirty men round a fire under a shed or old roof, and passing these some one hundred or two hundred yards you come upon a sentinel. Thirty, forty or perhaps fifty yards to the right of that guard will be found another, farther still to the right another, and so on for a mile, where you find another reserve and in front of it a line of outposts, a simple continuation of the first one.

This line of pickets runs around the city from river above to river below, distant from the city from three to five miles. The line is some fifteen miles in length, held by three brigades. Ours, the first, holds the centre. As brigade officer of the day, I had to ride a line of pickets five miles in length and that twice through the day and once through the night. Going out and back each time, I made about forty or forty-five miles in the twenty-four hours.

For a man who has been on horseback but little recently this was a pretty tiresome operation. This made seventy-two hours duty without cessation. I stole enough sleep here and there during the time to feel better when I quit than when I began. A. R. looks as well as I have seen him for several months and my own health is still good. We had quite a snow and freeze-up about a week or ten days ago. It came in good time to help us grow acclimated by degrees, coming as we did from the north. The snow, about five inches deep, was a marvel for this latitude. It has disappeared and we are enjoying the rainy season, or a Nashville winter. To-morrow morning we start again on a foraging expedition and some of the boys say we are going out to obtain *paroles*. We go out on the same pike.

\* \* \* \* \*

"January 29. I quit writing on Monday night late and went to bed intending to sleep without any concern as to awaking at four o'clock, the time fixed for the start. After being in bed an hour, an order came

from brigade headquarters putting me in command of the brigade train and to report with it at the junction of Franklin pike and Broad street at five o'clock in the morning. The order stated that I would receive instructions from Charles Deane, brigade quartermaster. This put my ideas of unconcerned sleep to flight. At three o'clock I was in the saddle. By five the brigade of wagons was formed, and in all we had ninety wagons. Going out on the same pike we traveled before, we passed four miles beyond the old stand and turned to the right about one-half mile.

The ninety wagons were filled and started back. We had two pieces of artillery, the 52d Ohio and the 60th Illinois for guards.

By seven o'clock at night we had the train all back well loaded with corn, oats and fodder. A. R. was on horseback again and I was in the saddle fifteen hours.

Since then I have slept like a trooper until I feel ready for duty which will not come again before day after to-morrow."

These incidents give some idea of our outdoor army life and labors through the remainder of that winter. It was probably in February that General Morgan, commanding the division, and General Robt. S. Granger, commanding the post, each appointed a court of inquiry to investigate and make report touching absences without leave of two or three commissioned officers. These separate appointments, in some way, happened to embrace the same officers; Capt. John A. P. Glore, 5th Kentucky Cavalry; Capt. Wm. W. Fellows, 125th Illinois Volunteer Infantry, and myself. I remember that the service was tedious and a little irksome. If I had then been as familiar with legal proceedings and as deeply interested in the science and practice of the law as in these later days, it would, doubtless, have been different.

Capt. Glore was a resident of Covington, Ky., and I met him in Columbus, at the Neil, on two occasions several years after the war closed. Capt. Fellows was killed in the charge at Kenesaw.

The winter wore away, not such a winter as we see in the north. In place of snows and frozen ground were rains and mud, as a rule. There was the one considerable snow fall of about five inches, but it did not stay with us; the comparatively warm earth and the warm sun soon turned it into slush and then into water.

The "ill health" referred to in my journal was nothing more than the physical discomfort incident, for a few weeks, to becoming accustomed to the climate and the new mode of life. The change from Central Ohio to Central Tennessee was great enough, in my case, to render a new adjustment of the physical man to its climatic environment necessary and this brought its days and nights of physical worry, which in no serious respect interfered with active duty in and about the garrison or with days of bounding health and strength.

The outing at Franklin from the 8th to the 15th of March and the camp there August 21-23, following, made us very familiar with what subsequently became the battle ground, as our camp was below the old gin house and not far from the position afterward occupied by Casement's brigade in that engagement.

The Brentwood outing from April 7, to June 5, gave us an ideal camp ground and experience. It was like tenting on a well-kept lawn, shaded by a few great trees, beside a beautiful, clear little river, in the heart of a most attractive landscape, with slightly rolling country, fine roads, and splendid plantations. That memory will stay with me until the last, I think. My experiences there were calculated to impress me. Lieut. Col. Clancy was away sick; he had been promoted over Major Clark in February preceding. The senior captain commanding the regiment had secured a major's commission, Major Clark having resigned, but McCook had hung up his muster-in, because the commission had been obtained without consulting him and by an officer of whom he was not fond. This was at the close of April. One day, McCook found the Captain and the Adjutant derelict in some duty and both were placed under arrest. I was ordered to take command of the regiment. Captains Morrow and Donaldson were, at the time, my seniors in rank, but the Colonel was angry and inexorable. I find the climax recorded in a letter written May 5, 1863:

"May 1st, about 4. p. m., Colonel McCook called to me and when I responded said: 'I want your name in full.' I gave it to him. Then he said: 'By G—, I'll have you Major of this regiment before to-morrow night. I'll show Captain Morrow that he can't ride over me. When I want a Major I'll make my own selection and have the thing my own way.'"

He telegraphed Gov. Tod before sundown and I was mustered to that rank at Nashville on the 6th of that month. For the purposes of muster I rode horseback to and from the city, having a clear conviction that a stray squad of the enemy's cavalry might easily take in the lonely traveler at many points along the lonely pike. Morrow and Donaldson resigned, the latter on account of his age and the condition of his health, not because of my promotion, for, in this latter respect, he was both friendly and satisfied.

It was one of the Colonel's fanciful ideas, which he more than once expressed, that the Fifty-second could found a prosperous colony and village at that point on the banks of Little Harpeth. Then he would proceed, from his intimate knowledge of the officers and men, to designate the variety of trades, occupations and professions represented by them. The list was a long one. He would wind up by the suggestion that we could return there after the war and give to his idea "a local habitation and a name."

Strange as it may seem in the light of events, as early as May, 1863, and while we were still in this camp, he talked repeatedly, as he did afterward, about presenting his "Indian major," as he styled me, to the President in Washington at the close of the rebellion. He had no definite line, as I recall it, on which Washington was to be reached, but his logic was that we should go through the confederacy and at last come out at the National Capital. Along the fighting line, from that station, not in distance, but in bloodshed, he traveled more than half way to Washington before he fell.

While we lay in this camp drilling, guarding, and enjoying life—doing outpost duty for the protection of Nashville—it was ascertained that some confederate officers—two or more—were visiting, or lodging, near our lines and a plan was laid along in May to muster fifteen or twenty officers of the brigade on horseback, armed, some midnight and go out and capture them. The night came and the officers gathered in a lane leading to the pike near the Fifty-second camp, but the scheme was abandoned and we returned to our quarters. No very definite reason for the abandonment was given. The supposition was that, upon re-

flection, it was not regarded as wise, in a military point of view, to risk the loss of such a squad of officers, as the execution of the plan at last seemed more hazardous than when first suggested. With the beginning of June came the return to the city and then followed events already mentioned, either in my journal, or in previous chapters, or both, down to the 20th of August.

One of my father's boyhood friends was Rezin Thompson, who, long before the war, had, perhaps, on account of the condition of his health, drifted to Tennessee. His brother Samuel was a very amiable, gentlemanly and intelligent citizen, who spent his whole life in the home neighborhood in Eastern Ohio, engaged, for the most part, in scientific studies, occasionally teaching in the public schools and having private classes. Through him, there was, for many years, the general understanding among the neighbors that Dr. Rezin was practicing his profession in the vicinity of Nashville. The result was that when we became a part of the garrison of that city my father enjoined upon me the duty of looking up Dr. Thompson and paying him respect for the "auld acquaintance" sake. A letter from my brother A. R. tells most of the story:

Dear Sister:

"NASHVILLE, June 29th.

For one week past it has done nothing but rain, rain here. We have just had a very heavy shower which will preclude the possibility of doing anything out of doors, or rather tents, and I will employ three hours, or something less, in writing another letter home as I have only written two since I received yours.

To begin with, you can tell father that we have found Rezin Thompson at last, alive and kicking, and a man of some notoriety as a physician in the city of Nashville and vicinity. He has a practice at the present time, although he looks old enough to retire from business, which brings him about four thousand a year. He is not so rugged in appearance though in action he is ten years younger than his brother Samuel. He appears to be one of those born to die in early youth, but the native energy of the man cheated death of its prey. Gray hairs are plentiful in what was once a dark head of hair, which is more bristly and stands on end more than old 'Sammie's.' He is now living about one mile out of Edgefield, a little town opposite Nashville; his place of business is in the former. Preceding its evacuation by the 'Rebs,' his office was in 'Nashville,' where he labored for some three months in their hospitals, though not as an army surgeon and without any remuneration whatever more than that received from the prompting of a philanthropic heart.

He has taken no part in the political broils of the day, but left each party to fight its own battles unaided by what little he could do. He has taken the oath of allegiance, or as the Secesh here call it, 'Swallowed the dog.' Now, if I was going to venture an opinion in the matter I should say the dog choked him somewhat as he went down, but our conversation was altogether relating to persons. It was more by chance than any other way that we found him, or rather he found us. One day 'Dr. Ong' was in camp and was talking with Taylor when he asked him if he knew such, or had ever heard of such, a man as Dr. R. Thompson in Nashville. The doctor told him there was a man of that name living in Edgefield. Taylor sat down that evening and wrote a letter to him telling him he had been hunting a man of his name for six months past and if he was the man he would like to see him, and in the letter were several questions which Taylor expected him to answer by letter as tests of his identity; to this was signed his name and regiment. A few days after this Taylor went to 'Murfreesboro' in charge of a wagon train and while he was gone instead of a letter the veritable 'Dr. Thompson' himself turned up at our camp in search of 'Major Holmes.' The boys brought him to me and I was not long in discovering his name.

I wrote a letter to Samuel Thompson last night telling him of the discovery."

After going back to Nashville from the camp at Murfreesboro, I returned the doctor's call by riding to his office in Edgefield, but found that he was absent some miles in the country and so it came about that I never met him. Edgefield was then, as now, stretched out along the pike running north and the doctor's office was more than a mile from the river. I remember it had the appearance of the proverbial doctor's office and was on the west side of the street or pike. Of his subsequent career or death I recall no knowledge whatever.\*

We left Nashville by cars on the 29th of June, going to Murfreesboro, where we remained until the 20th of July, so that I rode horseback from Murfreesboro on the 28th, after delivery of the train of two hundred wagons, and returned to the place the next day to camp in its northwest suburb almost a month. I can think of only one word, and that in the Scripture sense, which will give my idea of its condition, and that word is *peeled*. It was bare, desolate, hot, filthy, hopeless, redolent of all sorts of decay, a commingling of battle ground, hospital and cemetery.

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\* Hon. A. W. Wills, postmaster at Nashville, advises me that Dr. Thompson has been dead for more than thirty years.

In sight of our camp away off across the river, toward the southwest, on one of the slopes, where fierce fighting had occurred six months before, were long rows of little head boards, over acres of bare earth, marking the graves of a buried army—the hero dead of Stone River. They have long been gathered into the National cemeteries, or removed to northern God’s acres. I rode all over the famous field while we remained and grew familiar with its entire topography and the positions and movements of the troops engaged, drinking history at its very fountain.

The names of the three men of Co. D who were killed in the railroad accident August 5, were Obediah and Levi Connell and Elisha Wright.

During the forenoon of August 12, the brigade attended the funeral of Colonel David D. Irons of the 86th Illinois, who died the day before, and in the afternoon the officers held a memorial meeting at which it fell to my lot to draft the resolutions of respect. I retain a very faint recollection of their form or substance. No doubt they were crude enough, but they had the merit of sincerity, for the Colonel, as man and officer, was very much respected.

For some days before we left Nashville, I was, in addition to the Fifty-second, in command of the remnant of the Third O. V. I., which had been captured on what was known as Streight’s raid into Alabama, in May, 1863. General John Beatty had been its Colonel in 1862. The number of men left in the regiment was small. They were in command of a captain—I should say his name was Leroy S. Bell—and had become much demoralized, so far as discipline was concerned, by their bitter and trying experiences in the preceding four or five months. They were just returned from rebel prisons. My duties to them as commander were merely nominal; as quartermaster and commissary—supplying quarters and subsistence by signing requisitions—they were actual or substantial. Their camp was near our original camping ground in the edge of the city.

In July, 1863, General John H. Morgan made his famous raid through Indiana and Ohio. His course took him past my father’s house—within a half mile and in sight of it. General

Shackelford, in close pursuit, at that point planted a section of artillery on the hill directly in front and within a mile of the house and opened on the enemy's column in the valley of Short Creek, a mile below. One of my sisters writing under date of July 27, among other things, said: "We could see from the porch the flash and the smoke and hear the cannon *roar*. We have seen enough of this war; it may stop now." Many of the neighbors lost horses and various other sorts of property, but the "old home" was not visited by the raiders. The distance from there to the point of final capture is about forty miles.

When we broke the camp above the old Nashville cemetery at 4 o'clock in the morning of August 20th and started south along the Franklin pike, it was never again, as a regiment, to see the Rock City.

Two letters written home during the march are as follows:

"HEADQUARTERS FIFTY-SECOND O. V. I.,

COLUMBIA, TENN., Aug. 26, 1863.

Dear Parents:

After a week I find an opportunity to send you a few lines or rather to write them; for when they will be sent I cannot tell.

August 20th, 4 o'clock a. m. Struck tents and started south on the Franklin Pike; reached Brentwood, eleven miles, by noon. Camped on the old ground over night.

21st, 4 a. m. Started for Franklin; camped at 1 p. m. in our old camp south of the town.

Our order of march first day was 52d in the van, Battery I, 2d Illinois Artillery next, the 85th Illinois, 86th Illinois, brigade wagon train and 125th Illinois rear guard. Second day, same as first save the 85th, which marched in front of the artillery and 52d rear guard.

23d, 5 a. m. Started south and at 1 p. m. camped a mile south of Spring Hill near which place Dr. Peters shot General Van Dorn last May for daring to violate one of the commandants. The doctor is now in jail in Nashville and his abandoned better half lives a lone "*vidder*" at her old home.

24th, 6 a. m. Moved three miles south to Carter's creek station where the rebels some months ago burned four bridges on the Nashville & Decatur R. R., all within a space of three miles.

We started out to repair this R. R., to rebuild the bridges. The 85th stopped at Franklin to build one there. The 86th stopped a mile north of Spring Hill for the same purpose and the rest of us expected to build the four at the camping ground of 24th.

Workmen were selected, all things ready to stick the axes into the tall oaks, when, like a clap of thunder, the order came '*Strike tents and load.*' We were moving in one hour towards Columbia. This was 4 o'clock p. m., 25th.

We reached Duck river, which runs by the town, at dusk. I gave the order, 'Stack arms,' and now said I, 'Boys, the water is knee deep. Those who can roll their pants above their knees need not take them off. Those who can't, must shed their breeches.'

Five hundred pairs of bare legs made their appearance in five minutes. The boys took arms and over we started. The river is about two hundred and fifty yards wide and for one-half hour a continuous shout was going up from that string of bare-legged soldiers. They soon dressed and we took a temporary camp till morning close by. This morning at ten we moved through town and took up quarters in the northern edge of the same upon high ground in rear of our splendid battery of six guns.

We are forty-five miles from Nashville and I think will be farther before a month. The first brigade of our division left here to-day for Athens, Alabama. I have been in command of the regiment since the 16th and will probably have to continue so until the 20th of September. Lieut. Col. Clancy is at home after conscripts.

The wagon train goes to Nashville in the morning. Our mail facilities are not good as yet.

A. R. is well.

Your son,

J. T. HOLMES."

"HEADQUARTERS FIFTY-SECOND O. V. I.,

STEVENSON, ALA., Sept. 9, 1863.

Dear Parents:

After twenty days' absence from my pen and a place that I could mail a letter I find both here. We marched into this place yesterday, having traveled two hundred miles since the morning of August 20th. You can take the big atlas and trace our course by the towns and cities of Franklin, Columbia, Spring Hill, Elkton, Athens, Huntsville, Bellefonte, Stevenson. I have no time now to write such a letter as I should like, or such as I will when we come to a little halt. We may remain here two days, but all my time will be occupied redressing and equipping the regiment.

There are some huge objects in view within two days march of this post. Chattanooga must come down. Our march was a flanking movement to prevent any body of men from harassing the rear of Rosecrans' right.

Our brigade lost one man out of the battery by the bite of a scorpion, or too much whiskey given as an antidote. The brigade has four regiments and a battery.

The 52d started with five hundred and thirty-four men and officers and has all of them yet. *Two* were wounded in a skirmish at Lynnville, Tenn., but not seriously, both in the feet.

A. R. stands the march well. We are both in good health and ready to go on. I'll write again as soon as I can. Until that time excuse me. It may be to-morrow.

Continue to write as heretofore. Don't wait for letters from us, *for we are very irregular.*

Respects to all the friends. Your son,

J. T. HOLMES."

The entry in the journal for September 1, 1863, closes with two names, "Walker, Rider." They meant that we camped that afternoon in the immediate vicinity of a still-house and a couple of the officers of one of the Illinois regiments slightly distinguished themselves. There was a delusion in the raw material which had just run from the "worm of the still" and our two friends, like Adam in the garden, had been thereby "beguiled."

The form and expression may not, in many parts, correspond with those of the quiet, the deliberation, and the conveniences of civil life and maturer years, but they have the charm of contemporaneous production and I, therefore, adopt a series of writings, which really constituted one letter, covering the time from August 20, to September 30, 1863, and let those writings tell an "old, old story" in their own way.

"HEADQUARTERS FIFTY-SECOND OHIO VOL. INF'TY.,

ROSSVILLE, GA., Sept. 18, 1863.

Dear Sister:

I dropped a line home from Stevenson, Ala., but do not know whether you received it or not. I cannot tell how long I can be allowed to write to-day, but be the time what it may I propose to begin at Nashville, August 20th. We left that place in the morning at five o'clock, starting south over the Franklin pike, a road we had traveled twice since the 1st of March. Without any special incidents, we reached our old camp at Brentwood by noon and rested until the next morning.

Bright and early, five o'clock, the brigade started on the morning of 21st. At noon we reached our old camp one mile south of Franklin. The country between Nashville and Franklin is as beautiful as I ever saw. Traveling along that smooth wide pike, almost a straight road, the land stretches away on either hand in undulations of a nature well calculated to relieve the eye of the monotonous sense that oppresses it when it gazes over miles of dead level. The soil is rich and well watered and timbered. It looks like a country in which, in times of peace, men and

women might enjoy life as God intended it should be enjoyed. As I rode along, it reminded me of those regions in Ohio with which I am acquainted. I had so often been back and forth that the objects along that twenty miles were almost as familiar as the objects on the road from home to Cadiz.

But I must move on, because I have many weary miles to trudge with the pen.

We remained in camp until the morning of the 23d when, leaving the 85th Illinois, ostensibly to rebuild railroad bridges, we moved south. At noon we passed through Spring Hill where the rebel General Van Dorn last saw daylight.

About two o'clock we camped in a fine grove two miles this side of the town. Spring Hill is probably the size of New Athens and very much such a looking place. About four miles north of Spring Hill we left the 86th Illinois to repair bridges.

On the morning of 24th, the battery and two remaining regiments, 52d Ohio, 125th Illinois, moved forward four miles to Carter's creek *to build bridges*. Now, we were led to believe we would stop for a time, as our declared object when leaving Nashville was to reopen the Nashville & Decatur Railroad.

You will see how we opened it by the time I am through. The idea was to throw the rebels off the scent.

We were ready to commence chopping and hewing. Just as the axemen were about to start for the timber the order came, 'Strike tents' and 'Load wagons.' This was noon 25th; at dusk we were on the northern bank of Duck river opposite Columbia. The water was over knee deep. The boys off with their shoes, socks and pants and there came one of those jolly scenes seldom witnessed by a peaceful people. It was one continuous stream of soldiers and one continuous deafening shout until the rear was out of the river on the southern bank. The regiment donned its clothes and went into camp in the edge of the city. In the morning (26th), we moved through the place and camped in the *other edge*. Our senior captain was detailed as Provost Marshal and four companies as Provost Guards and here we remained 26th, 27th, 28th and 29th. Colonel McCook had gone back to Nashville from camp at Spring Hill and on the 29th came up.

The two regiments had been under command of Lieut. Col. Langley, 125th Illinois, in his absence, and as McCook came by Carter's creek the citizens made complaints of his soldiers. The result was a brigade order scoring the 52d and 125th and laying down rules for the future government of the brigade.

Evening of 29th, 85th and 86th both came up and the brigade received marching orders, the 86th to remain at Columbia until relieved by troops then on the way from Fort Donelson. At five on the morning of the 30th we started. About noon, camped one-half mile south

of Lynnville in the woods by the side of the pike. All day long we had, from time to time, heard of four or five bushwhackers who were keeping three or four miles in advance of our van-guard. About six o'clock in the evening the Colonel commanding sent four companies out on picket; they went respectively towards the four points of the compass. Co. E, Captain Mansfield, went about four hundred yards up the valley towards the town and threw out sentinels to the front, right and left. Each of the other companies marched the same distance and threw out sentinels. All was still until morning. Our orders were to march at five in the morning and the pickets were to come in at reveille.

The 52d had reveille before daylight and the companies were 'falling in' in the grey dawn when, bang went a gun. I had my foot in the stirrup and as I looked in the direction of Mansfield's picket post, I saw in rapid succession four flashes and heard four more shots. The firing ceased and we waited as patiently as possible to see Co. E come in. It happened to be nearly in camp when the firing took place, so it wasn't Co. E that had been fired on. The captain said he had sent two men to the spring as he came off picket and he supposed they had been shot at.

In a few minutes the two men were brought in both shot in the feet. The *five* bushwhackers had ambushed the spring and when the boys went to fill their canteens preparatory to the day's march, they had tried to take their lives and by strange fortune *hit* them in the *understandings*. One shot, without drawing blood, cut the sole off from the heel of the soldier's shoe passing under the foot. The foot turned black right across the bottom, but the soldier, Nixon B. Stewart, is ready again to march. The other, Corporal Thompson, was shot through the foot, the ball entering the ball of the foot and coming out above between the little toe and the next. He is doing well and will soon be able to march. After the extent of damage was known, Colonel McCook sent Colonel Harmon of the 125th, with three companies, to burn *five* houses in Lynnville, the property of the worst rebels. It was done and by eight o'clock we moved on not having been able to catch Messrs. Bushwhackers. Near 11 o'clock same day—31st—when within four miles of Pulaski, the 52d marching in rear of the wagon train and having Companies G and B two hundred yards behind the regiment as rear guard, hearing a shot, I looked back and saw the first platoon of Co. G, wheeling and letting drive eight or ten shots into the woods to the right of the road across a narrow cotton field. I rode back double quick and catching my sword over a fallen telegraph wire, as a result, broke it nearly loose from my body. Captain Rothacker reported the first shot as having been fired by a bushwhacker and as having struck about fifteen feet above the two companies and ricocheted over them. I sent fifteen men from Co. K as skirmishers up through the woods and rode back to halt the regiment. The skirmishers were gone about five minutes when bang, bang, bang guns began to go. I took Co. A and struck at double quick up a

lane on the right and at right angles to the pike. When we got up the lane one hundred and fifty yards there was a high bank on our right and just as we passed behind the bank a Butternut, with gun in hand, bounced up and ran some twenty yards in sight of the regiment right towards an orchard for which I was making to head off the three murderers who had been in the attacking squad. At the end of the lane I came upon a house and in a minute it was surrounded by bayonets and loaded guns. The proprietor and an immense family of marriageable girls stood on the porch. The house was searched in a respectful manner, but the man with butternut breeches, white shirt and gun, was not found, although he had been seen running round the corner of the house the last place and I fully believe he was concealed therein. The skirmishers were called in, having, as they reported, wounded two of the murder squad, which at first consisted of three. The wounded escaped while their pursuers were loading. I sent the Companies A and K back down the lane to the regiment and that the planter might know what to expect in future, I rode up to his porch and asked if he knew what the policy pursued now was when a man permitted such desperadoes as those we had been hunting to fire upon columns of troops passing, no matter whether they fired from the windows of his house or from his orchard, no matter from what point so it was near his house. No, he didn't know. 'Well,' said I, 'it is this: If I were to report to the commander of these troops what has been done from your ground *right there*, and I pointed to where Mr. Murderer had shot from, your house would be burned down over your head.'

Said he: 'That would be hard.' 'I know it, but if you'll do your duty, men cannot fire at passing columns from your very yard, at least, not these bushwhackers with which this vicinity seems to be infested.' Said he: 'I've been persuading my neighbors for *four or five weeks*, not to shoot at you all as you went by.' 'Yes,' put in one of his fierce daughters, 'I know father said that to his neighbors five weeks ago.' The old man and girl no doubt thought they were getting off a good thing by their five weeks strong, but I couldn't see it and being in a hurry I said: 'It is presumed you know your neighbors and can prevent such acts in the future right before your very eyes.' You *ought* to do it and if you do not, remember what I have said and this in addition, *Lynnville is partly in ashes* for a like offense. Good day, sir!"

I hadn't dreamed of it, but wheeling my horse to rejoin the regiment, I saw the flames bursting from his two barns. He would think me the most impudent man he ever saw, threatening to burn his house while his barns were on fire. How they got on fire I did not know and when I saw them I didn't care much. I am confident he had in his house a creature who outside of the pale of civilized warfare would have taken my life if he could have done it. The train had gone on and, as soon as I rejoined the regiment, we started forward. Passed through Pulaski and

found the rest of the brigade camped on a little creek close to town. Columbia and Pulaski, each, about the size of Cadiz; *less compactly built*. In two hours we started on and stopped at dusk on Richland creek, six miles from Pulaski. September 1st, 5 a. m., on the move again, at eleven o'clock we passed through Elkton and struck Elk river in the edge of town, *the place deserted*. Here we had another *strip* and *wade*. More fun and hurrahing. In the afternoon we camped by Blowing Springs. The springs rise in Alabama and in ten steps flowing the stream is in Tennesseé. Our camp that night was in Tennessee, but I didn't sleep till I had taken a drink from the head of the spring in Alabama. I had always expected to go into the State of Alabama on high table land, but instead thereof we went up this spring run—and the stream is large enough to supply a huge still-house by which I pitched my headquarters night of the 1st—between high steep bluffs on the morning of the 2d. After we passed the line by the spring and were fairly in Alabama we wound up and up through a kind of mountain gorge for two miles; then we struck the same lay of land upon which I had all along looked to enter the state. It was one wide barren without a human being living on it, covered with black jack and scrub oak. This we marched through for fifteen miles. In the afternoon, came to Athens, Alabama. A very neat city, but sadly the worse for cruel war. Here we remained until the morning of the 4th.

There may be a fight about here within six hours, as I just now learn. The enemy is near and may compel us to do battle. God speed the right. Your brother,

J. T. HOLMES."

"HEADQUARTERS FIFTY-SECOND O. V. I.,

September 29, 1863.

Dear Sue:

After an absence of eleven days from my pen I take it up again. I'll commence where I quit, 'Athens, Ala.' I don't mean I quit writing there, but quit my history of this campaign. To resume; those barrens of which I was speaking run almost to Athens. You leave them very suddenly nearly in sight of the place and then the land is truly beautiful. On the 4th we left Athens for Huntsville, distant twenty-five miles; we reached it at dusk. One of the grandest places I ever saw: situated in the edge of the mountains, in a valley, at sunset the scene was glorious. Our way was through a country upon the left of which lay the barrens and on the right a fertile but deserted region. September 5th, camped at noon on Hurricane creek within a mile of Frank Gurley's farm, laid waste by order of General Rosecrans. He was the murderer of Bob. McCook. At ten o'clock we passed old man Gurley's farm. After the brigade had passed, Colonel McCook sent me back in command of fifty mounted men to burn every building but one or two negro shanties, and they were for the accommodation of about a dozen slaves

belonging to Gurley. I was ordered to deaden the fruit trees and fire the fences. Said the Colonel: '*Make it an utter desolation.*' We went back double quick. I found no white people on the plantation and in the execution of my orders burned about twenty-five buildings, among others the house in which Frank Gurley was born. This was the 6th. Camped at 2 o'clock p. m. at *Cave Spring*, a spring and a cave.

On the 7th camped at Bellefonte, a town the size of Georgetown, without a soul in it; not a living—not even a '*dorg*.'

September 8th, reached Stevenson, once more saw the cars and something like life. It was then and is to some extent yet the base of operations for the army of the Cumberland. This made two hundred miles march for us.

September 9th. Drew shoes and clothing for the regiment.

September 10th. Marched to Bridgeport. Here, for the first time, saw the Tennessee river. It is a stream of passing beauty. We crossed the pontoon and stopped on the southern bank of the river on the 11th.

When we went into camp on the 10th, I was a little surprised to see the 98th file past my tent door, but there it went and we saw all the boys that are still in it. The 40th, too, in which Math. Simpson is Sergeant Major camped beside us that night.

The 69th crossed the pontoons just after us and I saw my friends in that. Major Hanna looked very well when I saw him last. The 69th was going to the front to rejoin its brigade, having been left at Cowan, when the army moved, to guard ammunition forward. It was attached temporarily to our brigade, so Johns and I were close together for a time.

September 12th, marched to Shell Mound and within two hundred yards of our camp a man could lay his hand on Tennessee, Alabama and Georgia without moving; then at the same place is a cave that has been explored for fifteen miles without any ends being found. I rode my horse '*Charley*' about two hundred yards in at the mouth. Said mouth is one hundred feet wide and thirty feet high, a grand opening in the hills. It was worth traveling one hundred miles to see. The people call it Nigger Jack cave; the Indians called it Nickojack, all this, presumably, because a negro by the name of Jack discovered it. *It* deserves the name of *Mammoth cave*.

September 13th. Marched into Chattanooga at 9 p. m., passing over the famous Lookout Mountain in the dusk. The mountain is three miles from the city.

September 14th. Marched out five miles to Rossville, Ga. Here, the 69th along, still, we lay in camp 15th, 16th, 17th and until three o'clock p. m., 18th. That's when I quit writing.

Then I received orders to see that every man have sixty rounds of ammunition, and be ready to march instantly. Everything was ominous of the presence of the enemy. At four o'clock p. m. we moved out some

four miles southeast and at dark filed into the woods; we had five regiments and two batteries.

Here, on top of a hill, in thick woods, we lay down for the night. I'll write no more to-night. We are now seven miles above Chattanooga and on the river. The enemy is on the other side of the water. Till to-morrow, if no ill luck, good-by,

J. T. HOLMES."

"HEADQUARTERS FIFTY-SECOND OHIO VOL. INF'TY.,

CHICKAMAUGA CREEK, TENN., Sept. 30, 1863.

I still write, and when I shall quit I don't know. Must go back a ways to pick up an item or two. The old man whose barn was burned and who had been advising his neighbors not to bushwhack troops passing, as I learned before leaving him an hour, had preached the Sabbath before to his neighbors and, when talking of the 'Yankees' passing through the country on the way south, he said: 'Get on the hill tops, waylay the springs, ambush the roads, and, wherever you can, *shoot* them, *kill* them whenever and wherever you can find them.' This was the way he truly *advised* instead of the other. Item No. 2. From Huntsville to Chattanooga, in fact wherever we have been since leaving Huntsville, it is a continual stream of mountains and you may well believe we saw some steep, rough roads. But to come to the hill where we had five regiments and two batteries. Early on the morning of the 19th we were roused and in line. The boys, a few of them, went to a spring some distance east, for water and, as the darkies say, "started 'em." Pop, pop the guns commenced going until our pickets were attacked and a smart skirmish followed. The enemy were in force in front of us and on our right. At eight o'clock we withdrew and returned to Rossville, but what had begun in a skirmish for the possession of a spring soon rolled away to the right in one of the most terrific battles of the war. Other troops moved into our position and the shock of battle was heard until dark. We lost from the 52d three men in the morning. Two were wounded and all three fell into the enemy's hands. This was Saturday, 19th; at noon, we reached Rossville and at three moved out two miles on a road directly east. Here we lay in line of battle listening to the fight till dark and waiting until morning. *Stragglers* said we were "*cut to pieces.*"

September 20th, at daylight, we moved east perhaps two miles farther and took up position on a high hill. The second brigade—ours—was alone. We marched past the 98th standing in line of battle. It was commanded by Captain Urquhart. How they suffered before that day's sun went down! Our position was a mile from theirs. At nine o'clock, after we had been watching columns of dust from rebel hordes marching over the roads in front of us an hour or more, the ball opened on the right of us two miles away.

CHICKAMAUGA, Oct. 2, 1863.

About ten o'clock these columns of dust instead of coming toward us bore off to the southwest. We had shifted position in the same direction one and one-half miles and took up position by General Gordon Granger's headquarters in the woods.

At half-past twelve we moved two miles southwest. Most of this march lay along the verge of the battlefield. The whole country was on fire, fences, woods, haystacks, houses and everything almost that would burn. We entered the road we had gone out on from Rossville the evening of the 18th. The battle still raged in front of us as we were then marching. I shall never forget the scent that greeted our nostrils through that two miles. It was a mingling of smoke from powder, burning pines, and the exhalations of dead bodies. Horrible! We were marching down a sort of ravine, 86th in front, 85th, Battery I, 52d and 125th last, when like a thunder clap, a gun on our left about a hundred and fifty yards off and seemingly above us landed a solid shot over the heads of the 52d. I saw Colonel McCook and the regiments in advance getting out of the way up the hill to the right, for they were riding and walking right into the rebel battery, having turned the head of our column up the left side going down the ravine. The Colonel motioned to me and shouted, 'March your regiment up here.' I brought it to a front and about faced it, when here came a shell, as the joker would have it, saying, 'Where, where are you?' It didn't find anybody but *lighted* about four feet behind 'Charley' and the same distance from Co. F, without bursting. 'Forward march!' and although grape and canister, with shot and shell flew over and round us the regiment marched steadily up the hill with their backs to the iron storm. We soon gained the crest of the hill and Battery I was planted, with the 52d and the 125th on the left of it, lying flat on the ground, behind the brow of the hill, but so that two sentinels could see over without being exposed. The 125th lay behind us in the edge of some woods that covered the ground in our rear. The 52d lay in open ground and had an open slope of three hundred yards in front down to the run—up the other side was woods and in the woods the rebels. The 86th and 85th lay on the right of the battery, one behind the other. As soon as we were in position, the rebel battery ceased firing. Here we lay and, at three o'clock, there came one of those *hushes* so ominous in battle. As quickly as thought, about one-half mile on our right the two lines of musketry opened, the conflict rolling away to the right, and for one hour and a half old soldiers say it was the heaviest they ever heard.

The fighting was awful. The rebels had tried to break through Thomas' corps. They failed and at the end of the hour and a half were driven back. As soon as repulsed there they seemed to swing in on us and with two batteries commenced to lift shot and shell at the second brigade, second division, reserve corps.

Barnett, the Captain of our battery, opened on them and in an hour had so far disabled the famous Washington battery, stolen from New Orleans, that General Turchin's brigade charged through it from the rebels' rear. Turchin had driven them back and captured five hundred prisoners, but it grew so hot he had to abandon them and in returning to our lines he ran through this battery. Barnett held his fire while the brigade was charging. The 52d had one lieutenant and three men struck by pieces of shell. The 125th had one killed and three struck. The other two regiments had four or five men struck. The fighting lasted till dark when Barnett closed the battle for Sunday by a salvo of six guns. One man of the 52d was struck on the mouth with a piece of shell and had to ride in the ambulance; all the rest of the brigade were able to march to Rossville as we did at eight that night, distance about four miles. The whole army fell back at dark. Second brigade was the last to leave the field and the troops of John C. Breckinridge were said to have a very wholesome fear of its battery and bayonets. How strange that I once admired Breckinridge more than any other public man in the United States and within seven years lay under the whistling balls of his traitorous guns. It is said our brigade fought his division. Be that as it may, we moved as quietly as mice that night until we reached Rossville. The Army of the Cumberland seemed to be lying in that valley and, to tell the truth, much dispirited, not whipped by any means, but disheartened at the prospect of resisting 100,000 with 60,000. The morning of the 21st came; brigades and divisions moved up on the hills to take position. At noon we took our place on the side and top of what is called Missionary Mountain. Our left rested on a road that passes through a gap in the mountains. The line of battle was still from north-east to southwest. Here we were lying quietly about one o'clock, behind rude log breastworks thrown up by the boys in a few minutes. The mountain is covered with forest as is most of the country here for miles.

We could look left oblique down on the road for some distance. About one o'clock the rebels having found no opposition and thinking we were in Chattanooga, came marching along the road to go through the gap. They missed it. Eight guns planted in the gap and masked opened on their column and scattered them to the hills.

In twenty minutes they had two batteries on the hill opposite where our brigade rested, but they naturally turned their whole attention to our artillery in the bottom. Then commenced the fight anew. If there is anything grand in battle, we saw and heard it. Rebel shells wide of their mark would burst over and behind the regiment. Occasionally, both on Sunday and Monday, a shot would take off a large limb or a tree-top and let it tumble to the earth.

At this gap, we had too many guns for them. Two twenty-four pounders were brought into action and at each discharge the earth would tremble while the shrieking of the shell as it went in search of the ene-

my's guns was terrific. The 125th was lying behind us again and had another poor fellow killed and one slightly wounded, while we had no one hurt, although if the enemy had been able to see us we could have been badly hurt for we were in fair range, but the wood concealed us. Bullets whistled overhead and struck in our breastworks from time to time; part of the regiment fought from trees in front of our works with rebel skirmishers for four hours. Night came at last. How the soldier longs for darkness to relax the tension of his powers by putting an end to battle!—Wellington is credited with saying at Waterloo: 'Oh! that night or Blucher would come!'—As soon as it was completely dark our brigade was drawn off and we marched into Chattanooga. When daylight broke again—22d—the Army of the Cumberland was disposed on the hills immediately around the city. The work of fortification went steadily on and has daily been growing stronger since. On 23d our brigade took up position as the third line of troops behind the forts and rifle pits. Morning of the 24th I stumbled on Major Sam. Brown's grave. He was Major of the 65th, wounded 20th, died 22d. It was in the cemetery about twenty steps from where the left of 52d was resting.

Soon after, I met Tom. McElravy, Captain 74th. Still Tom. The 98th lost about fifty-five officers and men in Sunday's fight. It lay on the left of the 52d in the cemetery on the 24th. Eleven o'clock at night, the enemy attacked but were repulsed without loss on our side, four being wounded. I could write a book, but must close.

On 25th we crossed the river and moved up four miles to Caldwell's ford. Fortified the bank on 26th.

September 27th moved to a ford three miles above at the mouth of what is called on my map West Chickamauga creek. Here we are yet, to prevent the enemy's crossing to our rear.

The boys sometimes talk across the river to rebel pickets. Rebels offer to trade whiskey for coffee. They ask: 'Why don't you all go home so we can go too?'

As I have always felt, *I would there was no war*. Where nature has made us one, however, *one we must remain*.

Sooner or later this fact will be reached and kindred will no longer raise hand against kindred and blood will cease to flow in this destructive civil war. The losses in this battle I cannot estimate. Ours may be twelve hundred killed, twenty-five hundred wounded, and two thousand prisoners. I don't know what the official name of the fight will be. It was fought in the valley of East Chickamauga creek and Chickamauga may be its name.

The 52d is five men less than when these operations began. We have been miraculously spared thus far.

You might wonder what I thought when death was all around me. I thought of a good many things, but so far I my own individual self was concerned, I thought: 'The power that made *preserves* and sustains

us.' The rest of my thoughts were directed to the management of the 52d regiment, five hundred men.

And where was A. R. all this time? I can answer. *In his place.* He has not been out of it for three hundred miles marching and fighting. Plucky for the little sergeant, isn't it?

Do soldiers want peace? They do, and it is peace for which they are fighting. I wish it were here now, but I bide with patience the time when it may come. All is quiet about here now and I cannot say that we have any indications of fight for some time. May be you will not receive this letter. If you don't I'll be disappointed. Give the photograph to Aunt Sue Dickerson and my respects to all the friends. Tell them, too, a soldier has but little chance to write when he marches or fights all day and sleeps at night on the ground rolled up in a blanket. We have had splendid weather for six weeks. It rained yesterday for the first. I remain, your brother.

J. T. HOLMES."

The official report of regimental operations on the Chickamauga field, although in part a repetition, will appropriately close this chapter. It is taken from Vol. 55, pp. 879-882, War Records:

"HEADQUARTERS FIFTY-SECOND OHIO VOL. INF'TY.,  
CHICKAMAUGA CREEK, TENN., Oct. 10, 1863.

"SIR: I have the honor to make the following report of the part taken by this command in the battle of Chickamauga:

At Rossville, Ga., between 2 and 3 p. m. of Friday, September 18th, I was ordered to 'See that every man of the command has 60 rounds of ammunition and be ready to march at a moment's notice.' Following Battery I, Second Illinois, Captain Barnett commanding, as ordered, about 3 o'clock, the regiment moved out. Our march lay along the Lafayette road a distance of five miles, at which point we struck a road to the left leading to Reed's Bridge. After following this road a mile I was ordered to take position at right angles with the road, the left of the regiment resting near it. The position was not reached until nightfall.

The men were ordered to lie down by their guns and preserve strict silence. I was ordered to send a picket force 300 or 400 yards in front, extending the line beyond the right of the regiment to protect the left of the Eighty-sixth Illinois.

It was sent forward and took the position ordered as nearly as the denseness of the woods and undergrowth would permit in the darkness.

At daylight on the morning of the 19th, I was directed by a staff officer from Colonel McCook to change front to rear on the first company, afterward to move by the right flank 100 paces.

Very soon slight skirmishing commenced with the pickets in front of our original position, and also at the spring some distance to the left of the position then occupied.

About 8 a. m. I was ordered to march my command by the right flank on the left of the battery, as it was then moving toward the Lafayette road. Striking this road I was directed to follow with the regiment, that portion of the battery moving toward Rossville. At this point the pickets sent out the night before rejoined the regiment. We reached Rossville at noon. In the afternoon the regiment, as directed, took up position on the Ringgold road at the top of Mission Ridge, where it remained through the night.

After passing McAfee's Church early on the morning of the 20th, Company D, Captain Neighbor commanding, and Company B, Lieutenant Duff commanding, were thrown forward as skirmishers, and Company I, Lieutenant Marsh commanding, was deployed to cover the right flank of the regiment. Thus disposed, the regiment moved over a mile toward the Chickamauga, when I was ordered to halt, face it about, and follow the column. The skirmishers and flankers were at the same time ordered to march in retreat.

Upon the hill seized by the brigade immediately afterward, I was ordered to form line of battle 100 paces in rear of the Eighty-sixth Illinois, upon the left of the battery. The skirmishers, by direction of a staff officer from the Colonel commanding, were deployed in front and upon the left flank of the position, 1,000 yards distant.

Later in the day, 10 a. m., the skirmish companies having been ordered in, I was ordered to march the regiment in rear of the Eighty-fifth Illinois, and when the position near McAfee's Church was taken up I was directed with the regiment to take position on the left of the battery in rear of the One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Illinois. From here, as ordered, I sent two companies to join the skirmishers of the One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Illinois. They were Company C, Captain Thomas commanding, and Company H, Lieutenant Summers commanding.

At noon, being ordered to have the skirmish companies of the regiment recalled quickly, I directed Adjutant Masury to apprise them of the order to move and conduct them to the regiment. In the march from the church to Cloud's house, according to order. I followed the battery with the regiment.

When suddenly fired upon in the low grounds near that house the command was marching by the right flank. It was halted instantly, the rear carriages of the battery having halted a moment before. Without delay the Colonel commanding in person directed me to move the regiment behind the crest of the hill on our right,

Facing the regiment from flank to front, and as quickly facing it to the rear, I ordered it forward. The distance over which the regiment must march with the backs of the men unavoidably exposed to the fire of the enemy's battery could not have been short of three hundred yards. Shots were flying and shells were bursting in front and rear of the regiment, upon its right and left flanks, and over it, and yet, strange as it

might appear to those who witnessed it, not a man was injured. The movement was steadily executed, save the slight interruption of a fence that lay obliquely in our way.

The crest of the hill gained, a new enemy confronted the position we were ordered to take on the left of the battery. The tall grass and the weeds down the slope in front of us had been fired through the day, and a line of flame driven by the breeze directly in the faces of the men compelled a withdrawal of a few paces, until a detail should brush away the new foe. The task was speedily completed; we moved to our position.

After lying under fire of the enemy's guns almost or quite an hour, I received an order to have the men rise, as the enemy were thought to be on the point of charging. The order, 'Rise up,' was no sooner given than as one man and instantly the regiment sprang to its feet. The enemy's skirmishers appeared on our left and fired, but were quickly driven back to the woods for shelter. Such was the excellence of our position at this time, that while shot and shell, with occasional grape and rifle balls, hummed and whistled close to the line of heads along that crest, the open field in front was completely commanded by our arms.

With the advent of night the sounds of battle died away. I received an order immediately after dark to move quietly out by the left flank, as soon as I could recall the pickets that had been first posted 300 yards in front of the command. It was done, and after a brisk march of about five miles the regiment bivouacked at Rossville.

On the following morning Company F, Captain Hutchison commanding, rejoined the regiment, having been left on picket when the command was ordered out on the 18th. Every company was now present; besides those already mentioned were Company G, Captain Rothacker commanding; Company E, Captain Mansfield commanding; Company A, Lieutenant Lane commanding; Company K, Lieutenant James commanding.

At noon, 21st, I was ordered to move the regiment up Missionary Mountain, and by the personal directions of the Colonel commanding, occupied the side of the mountain, the right of the regiment resting near the crest, and the left slightly refused near the road; the Eighteenth Ohio upon our left; the One Hundred and Fourth Ohio\* upon the right. In one-half hour a line of breastworks was formed of logs and bushes from the mountain side. It covered the entire regiment.

About 2 p. m. our skirmishers, Company A, were attacked by those of the enemy. This firing was continuous for four hours. Our skirmish line was 50 yards in front of the temporary breastworks, in which many of the enemy's balls lodged. Shells from the enemy's guns were constantly bursting and flying over the regiment, until darkness came on, when the order was received to withdraw from the mountain without

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\* A note to my report points out that the 104th regiment mentioned was probably the 104th Illinois, not Ohio.

noise or confusion at 8 p. m. precisely, and march into Chattanooga, which place the regiment reached at 11 p. m.

On the morning of the 23d, the regiment was ordered from its position in the outskirts of the city to form line behind the fort and rifle-pits to the east.

After noon of the 25th, ordered to move across the pontoon and four miles up the river.

Evening of the 27th, ordered to the present camp.

Our loss was three men on the 19th and two on the 20th.

I could not make special mention of any officer or officers of this command that would not be injustice to the others in it whose names could not appear in a report of this length.

It will suffice to say that through all, both officers and men bore their parts with a steady firmness and brave endurance that must ever reflect upon them with honor. In the midst of rumors of terrible disaster to our arms, they never were disheartened, but believed that, although temporary reverses might befall us, in God and right is our strength, and we cannot fail of ultimate and permanent success.

I am, Captain, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

J. T. HOLMES,

Major, Commanding Regiment.

CAPTAIN E. L. ANDERSON,

Acting Assistant Adjutant-General, Second Brigade."

Arrangements are all made to go over the Chickamauga battlefield to-morrow. It will consume the entire day.

CHATTANOOGA, May 20, 1897.

This morning, about 8:30, we stepped into a carriage and were driven directly to Rossville, the camp of my regiment from September 14 to September 18, 1863, parts of both days inclusive. A considerable town has sprung up there because of the construction of a railroad, which runs from Chattanooga via Crawfish Springs, south. In the gap on the right hand side of the Lafayette road going south, I located our position during the afternoon of September 21, 1863, as we lay under the artillery fire of the enemy. It was here that I first saw General John Beatty, as he walked along the line in rear of the 52d down to the road. He was, like the rest of us, younger then than now. Very soon, as we drove along, after coming in sight of the old John Ross house, still standing, we began to see the tablets prepared by the government and set in proper positions to advise the tourist, inquirer and participant with reference to positions and movements of troops and batteries, and these tablets are all over the field where men—federal and confederate—moved and fought and bled and died on the 19th, 20th, and 21st days of September, 1863. The main body of our army came on the field from the south, by way of Crawfish Springs, but the Reserve Corps, under General Gordon Granger, to which we belonged, entered it from the north by way of Rossville Gap.

Presently our driver, an intelligent colored man, stopped and pointed out McAfee's Church, a mile or more to our left and rear. The fence around the buildings was visible through a gap among the trees, but, as the sun was then shining, the buildings could not be seen, even with a glass, owing to the shade of the trees. The old structure still stands in the same yard with the new one, which has been erected since the war. As we returned late in the afternoon we had no trouble, from the same spot, to see the church. A short distance further down the road, we came to the position at Cloud's house. I did not leave the carriage and noted that the road has been made straight instead of curving, as it did *then*, down hill to the right toward the Spring. Beyond the McDonald house we took the Reed's bridge road to the left and after traveling about a mile and a half

came to the position which we occupied on the night of September 18th, not far from the bridge. The monument of the 52d is properly located—between the position of the regiment and its skirmish line—and the only criticism I have to make of the inscription is that my name is “James F. Holmes.” It may not be difficult to correct the obnoxious letter. Here the first guns were fired on the morning of the 19th by some of the men of our brigade who had gone to a spring down in front, just at daylight. From this position we were drawn back to Rossville during the forenoon and Vandever’s and Croxton’s brigades went in and the battle began in earnest. We met these troops east of the Lafayette road as we came out. Our driver followed the line of monuments and tablets substantially from the position at Jay’s mill to the south side of the Kelly field where we again turned south on the Lafayette road. We made a stop at the Brotherton house and had a drink of water. It was here that the famous gap was made in our line by a mistaken order sent by General Rosecrans to General T. J. Wood. “Close up on Brannan.” There was no way for him to obey except by drawing his division out of the line and moving it behind Brannan. This left the gap through which the rebels poured and broke our right wing.

The monuments and tablets continue on up to Lee and Gordon’s mills—still standing—still running, for that matter, and still owned by the Lee estate. We passed our camp which was across the road, a little northwest of the mill and stopped on top of the rise of ground immediately west of the mill where the Lee house stood during the war and still stands. It was General Wood’s headquarters on the night of September 18, and the General, with his wife and daughter, or with the latter, was there quite recently. The road ran around this hill to the left, nearer the mill, in that “elder day.”

A small house has been built just north of the Lee house on the same side of the new road over the knoll. I left the carriage and went to the front gate of this new house to inquire about my gray horse, left with Mr. Hall when the Atlanta campaign began. On the front porch were a half dozen people, old and young. I fired away at the crowd with my questions about Mr.

Hall, who, I learned, died some three years ago; about Diggory Sholl, who married the Byrd girl, while we camped at the mill, and was tied up by the thumbs by McCook, for marrying in violation of orders, and who is said to be now living with that wife at Dalton, Ga.; about the gray horse and his subsequent history. I soon found myself talking with a son-in-law of Mr. Hall, but he could tell me nothing about the horse, except that he thought Sholl had gotten him on my order. Sholl obtained the order for him soon after the war, but never reported the horse to me in Ohio as he promised to do, if I would give him the order. The son-in-law said his wife, who was away from home, would no doubt remember all about the transaction. Mr. Hall lived down the creek from the mills, a mile or more.

While we were stopped at the mills two carriages passed us going south. We had seen them both as we were driving along the lines from Reed's bridge or Jay's mill to the Kelly field. At Crawfish Springs, two miles above, we found that General Boynton and Major Smartt, of Chattanooga, were in one of them. Boynton is the historian of Chickamauga and now a member of the Park Commission, while Smartt was on the *other side of the question* from Chickamauga to Bentonville and is now a shoe merchant in Chattanooga.

At the Springs, to their surprise, we met the brothers, Chas. and Geo. Elliott, brothers of J. M., the photographer of Columbus, who are running the hotel at that point. The ride and the heat had prostrated Mrs. H. and she could not eat any dinner, or go about the Springs. Everything could fortunately be seen around them from the hotel windows.

Joe. Swan of Co. G rode with me to them, from the camp at the mills, some time in April, 1864. Then they poured out of the ground just as nature and the action of the water had left it. An old wheel, which looked as if it had belonged to some kind of mill, was then standing by the Spring. It was beginning to grow dusk and I did not examine it particularly, as Swan and I had ridden up specially to see the Springs. Now, there is a dam of stone masonry just below the spring, which makes a lake some forty feet in diameter and I should say eighteen or twenty feet in depth. A wheel-house is built at the west end of the

dam and the power is used to pump water to the Lee mansion, a little way above the spring, and to operate the dynamos for the house and the hotel. Mr. Geo. Elliott told me that the effect of building the dam had been to decrease the power and apparent flow of the spring by forcing the water through channels which conducted it into the creek at different points down the stream, but that recently it seemed to be recovering its former strength. It belongs to the Lee, or Lee and Gordon, estate, and Mr. Lee, the son of the war-time head of the firm, and grandson of Mr. Gordon, the other partner, would tear down the dam if it promised permanent injury to the Spring. The Spring is the strongest issue of water from the ground I remember ever to have seen. It is a creek from the source, perhaps twenty feet wide and from ten to twelve inches deep. A fishing club has dammed the stream a mile or more down toward the mills and has splendid fishing grounds all the way up to the hotel. The water of the Spring lake has a strange *bluc* color, in the lake, but is clear when dipped up.

The hotel, exceedingly well kept by the Columbus brothers, is a commodious and attractive building, frequented at all seasons of the year by visitors and tourists from "all over the world," for several reasons. Crawfish Springs are as famous as Chickamauga battlefield and must ever keep pace with its fame, because shots were exchanged as the troops were passing here on their way to the field, which must ever remain one of the deadliest in the world's history. A visit to the battlefield is incomplete without a visit to the Springs.

Mr. Charles Elliott introduced me to Mr. Lee, the son and grandson referred to, and I had quite an interesting conversation with him while we waited on the veranda. He is now about forty years of age and was a very small boy, playing about the old home and the mills when we were camped there from March 6 to May 3, 1864. He is now a member of the Georgia monument commission, which state has projected a monument eighty feet in height to be erected near the Poe field. The work on the foundation has already been commenced.

At the Springs we met General Stewart, who commanded a confederate division during the engagement. General Boynton,

already referred to, also Major Smartt and a major of the regular army, whose name I failed to catch. General Stewart is a member of the Park Commission in the pay of the government and a representative of the confederate interests, so to speak, in the establishment of the park itself. He and his wife live at the Park Hotel in very comfortable quarters. The General is well preserved and apparently in sound bodily health, enjoying life while aiding in the preservation of the memories of what was possibly the bloodiest battle of his experience.

The government has acquired something over six thousand acres for park purposes, but there are still considerable portions of the battle grounds lying outside of the park limits. For example, the line of the park is still quite a distance south of the Cloud house position. It is contemplated to purchase all of the ground covered by the contending forces as the owners may be willing to sell at reasonable prices. A vast amount of labor has been performed already in marking the field and putting the park in order. The thick underbrush which obscured much of the fighting ground between the Lafayette road and the creek has been cleared away so as to permit an intelligent view of positions and movements of both armies on the 19th and 20th of September, while the timber is preserved so as to leave the grounds, wood and field, very nearly as they were during the two days' action.

The government has built nearly one hundred and fifty miles of fine roadways, including the line along Mission Ridge summit, running along and through all the leading lines of battle in that kaleidoscopic and dramatic, as well as tragic, engagement. The work is still progressing under the careful and thoroughly intelligent direction of the commissioners.

It was 4 p. m. when we said good-by to our hosts and to the guests and visitors of the Park House, whom I have already mentioned, and began the return drive.

Before I stepped into the carriage, I asked Mr. George Elliott to show me over the hotel so that I might have some idea of its rooms and halls and appointments if any persons should inquire about Crawfish Springs as a southern summer or winter resort. While chary of indorsements of all kinds, I should have

no hesitation in commending the Park to visitors and tourists of my acquaintance at any season of the year. Its patronage is largely from the south, but northerners are making it a stopping place in the cooler months and will always be contributors to its support by an increasing patronage.

General Wilder was an active spirit in the origin of the enterprise and Federal and Confederate took part in its original management, which did not prosper. A loss of nearly \$100,000 occurred and the result has been to place the property in new hands and under more conservative auspices, on a sounder basis. Our return was made by way of Widow Glenn's—Rosecrans' headquarters on the 19th and 20th, until the break—where a huge tower of masonry, now some forty feet high, is in process of construction. It is surrounded by monuments, markers and tablets. Next we passed the Vittitoe house and then the "bloody pond" south of Snodgrass hill. A good deal of romancing has been done about this pond. On the 20th cavalry horses and soldiers in considerable numbers were congregated about it as the only water for long distances, and a confederate battery, getting the range, killed a goodly number of the horses, and dead and wounded soldiers were very naturally about its borders. Some of the horses, loose, led and ridden, were killed in the water and their blood no doubt stained it, for General Wilder at one time during the day waded out beyond the bodies of the horses and took a drink out of the central portion of the pond. The stories beyond these facts about the "bloody pond" have a good deal of fiction in them. The water is perhaps twenty to twenty-five yards across and lies in an open valley near the foot of the gorge in Snodgrass hill up which the confederates charged with such valor and desperation and where they were as valorously and desperately repulsed again and again from about 4 p. m. until near nightfall of the 20th. This fighting we could hear as we lay on Cloud's hill, in sight, about two miles away, toward the north of northeast. The roadway to the crest where Steadman charged runs up this gorge, which is steep, but without sharply defined, or rugged, angles. When the crest is reached from the south you are in a depression of the ridge. Here you find yourself among the monuments and tablets which stand for, and cele-

brate the, achievements of the troops of our Reserve Corps under Granger, which marched from McAfee's to the relief of Thomas, who here won the title, "Rock of Chickamauga," guided through the meadows toward the south, southwest by the sound of Thomas's guns. Granger's march and work that afternoon were characteristic of the great General, if he did threaten to whip the boys for foraging at Rossville. He was at McAfee without orders. His ears and instincts told him that somebody was hard pressed and needed help and without waiting for orders he started with his corps to the point of need. Dropping our brigade at the Cloud house, or hill, or spring, he pushed on to Snodgrass house with Steadman's division and Mitchell's brigade and reached that position just in the nick of time to prevent a great and final disaster to the whole army and to launch his men where old mortality reaped a harvest well nigh unprecedented and where that portion of the Reserve Corps secured immortality of fame.

As it began to grow dusk, that day, Granger in person appeared at our position on Cloud's hill. The sounds of battle had died away at Snodgrass and Thomas had begun a sullen retirement.

General Lytle's monument crowns a knoll between Widow Glenn's and Snodgrass hill. He was killed there in the afternoon of the 20th and it was about the same time that Rosecrans lost the thread of the battle—so rapid were the changes in positions on the right—and started for Chattanooga to reorganize the fragments of his army and prepare the defense of the city.

To go back to Cloud's hill for a minute. Barnett's battery was served with efficiency and precision from 4 p. m. until dark and I think fired the last artillery shots of that battle. Granger, Garfield, McCook and the commanding officers of the several regiments of the brigade stood by the battery while Granger gave the final orders to the artillery men working it. In the gloom of the falling night, he ordered the six guns, twelve-pounder Napoleons, charged and then, at his word, the six lanyards were pulled. The concussion shook the old hill and all that was on it. There was no response from the enemy. It was growing darker. He said: "Give them another salvo." The

guns were charged again and at his command the whole six, as one gun, belched out their seventy-two pounds of iron and powder and fuse. There was no reply; the battle of Chickamauga had become history. An hour later, or more, we quietly moved away to Rossville.

Now, I take up our carriage ride again. We studied monuments and tablets from the top of the gorge mentioned up the slope to the top of the knoll where the tower stands and the conformation of the hill on all sides with intense interest. Over the knoll and toward the north a hundred yards away stands the Snodgrass house, part of which was there on the day of the battle. It is still inhabited. The tower on the hill is a light iron frame inside of which you climb the stairway from platform to platform seventy-five feet to the upper floor from which the whole battlefield seems spread out as a map at your feet, as you look east across the wide meadows, which still lie open from Cloud hill to Widow Glenn's and from Mission hills to the Lafayette road and over the forest to the creek itself. To a participant, or to a student of military movements or history, the panorama is one to carry through life.

The Chickamauga guardian, a sort of mounted and uniformed police, in the pay of the government, for that part of the field, ascended the tower with me, Mrs. H. being too much used up by the long, hot ride, of the forenoon to climb with us. He was a loyal Tennessee soldier, a participant in the action and his appointment to the post of guardian seems very appropriate on every consideration. He is a very sensible, well informed soldier, who has made a special study of the field and knows accurately all he has so far learned of the details of the battle. I enjoyed the twenty minutes we spent on that upper platform to the utmost. It is the point of all the field not to be omitted or overlooked, in any way, by the soldier, or civilian, who would like to carry away the most comprehensive idea of the battle of Chickamauga. Of course, I do not intend to convey the idea that either the civilian or the soldier, without previous preparation, can go up alone and inspire great drafts of knowledge, or enthusiasm, from looking over fields and woods and shining marble and granite. This is not to be expected. My meaning is that such

an one, possessed of a general knowledge of the battle and the battlefield, shall arrange for time and the guardian on the tower and by the help of the officer, locate and study the main and many of the minor points of topography and the movements of troops over the vast field. The soldier or civilian, interested in such things, will so fix in mind one of the greatest object lessons of his life.

As we came down the steps of the tower I noticed that my friend "the blooming idiot" had been from base to summit with his pencil and left his name for future generations to read as a silly nobody from Stumptown in the state of Gorman, July or December, or some other month, in the year of grace 18—. I mentioned this execrable character to the guardian and he said the government agent had posted notices and given warnings against such work, but even Uncle Sam could not prevent a man's showing that he was a fool when God had made him that way for some wise or inscrutable purpose. Nothing but death will cure him. It is safe to say that they—the fools—delight to read each others names in such places; sensible people waste no time reading and still less remembering them.

Coming down from this lofty scrutiny of Chickamauga, at the point where the two days conflict substantially ended at night-fall of September 20, 1863, we drove past the Snodgrass house and directly through the meadow, by the road northeast, to the Lafayette road south of the McDonald house and when we came to the Cloud Spring, I left the carriage and went over on the hill-side, a sort of large bench just below the timber, south of the house, the timber standing now as it stood then. Cultivation and wash and drainage have somewhat changed the surface and appearance of the little ridge at the north end especially, but the position is easily found. I stood where the battery stood that day and walked the line where my regiment lay under the fire of the battery of Walthall's brigade beyond the McDonald house. Although no sound broke the stillness, I imagined for a moment that the terrific fire on Snodgrass hill was going again and that McCook's brigade on Cloud's hill could catch its notes in the lull of artillery discharges in its own line and front.

Returning to the road, as I passed the spring near which the rows of dead, each with his blanket over him, lay as we marched by it that day, I talked with a small, brown-faced, bare-footed girl, with dark eyes, a head covered with tangled curls, wearing a blue dress, dipping water from the spring. She was about nine years old. She had heard of Cloud's house, but had never seen it and said there were some bricks on the hill, pointing to the location of the old house, where she supposed it had stood long ago. A new cabin has been erected further north along the road and further from the Spring. The guardian told me that, except a part of the Snodgrass house and a log or two of the Kelly house and, possibly, part of another structure, none of the houses or buildings which were on the field during the battle are now standing. As we passed by the Brotherton house in the forenoon, a woman living in it said, "Some say its the same house and some say it isn't. I don't know." The guardian told me that the Brotherton and Kelly houses had been rebuilt as nearly like the originals as they could be made. The originals were destroyed during the battle.

Passing a little to the right of Rossville, we traversed the road which the government has constructed along the crest of Mission Ridge over nearly its entire length. This road, like everything else from Uncle Sam's hand, is finely engineered and splendidly built. It runs, some times on the very crest, but for the most part, just at the top of the western slope so as to show the whole valley of Chattanooga, Lookout Mountain, the Tennessee valley and Walden's ridge, from start to finish. I think it does not pass to the other side of the crest except in a single instance where it passes to the rear of a house evidently built before the road was laid out.

The battle of Mission Ridge, seen in the view from Lookout or Orchard Knob, becomes, if possible, plainer as you ride the ridge from Rossville north and read the tablets, planted by the roadside, making clear explanations of the parts taken by the several commands in winning and losing this formidable summit. A tower stands where Bragg had his headquarters and near by is the dead cedar twenty feet high, protected by a wire screen, to which his horse was hitched during the engagement. In "the

battle above the clouds," November 24, and in the storming of Mission Ridge on the 25th, was the evening up of the Chickamauga defeat, and the laurelling of American valor comes in the Park and the Mission Ridge roadway and their monuments and tablets, together with the one hundred acres of Hooker's field on Lookout mountain already bought and to be *parked* by the government.

Coming down from the northern part of the Ridge at sun-set and taking in Orchard Knob, Grant's headquarters, on the way in, we stepped into the Read House at dusk, tired, but filled with new lights on old pictures. It has been a day never to be forgotten, signalized by a strange commingling of the old and new, of memories and present facts. Of the great armies that fought these battles, comparatively few can ever go over these fields again after thirty-four years and still fewer soldiers can follow the old battle trail from beginning to ending, as I am doing, a generation after the war.

CHATTANOOGA, May 21, 1897.

While at Crawfish Springs yesterday, I told General Boynton that we intended leaving for Kenesaw this morning, but that was on the information that the train left this city at 6:30 a.m. When we found that the time was 5:30 a. m. and that the Read House could not give us breakfast so early and when we considered the hard day's work yesterday we gave up the early train and while Mrs. H. rested I went with A. Z. Converse, a Madison county boy of the Fortieth O. V. I., driving through the National Cemetery, where thirteen thousand heroes sleep and where the most interesting spot noted was that where the Andrews raiders, who were executed by the confederate authorities at Atlanta, are buried, with the graceful and durable monument at their feet, erected by the State of Ohio. I have read Pittenger's story twice; knew him personally just after the war and am looking forward with interest to the forthcoming book of Alf. Wilson, another of the survivors of that daring exploit.

No confederate soldier's body is allowed to rest "on fame's eternal camping ground," within these cemeteries. They have their own separate "camping grounds."

During the ride Mr. Converse and I succeeded in locating the camp of my regiment within the lines on the night of September 23d, 1863. It was within the space now bounded by McCauley and Eighth and Douglas and B streets. It was here on the morning of the 24th, as day was breaking, that I walked along the lines of our guns, which had been stacked about midnight, and within a short distance of the left stack found the grave of my friend, "Samuel C. Brown, Major Sixty-fifth O. V. I., wounded 20th and died 22d September, 1863." I had not heard of, or from, him since 1859, when I visited him at his father's home in Guernsey county, immediately after my graduation. To find this location when the city had spread over it, streets been opened, houses built, grading done, and all that, was more than I had supposed the wit of man, or men, could accomplish; but with my description of the lay of the land, the suburban position, the different slopes immediately about the camp, the distance from, and the direction of, the inner line of works, the course and dis-

tance to the end of the pontoon over the Tennessee by which we crossed the next day to go up to Caldwell's ford and then to the mouth of North Chickamauga creek, we succeeded; but above all was the identification rendered complete and certain by our finding, still standing, two or three of the apple trees, "old and worn and wan," which made the orchard that I had described to Mr. Converse before we left the hotel. Major Brown's grave was in the southern edge of such orchard and when we found the trees every condition which I had described was filled and not a shadow of doubt remained as to the place. Captain E. L. Anderson and Mr. Converse had made search last year, but failed to find the brigade's position, because Anderson, being on the brigade staff, had not noted local particulars as I had done and had no such incident as the Brown death and grave to impress the situation and the location on his mind.

Mr. Converse came here from Ohio some four or five years ago on account of his health and took up the study of the battle-fields with a view to serving as a guide for visitors and tourists. He is already very conversant with the history and smaller details of the campaigns in these localities and is adding daily to his stock of information and his usefulness in his chosen occupation. I had engaged carriage and driver for the purpose of going through the National Cemetery and was talking with the liveryman in the Read House while waiting for the rig when I happened to say I should be willing to pay a good fee to the man who could point out our camp within the lines on the night of the 23d of September and then I told him the story of Sam. Brown's grave, which was the special matter giving the camp an interest to my mind. Instantly, he said: "I think I can find the man you want. If anybody can help you find the place he can." The man was Mr. Converse, a native of Madison County and related to the families of that name living in Madison and Franklin. After going over the story, recalling the points which are enumerated above, Mr. Converse said: "I think I can find the place." I left the driver and took in Mr. C., with the result which I have already stated. It seemed to me beyond possibility that any man or men could find the position after all the changes, but that we identified the ground is beyond all cavil.

As already stated, Colonel James Watson of Columbus was of the 40th O. V. I. and was the original Captain of Mr. Converse's company therein, while my friend, Judge Matthew P. Simpson of McPherson, Kansas, was its efficient Sergeant Major.

With the feeling that we have accomplished a good deal in the way of work and observation in the short time we have been able to devote to the review of the fields about this "Gate City" of the south, we shall pull out for the Kenesaw fields at 2:30 this afternoon.

Meanwhile, I jot down a few items from memory and memoranda which may help to make the record a little fuller and a little clearer. The leading facts in our campaigning down to the close of Chickamauga battle have been given, but there are the time and events from the close of September, 1863, to the 3d of May, 1864, which appear in merely fragmentary form.

General Boynton stated a fact to me this morning which I had never heard before and that was that as our brigade was marching, by the rear, up Cloud's hill on the afternoon of September 20, 1863, it was mistaken by officers about the Snodgrass house for a brigade of confederates and one of our batteries in the field just below the Snodgrass house was ordered to open on us with shell. The captain of the battery had so much doubt about the identity of the troops that while he obeyed the order to fire on us he fired solid shot—three of them, only. Of course, as soon as we halted, about faced and our battery opened, the Snodgrass people saw their mistake and from that time until nightfall their hands were too full of fight in their own front to have looked after us, if we had been confederates.

Another fact struck me with a good deal of force. This is disclosed by the tablets in that vicinity. While we were on Cloud's hill, say three thousand strong, in our front, within ten minutes march of us, were seven thousand of the enemy under General Pegram. All they had to do was to spread their wings and move forward. It would not have been child's play for them, but in the open field their numbers would have out-flanked and overpowered us. It seems they did not know our numbers and so effective was the service of Barnett's battery that they felt a little "shy" of us. Our ignorance of the peril in our immediate

front, gave us, too, a useful confidence in our position and ourselves.

The couplet was *not quite* applicable,

"Where ignorance is *bliss*,  
'Tis folly to be wise."

In a letter from North Chickamauga to my father, October 14, 1863, the political situation was thus sized up by myself. Before I make that quotation, however, let me say I have made but one political speech in all my life and that was to the 52d O. V. I. on the north bank of the Tennessee river, in full sight of the rebel pickets, if not in their hearing, on the eve of the election referred to in the quotation.

"Election day here was just what it used to be in Ohio, wet and sloppy from morning till night. This regiment polled three hundred and fifty votes. Out of that number Vollandigham received eleven. Soldiers standing on the bank of the Tennessee cannot see how the application of Vollandigham's policy to themselves and his advice to rebels could preserve the constitution from dishonor or bring either a restored Union or an honorable peace. He would have us cease fighting. Does he ask our friends, the grey backs, just over the river, to lay down their arms? Not much.

We see the result of such a policy and such advice in this shape; terms of peace dictated by traitors on the banks of the Ohio, or the whole ground to be fought over again.

We earn our footholds by too many hardships to follow such leadership. This unanimous opposition has not been so much against the principles generally proposed as his platform as against the man. He was ill chosen.

I have said enough hitherto on this subject. You know how I feel towards Vollandigham and his career.

The die has been cast and if those, who have friends in the army, whom they wish to bring speedily home, could only have seen and heard what I have, right here, they would never have cast a vote for the subject of Order 38.

Men in arms against us and others, who have thrown down their arms, with their own tongues have told us their leaders are holding the army together by saying to the men, 'Endure until Vollandigham is elected and we can fall upon a distracted and divided army and crush it. Hold out and the Yanks will soon fight among themselves.' An intelligent confederate said in our brigade the other day, 'Their greatest hope now is the election of Vollandigham.' Defeat him and they lose their whole cause."

The same letter proceeds with a forgotten item—*i. e.*, I had forgotten it—of army news.

"I listened on the 9th to a considerable battle between Longstreet's men and the Georgians near Rossville. Bragg wanted the Georgia militia to move up nearer Chattanooga. They had volunteered to defend Georgia soil and said, 'By G—d, sir, we have come to the line, but will not leave the state.' Bragg said, 'Then, by G—d, I'll make you do it.' He ordered some of the Longstreet men to open on them and they replied. They fought with artillery as well as musketry. The firing was very distinct here. It lasted about three hours when night put an end to the fight and they agreed to let the Georgians alone. At least we gather so from the fact that they are still in Georgia."

How much was truth and how much fiction I never figured out. We listened to the firing, the alleged reasons and results were hearsay.

In connection with the journal entries, the short Wauhatchie campaign is succinctly and sufficiently explained in the following extracts:

"HEADQUARTERS FIFTY-SECOND O. V. I.,  
CHICKAMAUGA CREEK, TENN., NOV. 8, 1863.

Dear Sister:

\* \* \* \* \*

Thursday, October 29th. On that day we moved down this side of the river to Brown's ferry, two miles below the city, perhaps it is nearer four miles by the river.

The Tennessee here turns in its course due west. Two miles below Chattanooga on the south side of the river is the famous Lookout Mountain. It is about thirty miles long running right back from the river and to one, who would ascend in a balloon over its centre, it would assume the shape of a common smoothing iron, the sharp point so close to the river that a railroad track had to be blown out of the rocks before the cars could pass along the bank. I do not know its exact height, but should put it between three thousand and four thousand feet. Upon the highest point of the whole mountain, right above the water of the Tennessee, the rebels have from three to ten guns while their troops hold both slopes. On Monday night, October 26th, our forces threw a pontoon across at Brown's ferry in four hours and routed the rebels from the range of hills on the other side of the river. This pontoon is two miles in a bee line from the top of Lookout. They have thrown shells within sixty yards of the bridge from their lofty position, but have done no damage.

Well, we camped after crossing and lay in the rain until Friday, 30th, when we were ordered to report to General Hooker's headquarters, two

miles up Lookout valley. Lookout creek runs along the foot of the mountain and on the other side of the creek from the mountain is a range of hills, rather a succession of mounds, for every eighty or one hundred rods there is a gap through which some wagon road or little stream passes.

In the dark, with the rain pouring down, we were put into one of those gorges to hold it against any attempt of the enemy to burst through.

It was the hardest night's soldiering I ever saw; everything soaking wet and orders to build no fires.

Saturday evening we moved a mile up to another gap and here the 52d lay under fire of the enemy's guns three days. In that time, the rebels threw four hundred and five shells over and around and among us. One twenty-four pound shell burst in the regiment, but no man was hit; others passed through it just grazing men but doing no damage and now and then one would burst over us when you might stand and pieces of iron and brass would whiz by your ears and drop among the leaves on all sides and you would wonder that no one was hit.

I picked up the piece that fell to the ground closest to me on Monday. It was about four feet from my left foot. It is a brass tap, screwed into the end of the shell and holds the fuse. It weighs about twenty-six ounces.

On Thursday they let us enjoy quiet and Friday we returned to Chickamauga. One man of Co. K deserted from picket to the enemy. I suppose he thought he would rather be up behind the big guns than under their mouths. I think myself it would have made any one feel as comfortable so far as personal safety was concerned, but I think he would not have been hurt very badly had he staid with his regiment. On Wednesday night, November 3d, the rebels burned two lines of breast works they had built down the side of the mountain. It was the grandest thing I have seen in the army. They looked like two long serpents stretched at ease on the mountain side. They were *fiery* serpents.

Our distance from the battery was one and three-fourths miles, calculated by the sound. You would see the smoke and might count the seconds one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight then would come the report and by the time a man could drop flat to the ground the bomb would go hurtling past. It was unpleasant to suffer all their impudence in firing at their leisure and not being able to return the compliment. Our forces did not reply until Wednesday evening when they sent twelve or fifteen shots from Chattanooga up on top of the mountain. Long range cannon shot are not often very destructive; for this reason the 52d came back all safe and for this reason a different disposition of forces here will have to be made before either army can be driven from this part of Tennessee.

\* \* \* \* \*

I'll stop writing now, only saying I suppose those who sleep in warm houses wouldn't feel very well to put on a soldier's accoutrements and lie outdoors in the rain and night air eight days and nights, with a simple blanket for covering and an oil cloth for a bed, living on half rations of dry crackers in the meantime.

No, it would soon kill many, if they did not do like Charley Barkhurst said Ellen must do with his drinking, 'Get used to it' first. I have slept in the rain and felt as fresh as though in feathers under roof."

Three or four documents and letters will throw some additional light on what we called the Knoxville campaign, which immediately followed the storming of Mission Ridge. Before adopting them into this chapter, it may be stated that just prior to that battle a regular, competitive, written examination of sergeants of the regiment was held for the purpose of determining the seven who should go to Ohio on recruiting service. Two corporals and two privates also took the examination. I framed the thirty questions submitted and there were twenty-one competitors. I have the examination papers, questions and answers, of the entire class still in my possession, as well as the figures and markings of the committee of officers who passed upon the questions of standing. The successful candidates were not permitted to go north until after Mission Ridge and until we were in the vicinity of Charleston on the Knoxville march on the 1st of December.

When we were within a few miles of the beleaguered city of Knoxville General Longstreet took his departure and we turned back toward Chattanooga. Soon after doing so we stopped on Conesauga creek and assumed the temporary control of Mr. Gouldy's mill. A. R. was one of the recruiting sergeants. A letter to him in Ohio after our return from the campaign contains a brief account of our doings.

"HEADQUARTERS FIFTY-SECOND O. V. I.,

CHICKAMAUGA CREEK, TENN., Dec. 25, 1863.

Dear Brother:

Your letter has just been read and I hasten to reply. December 1st you left the regiment and at 9 o'clock we crossed the Hiawassee river at Charleston and Calhoun and camped some twelve miles up towards Loudon in the evening.

Evening of the 3d, camped within two miles of Loudon.

Morning of the 4th, we passed through the place and at 3 o'clock p. m. I met in our camp on the bank of the Little Tennessee, opposite Mor-

ganville, Will. McElravy. I had two hours talk with him and didn't see him again.

On the 6th, we crossed to Morganville and pushed on to within fifteen miles of Knoxville when the intelligence came that the bird, Longstreet, had flown. We countermarched, recrossed the river and on the evening of the 8th, having passed through Madisonville on the 7th, we, the 52d O. V. I., stopped by order on Conesauga creek at Gouldy's Mills, five miles above Columbus, Tennessee, to run said mills, grinding corn and wheat for the brigade and division. The boys lived *fat* here for seven days, but worked like Turks all the time, hauling, shelling, guarding and grinding and gobbling bushwhackers.

On the 11th, I sent Lieutenant Miser and Joe. Swan out for some shoes for the barefooted fellows and three miles from camp they, with four horses, were captured by a rebel lieutenant named Kimbrough. Dave was riding the Colonel's horse, Joe the black, and Benton and the doctor's darkey were riding two pack horses.

Kimbrough had six men with him and took them by surprise when dismounted and in a house.

The two darkies got away and brought me word of the capture. On the 14th, having sent out scouting parties for two days previously, I sent Captain Bucke and thirty-six men nine miles up the creek to Kimbrough's father's and at dusk he brought the old man in as hostage for Dave and Joe. The lieutenant, with his squad, had been cut off from his regiment, 19th Tennessee, when our forces swept up through the country and he was skulking among the Chilhowie mountains and the knobs on his father's plantation, pouncing on our stragglers where he could see them out alone or by twos. On the same day he captured Joe. and Dave, he had taken and paroled two of Co. C, releasing them in an hour or two. I put them into the ranks and ordered the lost guns and equipments to be charged to them.

Well, I didn't have old Kimbrough a prisoner half an hour till Joe. Swan came into camp, the bearer of dispatches from the son proposing to release my men if I'd release his father.

I rode nine miles to meet the gentleman that night, but Joe. could not find his camp. I left Joe. to tell him to come in in the morning under a flag of truce.

We marched for Charleston early in the morning and I left Captain Bucke and Co. A, with instructions to demand the two men and two horses for the father and two confederate horses that I had captured the day before. After we were gone, the lieutenant came to the mills and although it was like taking his heart out he came to my terms and Captain Bucke, Dave, Joe., Co. A and the two horses joined us as we were going into camp on the evening of the 18th. just where, you will remember, we formed the first line of battle so prettily from column by company, the left resting out in a cleared field, the morning we started after Bragg.

On the night of the 19th, crossing in a ferry at Chattanooga, we reached the old camp by boat loads."

\* \* \* \* \*

The parole given to Bowers by Kimbrough was in these words and figures, *literally*:

"I, Charles H. Bowers, a private of Company C, 52d Ohio Regiment, and taken prisoner in McMinn County, Tenn., by the Confederate State's troops on the 11th day of December, 1863, do give this my parole of honor, and solemnly swear that I will not bare armes; do any kind of duty or otherwise assist the U. S. in warring against the Confederate States of America until duely exchanged and officially notified of the same, so help me God.

C. H. BOWERS.

Sworn and subscribed to before me this the 11th day of December, 1863.

J. A. KIMBROUGH,

First Lieutenant Co. H, 19th Tennessee Regiment;  
Acting Prov. Matial, Dept. E. Tenn."

The pencil communication which he sent to me when he learned that I had captured his father is in these terms:

"HEADQUARTERS CAMP SECRET, NOV. 14, 1863.

Major J. T. Holmes, Commanding 52d Ohio Regiment:

I received intelligence of the arrest of my father, D. W. Kimbrough, but a few minutes since, and demanding for his reliee, two prisoners whom I have in my possession. I will reliee them both as soon as my father is relieced and returned to his home. I will hold every thing else as contraband of war, &c. Very respectfully,

J. A. KIMBROUGH,

First Lieutenant Co. H, 19th Tenn. Regt., Com'dg, &c."

The officer was evidently somewhat disturbed when, as far along as the middle of December, he wrote "*Nov. 14*," as the date of his proposal for peace between us.

Kimbrough was permitted to retain nothing that he had captured except three pistols, among them my fine Smith and Wesson, which I had owned from the early part of 1860. The horses were all very much jaded and worn when surrendered. The rebels had ridden them hard up and down the rough mountain roads and byways during the few days they held them. The doctor's horse never wholly recovered from the abuse.

Mr. Gouldy had two fine gray horses. One day a cavalryman entered his barn and led away one of them. Fearing that the other would be taken from him, in like manner, he offered to

sell him to me and I counted him out his price in greenbacks and took the horse.

From the time I began to ride him, the Kentuckian which I had purchased in Nashville in May preceding showed signs of intense jealousy. It was almost human in its intelligence. He never became really reconciled to the gray and four months later, at his first fair opportunity, in their shed at McAfee, kicked him nearly to death. It was this gray that I stopped to inquire after at Lee and Gordon's mills yesterday.

Speaking of my horses reminds me that while we lay at North Chickamauga, through October and the greater part of November, 1863, the food for man and beast was exceedingly scarce. The enemy were practically camped on our cracker line and the rations and allowances were about one-third the usual amount. Men were hungry most of the time, but never were in better health. To protect the little heap of corn for my horses, it was necessary to mount the headquarters guard over it, specially, every night. Otherwise, it would have been gone before daylight. After the blockade was broken and army supplies of all kinds came through to us the men used to tell me and laugh about their reconciling their scruples of conscience by never carrying away more than two ears at a time, and that was when relieved at the end of the two hours' watch. The guard permitted no one else to touch it, but as he was relieved he took the limited toll. So that I found the post of headquarters guard had been much coveted. The boys parched the corn and ate it.

Before leaving the mills, I gave Mr. Gouldy a receipt of which the following is a copy:

"HEADQUARTERS GOULDY'S MILLS, Dec. 14, 1863.

Received of John A. Gouldy two good, serviceable mules, valued at ninety (\$90) dollars each for the use of the government.

J. T. HOLMES, Major 52d O. V. I."

He preferred to sell the mules, in this way, to having them taken from him by irresponsible characters and so losing their value. Some years after the close of the war, the Treasury Department, at Washington, corresponded with me to make sure of the authenticity of the transaction and the receipt and on the strength of my letter, I have no doubt, Mr. Gouldy was duly paid

for his valuable mules. They made a very fine team, but I lost sight of them, in the train, soon after we left the mills.

The night we entered Chattanooga on the return from the Knoxville campaign my good friend, Major Hanna, 69th O. V. I., found me before we crossed the river to go up to North Chickamauga and taking me to their comfortable headquarters furnished a supper—I feel even now like saying—the most appetizing of my life. I remember reading in Greek at college that “hunger was the best sauce” and no doubt it was the “sauce” which added the everlasting fragrance to the memory of that meal. I had recovered my health and strength and the short commons of that campaign had given me “an appetite like a saw-mill.”

As the men were set across the river, they broke up the road along its bank, singly and in squads, without order or organization, for their camp and made the midnight arches ring for more than an hour as they went stringing into their quarters.

From a time back to which the memory does not run with distinctness, each American has learned and will for many generations continue to learn the lesson of Valley Forge, during the war of the Revolution, where the necessities of the patriot soldiers showed the frozen ground marked by their bleeding feet. We saw that thing repeated on the return march from Knoxville. Shoes were worn out; supplies were inaccessible; the men must *march* out of those mountain regions. A single instance will illustrate. John McLaughlin of Co. B was a rugged, rosy cheeked, faithful young soldier. It was about a week before Christmas; we were coming down through the gaps which lead to the lower lands, I think it was near McDaniel's; the ground was frozen and a slight snow had fallen. McLaughlin was trudging alongside of my horse one day when I happened to note the fact that his shoes were nearly all gone. The next glance showed a little spot of blood on the frozen, snowy roadway left after each step. I talked with him about the hardships of the way; he was bright and cheery. There were many weary miles still between him and Chattanooga, but he entered the city with the regiment. When approaching middle life, he was driven by rheumatism to apply for a pension and twenty-five years after that

march the pension bureau sent me an inquiry, in his case, about the march and its character, apparently incredulous as to some of the statements on file with his claim with reference to the experiences of the applicant and others. I was able to make a statement of facts, from personal observation, corroborative of the claimant's representations.

Some of the men made rude moccasins from the raw beef hides, as the cattle were butchered for meat supplies, binding them to their feet with the hair inside. The wags said it was "A time that tried men's soles." The statement was true in more senses than one.

My official report of this campaign is printed in War Records, Vol. 55, pp. 505-507.

"HEADQUARTERS FIFTY-SECOND OHIO VOLUNTEERS,

CHICKAMAUGA CREEK, TENN., Dec. 19, 1863.

SIR: I have the honor to make the following report of the part taken by this command in the operations in front of Chartanooga, and on the march toward Knoxville and back to Chickamauga creek:

November 24th, under orders, moved with the brigade at daylight to Caldwell's Ford. At 1 p. m. crossed the pontoon bridge and formed line of battle in front of the first range of rifle-pits. At dusk moved about one-half the distance toward Mission Ridge, then occupied by the forces of General Sherman. Here we lay in line until daylight.

November 25th, early in the morning, moved to the foot of Mission Ridge, marching by the right of companies. This position we occupied while the battle raged at Tunnel Hill, immediately in front of our right and along the greater portion of the ridge. Now and then a shell would pass in the vicinity of the regiment, but no one was touched by the missiles.

November 26th, at 1 a. m., moved down and crossed at the mouth of Chickamauga river and camped until daylight some distance above the last position, upon the opposite bank of the stream. After daylight moved up the valley in pursuit of the routed and fleeing enemy, who occasionally, by a few shots, attempted to resist the troops in advance, we having formed line of battle four distinct times during the progress of the day, and with the other regiments of the brigade been held well in hand. About an hour before nightfall, at Shepherd's Run, the vanguard being attacked by the rebel rear guard, a brisk firing commenced a short distance in front. This command was, at the time, marching by the right flank and in rear of the Eighty-sixth Illinois. It was also the rear of the brigade. Soon after the fighting commenced, a staff officer, whom I have not since been able to recognize, galloping up, said, "Deploy your

men in there,' pointing to the right among the brush. I replied, 'Mine is the rear regiment of this brigade, and there is my place,' pointing to the left of the Eighty-sixth, then marching forward into line. 'Well,' said he, 'You'd better,' and off he dashed. Bayonets were fixed and I ordered the regiment forward into line. While moving on double-quick through thick brush, and over logs, fences, and the scarcely fordable stream, it passed with a shout to its place on the left of the Eighty-sixth Illinois. Fighting soon ceased on our right, and we camped for the night just where we stood in line.

On 27th, early in the morning, I was ordered to send Captain Bucke and two skirmish companies to report to the Colonel commanding. I detailed Companies A and B, and sent them in command of the officer mentioned. They returned to the regiment at dusk, having skirmished with the enemy from Shepherd's Run to Ringgold, near which place the regiment encamped for the night.

On 28th, moved past Parker's Gap about a mile and remained until 29th; moved through McDaniel's Gap, camped near cleared land.

On 30th, encamped in the evening near Charleston.

December 1st, crossed the Hiawassee, and moving day after day, excepting one day, during which we rested on the left bank of the Little Tennessee, and, having crossed it and five miles above the crossing counter-marched, we reached Goulby's Mills, five miles from Columbus, on the 8th, where this regiment remained, grinding corn and wheat for the brigade and gathering in bushwhackers, until 15th.

On the 11th, a rebel lieutenant named Kimbrough, with six men, captured one officer and one private of this regiment, together with four horses. D. W. Kimbrough, father of the rebel lieutenant, was arrested and held as a hostage for the safety of the officer and private captured.

December 15th, the regiment left Goulby's Mills, and, after steady marching, reached Chickamauga creek in the night, December 18th. By permission of the Colonel commanding, Company A was left behind at the mills on the morning of the 15th, with Captain Bucke, to complete negotiations for the exchange of D. W. Kimbrough for the men his son had captured. The exchange was completed, and Company A joined the regiment this side of McDaniel's Gap.

We have had no man killed or wounded, but have lost, since November 24th, four; were last seen near Charleston, one at Goulby's Mills, one at McDaniel's Gap, one near Cleveland.

No words of mine could fully express the merits of the officers and men of this command since the 20th of November. If there were an adjective in the language grander in its force of qualification than 'heroic,' then that adjective ought to qualify the word 'endurance' as applied to these officers and soldiers. As great a trial as the campaign

has been to the bodies and souls of these men, each one esteems his experience in it as invaluable. Respectfully submitted,

J. T. HOLMES,

Major, Commanding Regiment.

CAPTAIN E. L. ANDERSON,

Acting Assistant Adjutant-General."

The regiment left North Chickamauga and marched via Chattanooga to McAfee's on the 26th of December, 1863. I remained at Caldwell's ford on court-martial duty and followed it three days later. For a considerable time forage was very short. I remember my horses were hitched a part of the time in a sort of oak thicket behind headquarters tents. They fed off the small limbs or branches of the little trees and were moved about from time to time to give them fresh timber. There was one period of eight days in which I had but three ears of corn for two horses, no hay, no straw. I shelled and fed the corn to them out of my own hand in very small allowances through those days. At each meal, I spared from the table, which was scantily supplied, from one to three of the smaller crackers for each horse and, as with the shelled corn, fed them myself. It was close living, but the stock had not been injured by it when the pressure was finally relieved.

Immediately upon arrival at McAfee, the men began building regular quarters such as they had left at North Chickamauga. Each company in place of tents constructed a row of log cabins—say a half dozen or more to a company. The weather was cold, raw, rainy and disagreeable, but in a short time the boys were housed and as comfortable as the early settlers of the country, and, excepting the outings, they occupied these quarters until the 6th of March following, when the regiment moved to Lee and Gordon's mills. The church is about a mile and a half out the Ringgold road from Rossville, almost due east, and the camp was a quarter of a mile beyond the church and on the north side of the road, in the edge of a wood, with an open field in the rear. Regimental officers lived in their wall tents.

We had manœuvered over the roads and hills at that point during the battle of Chickamauga, so that it was not entirely new ground to us. Nashville had afforded us a taste of garrison life and duties; McAfee was strictly country camping. Chattanooga

was too far away to furnish much temptation to the men to leave their brigade, or regimental, village. Rations were not very plentiful for the first few days, but the living was not so scanty as it had been at the Chickamauga camp and soon there came in occasional luxuries with the usual supply of government rations, though the supply of forage was short most of the time through the winter. The enemy never afterward pressed so hard on our line of supplies as at Chattanooga.

We had been at Chickamauga station a week when I was called back to the camp by the death of Dr. Arthur J. Rosa, our assistant surgeon. He had been left in charge of the few men who were sick and because he was, himself, suffering with neuralgia of the face when we moved out on the 14th of February. On the 20th, he was dead. He was always a quiet man, but it was noticed that no one ever criticised, or found fault with, his professional work. An incident occurred on the morning of January 28th, preceding, which had given his surgical capacity striking prominence. As the men were about to take arms and form in regimental line for the reconnoissance to Ringgold, a rifle was accidentally discharged, perhaps by the fall of a stack of guns, wounding a powerfully-built soldier of Co. A. I think it was, in the leg, necessitating amputation. The surgeons of the brigade gathered about the operating board on which the man was placed, when it was found that there was a good deal of evasion and "you do it" upon the putting of the question as to who should use the knife. Finally the senior surgeon in rank and position in the brigade, not an Ohio man, who was past middle life, accepted the position of operator. The preliminary preparation was made and the knife was inserted in the poor fellow's flesh, *without any show of surgical skill*. The first slash was a nervous blunder and the operator had to throw down the knife, he was shaking so badly. Watching everything with the keen eye of a master, the quiet assistant surgeon of the 52d stripped off his coat, rolled up his sleeves, and it was the testimony of witnesses that for steady nerve, accurate eye and speedy movement, the operation which he performed was a perfect success. He had outstripped all his brigade colleagues in those few minutes and, almost before the regiment, which had moved on, was out of sight

of the camp, was riding beside me with only monosyllabic answers to my references to the soldier's misfortune. A few days later, when his achievement had been talked about, and had come to my ears, I mentioned it to him and he gave me, in his modest way, a brief account of the incident. When he touched upon the "in honor preferring one another" phase of it, he showed a keen appreciation of the real reason for it by a contagious little laugh.

The doctor was supposed to have been suffering from a paroxysm of neuralgic pain and accidentally to have taken an overdose of morphine to relieve it, some time in the night. He was found in his tent about eight o'clock on the morning of the 20th, breathing sterterously and beyond relief. He died soon after his condition was discovered.

On the 21st, as his military administrator, I took an inventory of his effects and a few days later they were nearly all carefully packed and sent down to Chattanooga in care of John K. McKenzie of Co. K, who was acting clerk to the brigade surgeon, to be expressed to the doctor's sister at their home in Madison, Lake County, Ohio. The valuables, his gold watch and a gold ring among them, never reached their destination. The satchel containing them, when they left camp, had been broken open and rifled. His horse and heavier equipments were disposed of in the field. There was an apparent mystery about the loss of the valuables. I never had any moral doubt about what became of them. Nearly twenty years later, his sister, Miss Maria Rosa, corresponded with me in an effort, which she had never wholly relaxed, to trace the missing jewels. I think it was fruitless. There was a second reason for this later correspondence. Doctor Rosa's mother was an applicant for a pension and the Pension Bureau had suspended the claim on a suspicion, raised by the language of the record of his death, that the doctor had committed suicide. The suspicion was utterly groundless. I furnished the mother an affidavit, detailing the full history of the facts and circumstances preceding and attending his death. No known item of evidence pointed to suicide; in fact, every item thereof pointed to an accidental overdose of morphine, taken to relieve intense pain. Whether the overdose—if his death resulted from the morphine—was in the mistaken quantity, taken by him in the darkness, while

suffering, or in the effect of the ordinary quantity on his system in a peculiar condition, can never be determined. He was sleeping alone in his tent at the time. The doctor was about thirty years of age when he died.

As soon as the condition of the roads and fields would permit, in this interval of time, I began with the 52d a system of fancy drills. They were movements in the manual of arms and of troops in the field not found recorded in any book, strictly my own, designed to interest the officers and men and to add to their skill and efficiency in the regular, tactical movements prescribed by Hardee or Casey. The series was quite complete and the 52d became very expert in them, "the best drilled regiment in the division."

On the 31st of March the Division was reviewed—Thomas and Granger and Davis, perhaps officers from other commands, were present—on a part of the Chickamauga field. After the review proper was closed Colonel McCook was anxious to exhibit the proficiency of the 52d in the new drill and he took command to show the Generals how it was done. He had kept an eye on the movements, but when he came to handle the boys his proficiency in giving orders did not equal theirs in executing the orders, when correctly given. The result was a tangle and the Colonel turned the regiment over to me and his attention to something else. The episode was merely amusing. He was very anxious while we lay at Lee and Gordon's to have me write out in detail the whole of the new drill, so that he might send it on to the War Department, at Washington, but I never found the time and the days of fancy drills and all other kinds, for that matter, were superseded, after the 1st of May, 1864, by the movements on marches and battlefields for which they were designed and practiced specially to qualify the soldiers.

Between the time of the removal of the regiment to Lee and Gordon's mills and the 30th of that month I spent several days on court martial duty.

"CAMP AT ROSSVILLE, GA., March 30, 1864.

I hereby certify on honor that Major J. T. Holmes of the 52d Ohio Regiment of Volunteer Infantry was in attendance as a member of the General Court Martial convened by order No. 62 (Special) of Brigadier General Jeff. C. Davis thirteen days.

DAVID R. WATERS,  
Captain 10th Illinois Infantry, Judge Advocate."

Our sessions were held in one of the rooms of a long, one-story, or a story and a half, frame, dwelling house, which was then General Davis' headquarters.

I have strongly associated in mind with that service and the house and spring a well authenticated story of the General and a recruit in one of the Illinois regiments, who came to the command while it lay there. Naturally raw and unlearned in army etiquette and withal simple minded and confiding, the recruit was easily imposed on. He had been in camp a few days and found it necessary to have some washing done. He inquired of his orderly sergeant about the ways and means. The sergeant pointed to the General's headquarters with the assurance that there was a man there by the name of Davis who did the washing for the entire division, though he was apt to be crabbed and somewhat cross-grained when one first spoke to him on the subject. "But you tell him you know it's his business and you insist upon his doing it. He'll give in at last." Accordingly the recruit rolled up his soiled woollen underwear and trudged over to Division headquarters. He was conducted to the General and made known his errand. Davis made a few kind inquiries into the matter, not omitting the name, rank, company and regiment of the man who had sent him. He told the soldier to sit down and wait and his washing would be attended to; then he sent a guard for the humorous sergeant and after verifying the soldier's story delivered the underwear to the sergeant, had the guard conduct him to the fine, large spring just back of the house and stand over him while he did the washing and then carefully march him with it back to his regiment and see it delivered to his innocent victim.

While the general court martial was in session, I wrote a letter from which two extracts are as follows:

"McAFEE'S CHURCH, GA., March 26, 1864.

\* \* \* \* \*

"I little thought eighteen months ago that I would serve under a brigadier who had dared to shorten Nelson's days, but so it is.

Jeff. is a small man with light hair and complexion, a large grey eye, and his every motion is characterized by an elastic, easy, wiry grace; free in speech, yet not copious to a degree that would flood his hearers; entertaining in conversation, an attentive listener, a *joyial fellow*, in short. I am told by those who have held conversations of length with

him that he is glad to talk of his affair with Nelson, feeling conscientiously that he could have done nothing else than what he did under the circumstances.

He gave evidence before our court martial yesterday evening. After he had gone I learned somewhat of his history. At the time of the Mexican War he, being about sixteen years of age, ran away from his parents and joined a company at Evansville, Indiana, his native state. His father and mother went to see him and told him they would cease to object to his volunteering if he would leave that company and go with a Captain from his own neighborhood. Jeff. told his captain what his father wanted and the captain said, "Go." He went and was known in the regiment through that war as Captain ————'s 'little sergeant.' While the war was in progress the congressman from his district secured him a cadetship at West Point, but he would not leave the field to take it and the place was declared vacant and another appointment made. The war over, Jeff. went home and his friends began to stir about the cadetship.

Mr. Representative, fearing for his success in the next election (for he wanted to continue his seat in Congress), and desirous of securing the good will and co-operation of Davis' friends, used his influence and was successful in procuring for him the appointment of Second Lieutenant in the 12th United States Artillery. So Jeff. was a regular officer without having graduated at West Point. He was captain of artillery and in Fort Sumpter when rebellion first leveled and fired its guns at those devoted walls. He afterwards raised an Indiana regiment and in the battle of Pea Ridge won the brigadier's star. He now stands a captain in the regular army and brigadier general of volunteers. I heard him talking the other evening about officers going home to marry. A. A. G. Wiseman of the First Brigade had gone home and taken a wife on the sly; that is, he didn't let any of his fellow officers know it when he came back. Jeff. was talking about it, 'Why,' said he, 'when I got married I let anybody and everybody know it that wanted to. I thought it was a *big thing*. Pea Ridge was considerable, but nothing by the side of getting a wife,' and then he laughed *heartily*.

I promised to tell you some time about the sagacity of my horse Charley. I bought my grey on Conesauga Creek, Tennessee, and thinking I would let Charley take matters 'easy' I rode the grey all the time afterward until we came to this camp. I paid no attention to Charley during about three weeks. One night after we came here I was coming past the horses and stopped to play with my favorite—as I had often done, for he was always very gentle to handle when from under the saddle. Lo! he whirled for fight. Thinking he did not recognize me in the dark, I spoke to him. It was no go. He was all fight and no terms. The next evening it was the same and neither kind words, threats, nor stripes would bring him back to his old good humor. I

ordered him saddled and rode him over to Rossville and back.

Afterwards it was all right with me, but notwithstanding he would stand hitched in peace with any other horse at headquarters he refused to let the grey alone when he could reach him. I then rode them turn about until about two weeks ago. They had learned to stand quietly together, playing once in a while. Last Sunday I took the grey out and rode over the battlefield, leaving Charley here by himself. The next day he pressed close enough and kicked the poor grey unmercifully, bruising the stifle of the right hind leg to such an extent that the horse could not move. I went to the stable in the evening and found Charley standing as close to the other as he could squeeze. I slipped the halter strap to the far end of the stable and thought thus to prevent any more such work. When I rose in the morning, I looked out at the stable and found that he had worked the strap along the pole nearly the whole length of the stable, and kicked the poor cripple with his fore parts out of the stable, over a log two feet through, and there he was standing again close up to his victim, with his head down looking as innocent as a sheep. I took a strap and while deliberately preparing it for use he took the hint, but I didn't let him off. After whipping him for the first time since I owned him, I do not think I ever saw any human eye gleam with more of the *devil* than did his. Strange as it may appear in an animal, *jealousy* has made him mad. I haven't gone near him since, yet he will neigh whenever I come in sight and I'm convinced he knows the plight he has put his comrade in.

I expect to lose the grey. He may recover, but I doubt very much.

Our court still progresses. A. R. is well and all is quiet in these parts."

The incident suggested in the last entry of the journal at McAfee was the outgrowth, in large measure, of too much whiskey and there came a day when it was very humbly apologized for. Its details would be without profit. Men did not leave behind them wholly all their Adamic traits when they became soldiers, and hypocrisy, pride, envy, jealousy, slander, heartburnings and the like occasionally found place and demonstration among them.

The famous Dr. Mary E. Walker appeared at the mills while the brigade was stationed there. While we were still doing duty at Nashville the officers of the regiment clubbed together and bought thirteen silver pieces and the drums to arm and equip a band. The musicians were selected from, or rather, found in, the different companies and it merely required them to become associates and accustomed to each other's work to produce a musical aggregation of no mean qualifications from the start. It gave us

a little trouble, in one way, almost from the date of its formation. There was an inclination to appropriate it as a brigade institution, none of the other regiments of the brigade having a band; but our rights in the premises were not very greatly infringed. In fact, the powers that were, at no time really forgot that the instruments were private property and the band a 52d institution and so the drafts on it were made not by way of orders, but by way of suggestions and requests which it was not polite to *disobey*.

It was the evening of her arrival that I received from Dr. Walker a pencil note, all of which is in the handwriting of Colonel Dan. except the signature:

"Major:

Will you be so kind as to send *our* band up this evening with the string instruments also. Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

MARY E. WALKER,

Major and Chief of Staff.

MAJOR HOLMES, Commanding 52d Ohio.

Indorsed: O. B. MAJOR HOLMES."

Before we left the Mills Dr. Walker deliberately rode into the enemy's picket lines several miles from the camp on the east side of the creek and was captured. She dressed in men's clothing, except that her blue cloth coat was a little longer than regulation style for men; it dropped down just below the knee. We may come to her or she may come to us later on in this chronicle.

A long story, with its war incidents, is told in a few words. When I was five or six years old, a babe, whose mother had died, was, for some reason, brought to our house and cared for by my mother for a week or more. It was then taken away and I grew to manhood without further knowledge of its history, although the incident, so to speak, of the child's being brought into the house, remaining there and being taken away, was indelibly impressed on my mind.

This letter will explain itself:

"HEADQUARTERS FIFTY-SECOND O. V. I.,

GORDON'S MILLS, GA., April 10, 1864.

Dear Father:

After telling you we are both as well as usual, I must say the object of my writing this evening, although I have penned several missives lately, is to tell a story that has a sad ending.

I cannot recollect whether I ever wrote you and mother or not the circumstances under which I discovered little Jim. Bond.

I remember well when a babe he was brought to our house in Georgetown and also how much concern I felt for the little fellow when the *man* took him away. I had often in succeeding years thought of the child, but being away from those who knew of him was not certain what or where he was.

The 52d had been in service some eight months when in Nashville, at retreat roll call one evening, the orderly sergeant of Co. B, the company immediately on the left of Co. G, in calling his roll said, contrary I suppose to his usual custom, 'Jim. Bond.'

'Here,' said a voice in the ranks and I began to think 'Jim. Bond,' 'Jim. Bond, can it be possible that the little babe has been a soldier almost in my own company for eight months and I never recognized his name?' It was so. The orderly had always called him James Bond and might have called him so till this time probably without my recognizing the name. It was the 'Jim.' that first attracted my attention.

I had a talk with him all about his past soon after I discovered him and found then, as ever since, notwithstanding the man who raised him was hard, often unreasonable in all his requirements at the hands of his bound boy, that Jimmy Bond was a kind-hearted, shrewd boy, a healthy, willing and joyous soldier. He has never been absent from his company one day to my knowledge.

This morning in company with two other boys of Co. B, he procured a pass to go over the battlefield. He took a hatchet with him to bring in pieces of shells and about two miles out while working with and pounding an unexploded shell it burst, tearing his left arm off between the wrist and the elbow, rendering the limb a mass of shreds and blood to the shoulder. His eyes are blown out, it is thought by the surgeon. The face is terribly mutilated and swollen. The finger next the little one on the right hand had the bone next the hand so shattered that it had to be opened and the bone taken out.

I have seen pitiable sights often, but poor Jim. is the most so of any I ever saw. The heart ached at the sight. The shattered limb was taken off within an inch of the shoulder. His days of soldiering are over if he lives, a thing I think very doubtful. He will have good care if, for wise purposes, his days should not soon end. I shall not feel perfectly easy until I hear you have thoroughly inspected those shells I sent home and found no powder in them. I thought there was none when I put them up. Let me know.

I have no other news of note now. Your son,

J. T. HOLMES."

Camping two full months in the northern end of the Chickamauga battlefield and two full months in the southern end, with the business at McAfee and Rossville and in and out of Chatta-

nooga, made us quite familiar with the points of that famous fighting ground, especially between the Lafayette and the Dry Valley roads, but in those days the great interest lay rather in what was before than in what was behind us. The time to look backward either at the war, or at life, in the general sense, had not come to us. We were young men yet and the war was not two years old.

MARIETTA, GEORGIA, May 21, 1897.

We left Chattanooga on time and had an agreeable run on "the Battlefields' Line," as it is called, down through familiar towns and country. We stopped at Chickamauga Station, eleven miles out, to which point our brigade moved from McAfee's Church, February 14, 1864, and where it remained in camp until the 22d of that month when it returned to McAfee. The first time we saw it was after the battle of Mission Ridge, on November 26, preceding, while in pursuit of the retreating enemy.

The next station is Graysville, six miles further down the road. It was here we overtook the rear guard and had the brisk set-to at dusk that day. Six miles further on we stopped at Ringgold to which place the brigade marched on the reconnoissance, from McAfee's Church, January 28, 1864. This was our first acquaintance with the locality. In those days the name continually reminded me of Major Ringgold of Mexican war fame, one of my ideal soldiers, an accomplished and brilliant artillery officer, who had been killed in the battle of Palo Alto.

We camped the night of the 28th of that January west of the town and south of the railroad track and on the next day returned to McAfee.

On the 23d of the next month we marched a second time to Ringgold, moving by way of Graysville. It was on this march that I rode several miles with Colonel Harmon of the 125th Illinois, and we had one of those conversations where heart touches heart and where the fragrance of the time so spent remains when all the words and special subjects and forms of treatment have passed out of memory. The Colonel was one of nature's noblemen, a quiet, vigilant, effective officer, who never lost his head, whose patriotism was as unselfish and as little self-seeking as could be found anywhere, whose nature was kind and just toward all men. In person and manner he was after the type of his fellow-citizen, Abraham Lincoln. He kept on in the line of duty until a later day in that year when we shall meet him again.

The next day we marched from Ringgold through Tunnel Hill to Buzzard Roost, or Rocky Face Ridge, where we ran against the enemy's artillery. We spent the 25th and 26th mov-

ing about from point to point in front of the Ridge and when night came withdrew and camped at Ringgold. On the 27th we returned to the church.

Another time still we saw Ringgold and that was May 3, 1864. We had been in camp at Lee and Gordon's Mills from March 6, preceding. On the morning of May 3, we marched away from the mills by the Ringgold road to begin the Atlanta campaign and that evening and next day—May 4—were in camp in the same field where we had stopped on the former occasions.

On the 5th of May we broke camp and passed through Ringgold camping on the left side of the road beyond the gap through the ridge, not very far from the town, where we lay until the morning of the 7th. Troops were massing along this line for the new campaign. My notes show the post assigned me in its opening and the pithy instruction given by McCook on the evening of May 6th: "When you get 'em started, keep 'em on the hop." We moved out on the morning of the 7th and I had the honor of commanding the line that fired the first shot on the Atlanta campaign and we made the enemy use due diligence to get away from Tunnel Hill. I cannot take the time now to elaborate my old notes of this long campaign. I call it long for there was no day from the morning of May 7, 1864, until the morning of September 2d, next following, that we were beyond reach of the enemy's guns. If a movement day or night withdrew us by some road, or wood, or field, beyond shot and shell, it was only for a little while and no twenty-four hours in that period of one hundred and eighteen days passed over our heads while we were entirely out of range. It was enough to try the nerves of the strongest and yet the boys seemingly grew careless and indifferent to the dangers.

By the march through Snake Creek Gap, which lies several miles to the right of the railroad, going south, we struck Resaca as our next station on the railroad. It is twenty-three miles below Tunnel Hill. Dalton and Tilton, the intervening stations, we did not see on our first visit down through Georgia. To tell the truth, while we sent the good people some selections of iron and lead, we did not take the trouble to visit the station then, but made a detour by way of Rome where we had trouble with the enemy on the 17th and 18th of May. On the 25th, we were in

the vicinity of Dallas and our operations were all on the right hand side of the railroad going south until June 11th, when we caught our first sight of Kenesaw. Here we operated near the railroad and in front of the mountain until the 25th of June, and the names of Allatoona, Ackworth and Big Shanty stations became very familiar. They are all in sight of the mountain, the last named station being nearest, within, I should say, two and a half, or three, miles. It is noted as the station from which the Andrews' Raiders, on April 12, 1862, steamed away with the train which they ran almost a hundred miles toward Chattanooga before being forced by the vigorous pursuit to abandon it and take to the woods. It was one of the most thrilling episodes of the war. One-half of the raiders were executed and most of the others, if not all—five or six—are still living. An exact model of the engine which they captured—the General, as it was named—surmounts the Ohio Memorial at the graves of their dead in the National Cemetery at Chattanooga. It is bronze.

It was the night of June 25, 1864, that our brigade was withdrawn from the line in front of Kenesaw and marched several miles to the right to the part of the line where our charge was made two days later, *June 27th*.

Leaving these movements, we return to our modern, unobstructed railroad train, known as the "Dixie Flyer," and run into Marietta at 6:30 p. m. of this date. It is a quiet old town and there are men still living who made investments here when it was superior in every way to the little village of Atlanta, twenty miles below. From Big Shanty the railroad runs around the northeast end of the mountain and Marietta is about as far south as Big Shanty is north of the summit. We took up headquarters in room 1 of the Elmwood House, facing on a beautiful park, which makes the public square, perhaps two acres of ground, with wide streets on its sides.

Inquiry shows that a part of my plan for visiting the lines cannot be carried out, at least, not in the way I had hoped it could be.

It was my intention to drive to the top of Big Kenesaw and from it take a general observation of the field, but it turns out that there is no road to the summit and the last half mile is heroic

climbing for a man, let alone a lady. I do not care to go alone for this climb and view and, therefore, we shall be content with the charging ground of June 27, 1864, and the views from the lower grounds. There is a National Cemetery at this city in which are buried fourteen thousand federal soldiers. A confederate cemetery has also been established at this point and the graves are being marked as fast as the ladies can raise the money to purchase the headstones. Marietta has a population of about three thousand people; is a dreamy, easy going, comfortable town, with some wealth—I do not mean large fortunes—and a general air of good, fair living, much like an Ohio town of such size, in these depressed times, financially speaking.

There is time now to go back to May 3, 1864, and take up the more detailed memories, correspondence and reports showing the Atlanta campaign from Lee and Gordon's mills to Marietta, but there are two reasons which operate to induce a different course. The first one is quite simple. I am tired. The amount of work done since we left home has turned an excursion for recreation into labor as exacting as the uninterrupted trial of cases in open court; indeed, if it were not for the pleasure there is in this kind of labor, the strain would be greater than law trials, because it consumes many more hours each day. The second reason is that an adherence to the rule applied to the campaigning down to Nashville and vicinity and then down to Chattanooga and vicinity will defer the bringing forward of those features that may be omitted until the close of the Atlanta campaign. I am not specially concerned about a system of writing, but there will be a sort of consistency in keeping to the general plan of review.

### KENESAW, JUNE 27, 1864.

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At the annual reunion of the Fifty-Second Association, held at New Alexandria, Ohio, on the 20th of August, 1897, I delivered an address, which, as it embodies the next day's "field notes," is given in full, as follows:

My Comrades :

In Conan Doyle's latest book, *Uncle Bernac*, he deals with Napoleon's proposed invasion of England in 1805. His hero, a young French refugee, crosses the channel to Boulogne and unites his fortunes with those of the Emperor, becoming a member of the court and, so, familiar with the great army of two hundred thousand officers and men there marshalled for the conquest, but destined never to set hostile feet on English soil.

Long years afterward, when that armed host had melted away in the furnace heats of Austerlitz, Jena, Eylau, Friedland, Eckmühl, Essling, Wagram and Borodino and the remnant had nearly all perished amid the storms and snows and ice of the Russian steppes; when new generations of the French had again furnished successors and waded through the blood and carnage of Lutzen, Bautzen, Dresden, Leipsic, Hanau, Ligny and Quatre Bras to the gloom and shroud of Waterloo; when the master spirit of those wonderful campaigns, broken and chafing against its prison bounds, the lone isle, through its last six years, had taken its eternal flight; when Monsieur Laval, stricken by the flight of time and with the infirmities of age, visits the camping grounds and the scenes of his early adventures by the French harbor, and returns from the review, he is made to say :

"Only last year I went back there under the strange impulse which leads the old to tread once more with dragging feet the same spots which have sounded to the crisp tread of their youth."

I plead guilty to this so-called "strange impulse." It is creeping down toward forty years since we began to make camps and marches and battlefields and history, in one of the world's greatest epochs; it is almost an average lifetime since all these things were finished and fixed as the eternal years of the God of battles, and it would seem to me no more a "strange impulse" to

cherish and long to visit one's childhood home, or to yearn for the sight of the tomb of child, or wife, or mother, or father, after long absence, or to see the faces and touch the hands of our truest associates and friends, when divergent paths and separate lots and lapsing years have neither broken, nor weakened the vibrant chords of enduring fellowship and confidence. It is *not* strange. For twenty years I have hoped to tread once more the same spots which echoed to the tread of our youth, to look upon the same hills and valleys, the same plains and mountains, the same fields and forests, the same creeks and rivers, the same roads and highways, the same cities and villages, the same sun and moon and stars, which, in that "elder day," we saw, in our most memorable years, through the veil of disease and danger, wounds and death.

I'll tell you why it is not strange. A recent writer comes close to my thought and I use his language, for the most part, dissenting, perhaps, from a very little of his doctrine, as it is expressed:

"It is with man as with nature. The chemistries of the soil and the sky are carried up into the plant, and are not lost but reproduced. The vegetable mold, with its forces and laws, is reproduced in the animal kingdom. So the animal life is reproduced in man, and enthroned with reason. The human spirit is a reservoir of storages and reproductions. The personal present is simply the full expression of the past. What we are to-day is a recapitulation of what we have gone over and known. Why should we have memory? Why should we linger over the past? Why do we like to think of childhood joys and sorrows? Why do we cherish the simple days when we put our little faces between our mother's knees and cried our discontent into refreshment? Why do we linger in delight over the barefooted tramps, the journeys to kinsfolk, and the school-day sports? Because the whole of all that was ever real of this is stored in us.

"These things are a part of ourselves. We can not escape them. They have had vitally to do in making us what we are. The flying years give us a sight of ourselves; and we see what they have done. An old man delights to entertain you with his childhood; and in so doing, he is simply bringing the record up to date. The fulfillment of more than he will ever tell you is there

before you in his person and spirit. So the past, not in its incidental and surface form, but in its essential value, is being constantly restored and reproduced. God finally weaves all the raveled ends into the fabric. The time of the restitution of all things is now.

"You start up a mountain road. The first day the flowers are in bloom at the base. The next day the sun brings out the same bloom on the next altitude, and the next the same; and after you have reached the summit, and look back, a great scene is before you. But more than this, that journey has become permanently a part of you. The road, the flowers, the rugged rocks, the cascades, the trees, the cloudburst, with every vision of your eye,—all this has become a part of you never to be effaced. That picture, finer than human artist could furnish for a mint of gold, is yours forever. You return to the valley, you cross the seas, you live half a century, but that mountain scene, sunshine and all, has been ineffaceably placed on the canvas of your soul. That mountain did not absorb you; you absorbed the mountain. It will add richness to your spirit in eternity. In this way we take up and retain the essence of things, great and small, as we go onward. This is not because we will, but whether we will or no. It is not a question of preference. This law of human life would be fearful indeed were it not for the fact that the human personality is greater than all events. They shall not take the personality up into themselves. Time shall not, death shall not, eternity shall not; for the personality shall survive throughout eternity. Only it will be influenced in one way or another by all its events, either in time or in eternity."

I have two friends, who live in a western state; one of them far down the shady side of life, a minister of the gospel of peace, whose ears never heard the sound of warring guns; the other passed from the ranks to the head of his company during four full years of West Virginia, Maryland, Mississippi, Georgia, South Carolina and North Carolina campaigning. You know that was not featherbed soldiering.

The former, under no cloud, left this part of Ohio for the western home before the rebellion. The last message I heard from him conveyed the information, in general terms, that he had

no desire to see any part of the State of Ohio, or any one whom he had ever known here. The other, who followed Horace Greeley's advice after the war, wrote me last month:

"Haven't seen a battlefield since the war, excepting Siegel's retreat at Carthage, Mo., and do not want to see one. The war was the beginning of the end of this republic."

These two friends must be exceptions to the rule. They could not cry their discontents into refreshments with their faces buried in their mothers' laps, even if those mothers were living. The things which have touched their lives—many of them, at least—seem to have become no part of themselves. No beautiful or moving pictures, "sunshine and all," have been ineffaceably painted on the canvas of their souls. The mountains must have absorbed them, instead of their absorbing the mountains. While they should have taken up and retained the essence of things, great and small, the essence of the higher, grander life, possible to them, has been sapped by external and internal forces.

Neither would thank me for pity and I, therefore, waste none.

It is on the assumption that the rule and the exception are thus properly stated that I proceed. The very presence here of these comrades and their friends classifies them under the rule and not as exceptions.

At last, in a way, in no wise anticipated, came the partial realization of the long hope referred to. In May, with the best traveling companion any man can find on earth, viz: his "better half," I passed between two and three weeks visiting the principal camps and battlefields of the 52d Ohio Infantry Volunteers from Camp Dennison, Ohio, to Jonesborough, Georgia. It is needless, in this presence, to mention even the principal cities along the line of campaigning or travel. Their names are burned into each memory—Cincinnati, Lexington, Louisville, Nashville, Chattanooga, Atlanta. On this great thread, six hundred miles long, hangs the most of our military history. It was, proportionately, equalled in importance and intensity, however, by the succeeding, though briefer, chapter.

If spared in life long enough, I shall review that final chapter, in a similar manner.

Upon a suggestion, for which I suspect that General Boynton of Washington is remotely responsible, because I met him on Chickamauga field, at Crawfish Springs and at Chattanooga, my attention has been turned to my "field notes" of the visit to Kenesaw, for this occasion, though it must give any one pause who undertakes to tell veterans of the civil war what they did on any given field.

In that famous struggle, this part of Ohio was largely represented by two regiments, whose numbers and deeds will be remembered and celebrated until the owl and the bittern typify the end of civilization and population over all these regions—the 52d and the 98th Ohio Infantry Volunteers.

At my request, my stenographer, with two or three small exceptions, has made a typewritten copy of them, with all their imperfections on their heads, and I bring them, as my bundle of sticks, to this annual camp fire, even though it is in the sultry month of August.

You will, please, remember that I write at our hotel at the close of the day's observations. \*

On the preceding afternoon, just before sunset, we had enjoyed, for some miles, the full view of both Kenesaws, as the train swept southward through Allatoona, Ackworth, Big Shanty, and around the eastern end of the greater mountain.

MARIETTA, GEORGIA, May 22, 1897.

At 8 o'clock this morning, Uncle Moses Bacon, who intelligently superintends Mr. Minehart's livery barns, drove a good stout team, hitched to a good looking carriage to our hotel entrance. Uncle Mose does not do a great deal of the driving for his employer, but Mr. Nichols, the hotel proprietor, suggested that he ought himself to drive with us to Cheatham hill and he acquiesced at once. He is an *ante bellum* character, formerly a slave, and knows this part of the country well. With his perfectly white linen duster, starched and clean, surmounted by a full white cape of like material and in like condition, and his carefully brushed silk plug hat, not, it is true of this, or even last, year's style, dented and somewhat strained, in places, the black nap brindling under the influence of time and exposure, he presented no commonplace figure as he handled the ribbons and entertained his patrons.

It is four miles by the road to Cheatham hill, the name given to the hill up which we charged on that hot June day. General Frank Cheatham, of Nashville, who died September 4, 1886, commanded that portion of the Confederate lines and his name very appropriately sticks, as did his troops, to the hill.

When Uncle Mose started out on the drive, he took the main road skirting the Marietta side of Little Kenesaw and the ridges which run away from it toward the south along the crest of which the Rebel line of works was built. I noted that when we had marched into Marietta on the 3d of July, 1864, after the enemy abandoned Cheatham hill, our way had been through the meadows and lower lands to the left of the road we were going out, and Uncle Mose said I was correct about it. There had long ago been a road along the valley.

After while we began to see old earthworks. Uncle Mose was driving up and along the ridges to the left, that is north, of the place at which the charge was made. He knew, however, what he was about and said, "I want to bring you on de ground by de way you all come." Presently, I recognized the ground

to the right of the road where we camped in the woods on the night of the 25th-26th of June. It was a glance ahead, however, which enabled me to do this. The ground over which we marched *from* the camp to the top of the ridge where we formed for the assault could not be mistaken. We had passed out of the woods and up a little slope which was, and still is, a sort of head to a small valley coming up from the south and there was the ridge with its yellow grass—sunburnt—and over there on the left, beyond another valley, before we came to a "front," was the timber covered hill which showed nothing of the terrors, the horrors which it was soon to witness. It was but a short distance from the camp among the trees where we had lain behind the ridge, without fires, from the night of the 25th of June until the morning of the 27th. "Does you reco'nize dis road and dat fiel?" "I *reckon* I do Uncle Mose. Drive up along the ridge and let me out." He did so. The country roadway runs along a few yards behind the line where we formed. The ridge and the field are in cotton now, the plants about three inches high. I walked out a few steps toward the crest and could easily locate the spot on which the men lay down while the preliminaries were finally arranged. I looked down the slope over which we moved. The same sun was shining over field and wood and stream and it was about the same hour of the morning. Cheatham hill had the same innocent, peaceful look it had on that other morning, thirty-three years ago. I recalled the shot from some sharpshooter, perched in a tree on that hill, which struck one of the 52d close as the men were lying to the crest. Now, I cannot tell whether the soldier was mortally wounded or not. I can see him writhe on the ground and I have an impression that he was a member of K or G, or B, because he was toward the flying end of the left wing of the regiment. I recalled McCook's death song as he strode through the brigade and the actual work before us, of which we had been advised, began to dawn clearly on all minds. It was, doubtless, a spontaneous quotation, but very appropriate to inspire the patriotic feeling and, if we had been Roman soldiery,

a trust in the care of the gods. It was a heathen refrain, but impregnated with love of country and kith and kin and duty owed to them all.

“To every man upon this earth  
Death cometh soon or late;  
And how can man die better  
Than facing fearful odds  
For the ashes of his fathers  
And the temples of his gods?”

In a moment, the signal guns on our left, down the hill a way, gave their double tongues of flame and shell and we stood up. The order of battle was 85th Illinois, skirmishers, then in line of battle, 125th Illinois, 86th Illinois, 22d Indiana and 52d Ohio. At the word, quietly given, the solid column of four regiments, with the skirmish line out, marching with regimental front, at ten paces intervals, moved over the crest and down, down the long three hundred yards slope, through the cleared pasture field. As we appeared over the crest the noise of battle began in dead earnest. The artillery of both sides opened full blast and the crack of skirmish rifles punctuated the spaces in the roar of the Napoleons. Steadily, we kept our pace. It was difficult for the enemy's artillerists to do much execution against us, because each step changed the range by reason of the descent. Three hundred paces down and we came to the fringe of trees and bushes, which skirted the hither bank of Noyes creek—Northerners would call it a “run”—a small stream crossing our path from left to right. Over the stream, we entered a little meadow, covered with tall yellow grass, or grain, containing, perhaps, four acres, at the further side of which was the edge of the wood where the rise of the hill really began and in which were the Confederate rifle pits, just abandoned. Our skirmish regiment came in to its position in front. We were ordered to lie down for a few breaths in this meadow. Just after we rose and as we began to look up through the woods and catch clearer glimpses of the enemy's formidable earthworks, ten or twelve paces before we reached the rifle pits, in the edge of the timber, the first man of the regiment I saw fall pitched forward to the ground, both hands stretched out with his rifle in the right. He

may not have been the first to fall. It was Isaac Newton Wycoff, Corporal, G Company, whom I had enlisted and taken into the service, a student under me in Richmond College for some terms before enlistment, a good, brave, sincere boy, a mother child, *i. e.*, one between whom and his mother, from his very nature, you would expect the closest, tenderest ties of affection and manner to subsist. He had been a diligent, conscientious student, sober and earnest in the pursuit of knowledge. Everybody who knew him liked his sturdy character.

The regiment pressed on and I never saw him again. His wound was mortal and before the day passed his earthly career closed on the field. Others began to go down as we climbed the slope toward the breastworks. Up and up and up, we went through death and wounds to within seventy-five feet of the blazing, smoking line. As we crossed the little meadow and neared the pits in the edge of the timber, I remember a queer thought that passed through my mind as the balls whizzed and zipped above and around us striking the grass, the ground and an old stump, here and there through the field. They seemed to come so thickly that my thought was, "If I should hold out my hand I could catch several of them—a handful—immediately." I did not try the experiment, for want of time, or, like Pat with his ax, for want of faith.

You remember he was chopping wood along the creek bank, when his priest came by. They fell to discussing the subject of faith. Pat could not understand the Dominie's definitions. Finally, to make it clear, the priest told him if he'd throw his ax into the water actually believing that it would float, it would float. To make sure, Pat restated the proposition. "Your Riverence says if I'll trow me ax in the wather belaving it'll float, it'll float?" "Yes." "Well, then, here goes." Over went the ax and down to the bottom of the creek. In a sort of triumphant disgust, Pat exclaimed, "*Just as I expicted.*"

Perhaps my faith was of that kind.

At that moment, one of my men close to whom I was moving, suddenly whirled about, with a face as white as death's and the purpose plainly written on it to take flight. Lifting my sword up past his eyes I said, "Stop, Joe." and without a word,

he turned about and never faced to the rear again during the charge. Years afterward, he applied to me personally for an affidavit in aid of his pension application. I prepared and made one which embraced my knowledge of his faithful service, for he was a fine soldier from enlistment to the close of the war. At the time of furnishing the document, I told him of this incident in the Kenesaw charge. He was utterly incredulous and must have been oblivious of his own action in turning to flee. He had no recollection whatever of it—did not know or remember that he had faced to the rear from start to finish. I have no doubt of his honesty in the statement, or of his courage on the battlefield.

The 52d had the rear line in making the assault, so that, according to the order of ten paces interval, it was forty paces from the leading regiment back to ours after the skirmish regiment rejoined. Out of something over three hundred men of the regiment who participated in the charge eighty-five of them fell within fifteen minutes, *i. e.*, between the point of Wycoff's fall and the point of our final check in front of the enemy's earthworks. Mitchell's brigade, charging on our right and converging toward the same point, when within about one hundred yards of the rebel line, came under the heavy *quasi* enfilading fire of Carter's eight-gun battery planted on a hill some six hundred yards to our right front, and this, with the rifle fire from the infantry line behind the works, drove some of his men into the right of our regiments which also came in range of the artillery and were under a destructive rifle fire and produced some confusion.

Major Frank B. James's pamphlet entitled "McCook's Brigade at Kenesaw," prepared for the Loyal Legion and printed in Vol. 4 of its Ohio Publications, is a very just and accurate account. He has talent for such work and should do more of it.

Colonel McCook was mortally wounded at the head of the brigade and within a few paces of the enemy's line. He was on foot. General Harker, who commanded the brigade which charged on our immediate left and practically against the flank of the same angle in the enemy's line, was killed while riding

his horse well up toward the earthworks. I remember seeing him the last time as we were crossing the little meadow. His brigade had no meadow after passing the stream except that the right of his regiments came near the upper end of the cleared land and it was as they were passing that I happened to glance to the left and see him on horseback directing the movements of his troops. \* \* \* There were sixteen regiments in the charging column at our point; McCook's, Mitchell's and Har-ker's brigades. I have not the figures at hand, but taking our own regiment as an average, there were not far from five thousand men. Of this number, between twelve hundred and fifteen hundred fell. It was dreadful, deadly work. The very air quivered with insistent mortality. The break in the right wings of the regiments and the melting away of the commands in advance of us left the 52d in front at the close, and it was the most compact and perfect body of troops in the brigade at that time. The swing resulting from the confusion mentioned had drawn the regiment a little to the right, and wounded and retreating men had broken through the right wing of the regiment slightly.

Let me put aside the "field notes" of 1897 for a few minutes. It is said by the Supreme Court of Ohio, in the case of *Bell v. Brewster*, 44 Ohio State Reports 690, that,

"A letter purporting to have been written more than thirty years ago belongs to the class of instruments known as ancient documents; and, where produced from the family papers of the person to whom it had been addressed, is presumed to have been written by the person by whom it purports to have been written; and the writer and the person addressed being dead, is admissible in evidence without further proof of its authenticity. And so as to a pay-roll of a military company in the war of 1812, on which is what purports to be the signature of a soldier to a receipt for pay due him, produced from the archives of the government in the war department at Washington City."

To my delight, upon my return home, I found, among the papers which my good father had transmitted to me before his death in 1891, a letter which I had written him thirty-three years ago in which is an account of the assault on Kenesaw, which letter I had never seen or heard of since it was mailed way down in Georgia; and which letter I had utterly forgotten. But one thing is lacking under the rule of the Supreme Court to make it an ancient document, admissible in evidence under favor of its

age alone. That one thing is the death of the writer. This court will waive that defect and permit me to quote from the practically contemporaneous account of the charge and what immediately followed. I know of no motive or interest that did or could swerve the young author from the truth, as he then saw things, in the slightest particular.

This is a part of that letter :

"We lay directly under the mountain until the night of the 25th when we were drawn off and marched two miles to the right hand point of the mountain as you come south. Here we lay until 8:30 o'clock on the morning of the 27th, a day to be remembered while time shall last.

At the hour named, we marched along a ridge through woods until we reached an open field. Here balls from the rebel skirmish line began to disable men in the brigade. We had all learned just before moving into the open field what was to be attempted.

The works of the enemy were to be stormed upon a wooded hill opposite the point where our brigade was formed, five regiments deep.

Through the leaves along the crest at less than one-half mile from us, across two open fields, the works of the enemy could be partially seen. There was an ominous stillness in the ranks. All knew that many must fall and each heart communed with itself in the few brief moments of rest. \* \* \* The mother, the wife, the lover, brothers and sisters doubtless occupied the thoughts of many of those brave boys. Some were gazing upon a sun that would only shine in after days to light their graves \* \* \*. Others were feeling themselves perfect men for the last time. Their perfections were soon to be marred.

Here and there was a talkative, restless, profane old soldier. I remember one who had fought at Pea Ridge and many times and places since. Said he, in my hearing, to a comrade: 'Aye! God, Jim, that hill's going to be worse'n Pea Ridge. We'll ketch hell over'n them woods.' This was uttered in a low tone with mysterious nods toward the opposite ridge.

Our artillery kept pouring its iron messengers upon the devoted spot selected for our assault. The troops on our right and left were ready; on our left a salvo from a six-gun battery told that the instant had come. Away, down the long slope, across the wide bottom, the long lines of devoted men moved with a shout into the face of the foe. When we began to ascend to the works in the edge of the woods the halt and lie down were ordered, by whom I do not know.

A perfect sheet of lead swept just over us; wounded and bloody men from what were then the front regiments began to pour back past us. 'Forward,' came the order and at the same instant. The line of every regiment in front of us was broken. Men came rushing down the slope in crowds breathing hard through fear and physical exhaustion.

The tide of retreat swelled until I thought at one moment my part of the regiment, the left wing, would be swept away by the throng.

Be it ever spoken to the praise of the 52d O. V. I., in that trying moment, it did not falter or waver and moved steadily on the charge with its line complete until it passed every regiment of the brigade and was halted within twenty-five yards, full view, of the rebel breastworks.

Colonel McCook had fallen. Colonel Harmon, next in command, had been shot down; the brigade had given away, as I have said, and if truth were told and full justice done, the 52d saved all that was saved by its nerve and courage for twenty-five minutes, but in less than that time eighty-five officers and men bit the dust from our ranks.

Men gave up their lives everywhere, it seemed. You could not say or think who would die or be maimed the next instant. I shall never forget the thud of a minie ball through human flesh; it is a sickening sound, but the saddest sight I saw on that day was each time a poor fellow, near me, would be wounded and start back to the rear only to fall pierced by a death shot after he had ceased fighting. I saw in those few moments several such cases and when you know how eager the wounded man is to get off the field without being killed, you can appreciate in a degree what my feelings were. He is not afraid to die, but after being disabled in the fight he wants to live that if he must be killed it may be while he himself is able to strike blows as well as receive them.

The other regiments of the brigade were rallied and as the firing slacked up, the assault having failed, orders were issued to fortify the ground, and, until the rebels left July 2d, it was a constant fight. Night and day the deadly rifle was doing its work. Our boys shot their heads logs and *chevaux de frise* to splinters killing and wounding from twenty-five to fifty of them each day, excepting the 29th of June when a truce prevailed to allow the dead lying between the works to be carried off or buried. On that day, Union and Rebel met between the works, shook hands and drank and talked as though they never had tried to kill each other.

If we had carried their works at that point, it would have been good-by to much of Hood's or then *Johnson's Army*. We would have been right in rear of Kenesaw. The point of assault was the key to the mountain, but human flesh could not do more than we did and a failure was the result. On the 2d of July they gave my old orderly sergeant, but then Lieutenant Miser, a mortal wound. He was too brave—carelessness and a reckless despite of their attempt to kill him made him, without bravado, expose his person above our works and his life paid the forfeit.

On the 3d of July we moved from our works where a hovering death had kept our heads for the most part well ducked down and our bodies behind earthworks constantly.

Passing by the suburbs of the neat town of Marietta, some six miles south we discovered our friends again intrenched in front of us. We took matters coolly, stopping and fortifying not far from them, and, during the 4th of July, shelling their pickets with twelve pounders!"

Now, we return to the notes which were written without the slightest conscious remembrance of this description.

The situation at the moment we reached the nearest point to the rebel works was critical in the extreme. To delay any time was to meet annihilation. The works must be carried instantly or the assault must be abandoned. The line of those works facing a little south of west formed a pronounced angle, very nearly a right angle, rounded, of course, at its sharpest point.

There was a crest on the side of the hill above which was death to wait long, just below which, a man lying flat on the ground was an inch or two below the rebel line of fire. The impression that two distinct—and a final indistinct—assaults were made beyond this crest has arisen, I think, more from the separate advance of regiments than from concerted brigade movements. Some of our men were so close to the enemy that they were called over the works and made prisoners.

It became a choice when a man found himself practically alone close to the muzzles of loaded rifles, with supports gone, or shot down, to obey the order to "Come over," or turn his back and go the way of all the earth.

The first sweep had carried McCook's brigade up to the slight abattis and hundreds of men fell killed and wounded above the crest of which I speak. Our charge struck against the sharp point—so far as it had a point—of the angle. The confederates name it "the dead angle." I mean by "our charge," that of McCook's Brigade. McCook fell, Harmon took command of the brigade and almost immediately Harmon fell. Dilworth of the 85th Illinois, who had commanded the skirmish line down through the field and across the creek, was the third officer in command within a few minutes. A glance around showed that we had failed for the time being to carry the line. One-third of officers and men down, success was gone. Then followed a result which no one had foreseen. Instead of a

retreat, the very slight crest was discovered and we dropped back to its line and hugged the ground for a time to recover breath and wits. "If we only had tools we'd fortify," but it was not practicable to bring picks and shovels, in any quantity, to our position in daylight and several hours of the day remained. Immediately, almost, creeping up to the very edge of the crest—we moved to the left and front of the position to which we first dropped back, I should say, from thirty to sixty feet—the men began to fortify. Sticks and stones and brush and chunks of wood were pushed between their heads and the enemy's works. Men, all the time lying as flat to the earth as possible, unlocked and slipped off their bayonets, or pulled them from their scabbards, and began loosening the gravelly soil about their heads with the sharp points of the weapons, made for different purposes; then reaching carefully down into their haversacks for their tin plates used them as shovels to throw up the dirt. Then the digging with the bayonets and the shoveling with the plates were repeated again and again through the long afternoon. So that, what with sticks and stones and bayonets and pans, by nightfall, when the picks and shovels came to us, there was no mean row of works along our line to keep off the rifle balls of our friends, the rebels, and by the next morning—June 28, 1864—we had a formidable line of earthworks behind which we were destined to stay until the other fellows found it necessary to go away and let us have the angle, on the morning of July 3, 1864.

As illustrating how close to the ground the men were obliged to lie when we dropped back to the little crest, Captain Samuel Rothacker, of Company G, was lying with his head on his hands and the brim of his big black military hat was shot through just by the band within a half inch of his head. So close was the rifle practice on both sides for five days that if one of the boys wanted a hole through his hat all he had to do was to put it on the end of his bayonet and raise it slowly above the lowest line of fire and slowly lower it. He would be accommodated with one or more holes in the hat at any time between sunrise and nightfall. It was, to the last degree, dangerous to expose any part of the body in daylight. Both lines had headlogs

about two inches above the earthworks and keen eyes were ever on the watch under them for shots. Our flag was stuck above the line and the staff to-day, in the Capitol Building, shows that it was practically shot off in a few minutes. It is my recollection that there were either four or five minie-balls fired through it within two or three hand breadths of its length, in a very short time. It was not shot down, but it required a piece of tin wrapped and tacked about the staff over that space to prevent its breaking off on the march and I think the tin is there still. Several of our men were shot while going about with care obeying the order to stoop for protection, but one courageous soul, First Lieutenant David F. Miser, G Company, who said he "Would stoop to no rebel," had occasion to go down the line on the last day of our stay in the works, July 2, 1864, and, walking bolt upright, he had not reached the left of our line until he fell mortally wounded. He was a choice spirit. At the time, he was carrying the line officer's sword which the ladies of Richmond, Ohio, had presented to me as the Captain of the Company the day we left for the army and I never had the heart to ask his old mother to return it. He died with the weapon in his possession and she was better entitled to it than I was, barring strict legal rights.

Names and incidents, heroes and tragedies, come in thronging memories. It is impossible to make note here of even a tithe of them.

A large tree stood in the line of our earthworks at the nearest point to the works of the enemy. Some one in the regiment had secured a Henry rifle and ammunition for it and on one of the five days, using the tree as a shield, I climbed on top of the earthworks and began annoying the rebel line to our left by an enfilading fire. I became so much interested in the work that I grew incautious. Turning my eyes after a time to the right, the whole rebel angle was in sight. The scene made cold chills run over me, for ordinarily it was unsafe to show even a hand to that line. I dropped down and surrendered the rifle—to my own men, of course—content with my enfilading experience.

So close were the works together at the nearest point, that the scheme of tunnelling to the rebel line and mining and blow-

ing it up entered the heads of the men on the 28th or 29th of June, and a tunnel was begun in the works at the left flank of the 52d. With the crude tools for underground work, which were available, the tunnel was pushed as rapidly as possible. The earth was "wasted" down the hill to the left and up over our works, but so sharp were the eyes of the rebels that they detected what was going on by the different color of the earth, although the difference was very slight. The plan excited great interest among officers and men, because it had in it the promise of great things if it could be carried through. It was rudely outlined thus: Finish the mine by the night of July 3d, charge it with large quantities of explosives, spring it at daylight on July 4th and complete the charge of June 27th. The charge of the mine was said to be provided for and there remained only about twenty to thirty feet of the work of the tunnel to be finished, when the enemy, like the Arabs "folded their tents and silently stole away." Early on the morning of the 3d of July a tall, lank Johnny Reb began calling from their works to make sure the boys would not shoot him when he showed himself and as soon as he attracted attention told us they were "All gone." The tension was at once relieved. The "close work," if we ever did any more of it, would be on some other field, for the whole Kene-saw line had been abandoned by the rebels during the night.

From our line, we had been able to note the fact that very considerable portions of the headlogs on the rebel works were eaten away by our bullets. The boys practiced billiard tactics on the headlogs and so calculated angles as to have the shots glance downward into the trench and they sometimes killed.

When our line took position at the crest after the failure of the assault many dead and wounded were left on the ground between the lines. Some of the latter crawled back to us during the afternoon and others came in after dark, while some badly wounded lay moaning and calling into the night when daring comrades or death came to their relief. No living were left between the works on the 28th of June and over the dead bodies of some hundreds, who had pressed the assault the day before, the fierce struggle of life and death went on from morn till night. The hot sun poured down on fields and woods and it was not

long until the dead began to grow offensive to the living on both sides. So impregnated did the atmosphere become with the odors that a truce was arranged on the 29th of June to bury our dead out of sight and to extinguish as far as possible the danger to health from the decaying bodies. Some were carried to the rear, but most were buried on the spot and while I cannot now state accurately the number of this latter class, there must have been as many as two hundred and fifty, possibly twice as many. During the progress of the burial by details of men, there was a cautious, discreet, but good-natured mingling of officers and men in the space within the lines. It was under restrictions, not indiscriminate, but enemies met and talked in that space as though they had never fought to the death and, admitting they had so fought, as though they would never fight again.

General Morgan of our division and General Cheatham, commanding in our front, I remember seeing between the breastworks. Morgan had on a strapless blouse and Cheatham a blue drilling roundabout gathered at the waist. He had borrowed it from one of his men as a sort of disguise. Other general officers took in the situation at what our boys called "Key Point" while the burials went on. Presently the work was finished, the truce ended and there was silence for some time. The spirit of the friendly communion lingered over the ground. It was a common observation that day among those men that if the settlement of the war were left to the soldiers who fought each other, it would soon be settled. After a time the silence was broken and the boys diligently resumed the sworn duty of "fighting it out."

The truce developed an incident which had many illustrations, in different forms, during the war. Among the men of the 52d, in G Company, was a young man whose father and mother were residents of Richmond, Ohio. He was in his place in line. Just over the Confederate works was an older brother, the surgeon of a Texas regiment. He had gone south to live some years before the war. It was said they only failed to meet while the truce was on because the doctor had gone into Marietta and did not return while it lasted.

When the lone Johnny came out and reported the lines evacuated and we had stretched up fell height on our feet without the fear of death and cooked and eaten a quiet breakfast, passing through the formidable earthworks of both lines we marched directly through the valley along the course above indicated to the city of Marietta and beyond in pursuit of the retreating enemy.

It is time to return to the carriage, which I left a few steps away to take my stand on the spot where McCook's Brigade formed for the assault and to look in detail over the scene which brought back these, among other, memories of that bloody day, thirty-three years ago, or rather of those bloody days, for no day went by, while we maintained our position, that some lives were not put out in the conflict at the "dead angle." The loss of the 52d, first and last, on that hill, as shown by the official records, was one hundred and eight men, twenty-three after the charge ended. In proportion, it equalled the loss of the 98th on Snodgrass hill, where more than every third man went down. Beginning with the gallant Major Shane, without my books, I cannot tell its mortuary list on Kenesaw. It was long enough, however, for eternal honors.

By the way, in the battle of Chickamauga the 98th O. V. I. lost sixty-three officers and men out of one hundred and eighty-one engaged. 50 W. R. 178 and 858.

On the Atlanta campaign its loss was eighty-two. 72 W. R. 643.

The following losses by regiments during the Atlanta campaign are shown at pages 643 and 717 of the volume last cited: 52d O. V. I., 253; 22d Indiana, 231; 78th Illinois, 205; 121st Ohio, 214; 125th Illinois, 206.

An examination of the official reports shows that the 52d Ohio sustained a greater number of casualties than any other regiment in the 14th Army Corps during that campaign. The highest regiment next was the 22d Indiana, the casualties in which amounted to 231. Ours amounted to 253!

Uncle Mose chirked up his square built, fat, well kept team and we passed down the road back of the position occupied by Morgan's Brigade of our division and by portions of the 20th

Corps, during the charge, and turning to the left passed through the earthworks of the latter, all to the right and front of the point at which our brigade formed for the assault and lower down the same slope. The rebel works were sharply refused on their left from the dead angle and this had permitted a corresponding advance of our extreme right. Our carriage crossed the little stream and began to ascend the eastern side of it through trenches and earth thrown up, to all appearances a year or two, instead of thirty odd, years, ago. Up near the rebel line, *i. e.*, within a couple of hundred yards, Uncle Mose stopped in front of a comparatively modern frame house, not large, and without trees or grass about it, where he said "Mr. *Chanley*" lived, who now owns the battle ground. The name of the proprietor proved to be Mr. Virgil B. Channell. He was down at his little barn some distance in rear of his house and quite near the rebel line, which runs from the hill down through his land. The call of one of his children soon brought him to the house and I told him that our mission was to review the ground on Cheatham hill where the charge was made. The proprietor told us that he was a very small boy at the time, having been born in sight of the field and of the location of his own house, in 1859; that he had lived there always. His father's house is still standing, perhaps five-eighths of a mile in front of the rebel line and a half mile in rear of the 20th Corps position. It can be seen from the hill. Mr. Channell was very much interested when he learned that I had participated in the charge and quite anxious to go with us over the ground. His house stands in the field to the right of the point at which the attack was made—that is to our right—and about forty rods away from the position at which Mitchell's Brigade rested and intrenched when the attack failed. It is really down the southern slope of the hill in the general direction of the rebel works if you regard the charge as made up the western slope thereof. The ground above the house is now cleared and under cultivation almost to the earthworks made by Mitchell's Brigade. To those we came first and next entered those thrown up by our own brigade. The preservation of these lines, where they lie in the woods, or even in open fields, where not plowed over, is wonderful. The ditch on the inside has filled a

little with leaves and wash, or, in the fields, with the wash alone; the headlogs are gone and the earth has flattened on top of the old ridge, but if "the boys" were there with the picks and shovels they could restore ditch and ridge along most of the line in a half hour, especially if minies were singing from the other line, and as for the headlogs, they could be provided and put up very speedily. Very little of grass or weeds, comparatively speaking, seems to have grown on the up-thrown earth and it lies bare and yellow, or red, distinctly defined for long distances. There is very little of frost or snow to upheave, or wash, or disintegrate the soil and it is not difficult to believe, in fact, it seems to force itself on the mind, under Patrick Henry's rule of judging the future by the past, that the tourist of 1964 will be able to trace the lines on Cheatham hill as easily as I did to-day, and I walked the crests of both of them, just as the boys did on that quiet morning, July 3, 1864. As soon as we entered the works of our brigade, I made for the point nearest the enemy's line. Actual measurement now shows what I remember of the distance as I stepped it in July, 1864. It is ninety feet now, it was thirty paces then. Facing the hill from which we came that morning, the first little difference noted is that the grass-covered field is now in cotton; next, the trees along the creek are gone and the fringe of bushes is lighter and thinner. \* \* \* The little meadow is discernible, but somewhat effaced, so far as its lines are concerned, because the ground has been cleared half way up to our works and is now under cultivation. The greater portion of the meadow is now in grass, but not in thrifty condition. One can make out the old "edge of the timber" and the rebel rifle pit line by the stumps from the clearing w' ich still stand, at least a few of them, in a mouldering condition. Some of the larger trees have disappeared and there are some new growths, but excepting the undergrowth, which is not thick, the effect of the shade from the forest trees is substantially what it was when we marched away after the rebels. A large tree which stood in our line at the nearest point is gone. At our feet lay the mouth of the tunnel which was, and is, *within* our line of earthworks; it has caved in for about six feet from the original opening, but, otherwise, the tunnel is there to-day as we left it. I looked into

the mouth and the opening through which the men worked seemed unchanged in size. I traced the course above ground between the lines to ascertain whether or not any portion of the tunnel had caved. There is not a break visible and I have no doubt that one of the miners could go in with his short candle to-day and easily make his way to the end up near the rebel works. Some of the roof may have fallen, but it would be safe to wager that there is no serious obstruction from end to end of the famous subway. There runs our line down to our left, somewhat refused, until there comes a break where the earth from the tunnel was wasted, being carried along the trench in sacks or baskets or buckets. One of the Illinois regiments, starting its line of works in rear of the point, just mentioned, so as to overlap fifteen or twenty feet, continued to the left pushing a little more to the front, but this "point" and the broken line are twice as far from the rebel works as the "nearest point," or further. Lieutenant Miser fell near the break. Standing still in the same place, one could appreciate from the location of neighboring rebel batteries how completely the conformation of the ground at the point where our brigade finally stuck made it impossible by a few inches for a single one of their guns to touch the men, hugging the ground. It is not probable that any one on either side knew or appreciated this condition of the engineering portion of the situation before the charge was made, yet it was a few inches of earth that made our sticking so close to our antagonists after the assault possible, and back of the line which nature had made of these few inches of earth as a protection from hostile rifles such was the surface of the ground that the bearers of picks and shovels or anything else in daylight were in mortal peril from thousands of guns, in unfriendly hands.

We walked about over the hill side within our works. Mr. Channell called special attention to a little, stunted, gnarled oak, fifteen or twenty feet high and from four to six inches in diameter which was literally shot to pieces during the battle. It stands in the present edge of the timber just back of our position and had been shot through and through, I was about to say, hundreds of times. No man can tell how often. The tree

has not grown in size since the war. It must have had some defect in one side at the time of the action; at least, it shows it now, for the bullets made openings through the tree in several places and the splinters and frayed edges of the wood are there still only slightly modified by time. Mr. Channell said that not long—a year or two—ago, a captain of one of the Illinois regiments, in his presence, put his finger into one of these holes and pulled out a bullet which had lodged there during the battle. A boy Mr. C. had working for him, last year, not appreciating the character of the relic, proceeded to chop the tree down. The farmer happened to note what was going on in time to save it. The fresh ax marks are at the root, however. The struggle of the tree for life excited curiosity and interest. It had been wounded almost to death and through the third of a century had barely lived. Some little repair of the ravages of war has taken place which looks like the healing or partial healing over of the wounds, yet so great has been the struggle to live that the remaining vitality has been more than consumed in the effort to heal and no other growth beyond the few leaves each year has occurred. It reminded me of many a poor fellow who went home with wounds and scars to drag out a miserable existence, never well, never strong, ever living and yet ever dying, until the end came, or will come, as come it must to the little oak of Kenesaw. Here, as at Chickamauga, the timber shows its scars all over, but one who has not studied effects would not comprehend or appreciate what the smaller or larger gnarled growths mean.

In all the destruction of timber by artillery which I ever saw that along the Lafayette road in the vicinity of the Kelly house took the lead. While I passed over that road many times in the first four months of 1864, and while the riven, mangled trees showed white, fresh wounds the interest never abated. It was a horrid dream, a bloody drama, a patch of hell on earth, and it came back with each new sight of the terrific indices of the dread actualities, which had been hung up on the forest trees along that Chickamauga thoroughfare.

Walking up and down and over our own works, we passed to the Confederate line and standing on the "nearest point" of that I said to Mr. Channell,

"You have lived here all your life and are familiar with the ground and distances, how far is it from that crest, where we started, down to the creek?"

"Well, sah, I should say it is three hundred yahds."

"Now, how far is it from the creek to the point where we stand?"

"Just about the same distance."

"From the crest to the works, then, six hundred paces?"

"That's right, sah."

In the Cadiz address, delivered May 30, 1896, approximating from memory, only, I had said that "we fell into line behind some ridge, or crest, or under some sort of natural screen, or cover, to peer to the front, in a vain effort to solve the problem of that leafy ridge, and whence to burst, upon the firing of the signal guns, in steady lines of battle, on the works of the enemy *six hundred yards away*."

Ever since the publication of the article of Major Frank B. James, already referred to, and his map of the ground, I have queried about the three gun battery which he places immediately behind the angle of the Confederate works in a sort of lunette. No such battery or lunette was located at the point indicated. It would have been of no use to the enemy if located there, because it could not have been brought to bear on any portion of our lines. There is no sign of any such structure ever having been made.

Carter's eight gun battery is located in the true direction, but true distance on the proportion of his map would place it somewhat farther from the point of the assault. It is possible that the three gun battery was away in the rear of the point, held in some sort of reserve. I did not make search at any great distance for evidence on this point.—I have since learned that there is no sign of it within four hundred yards and the ground falls away to the rear after thirty-five yards from the breastworks.

The first battery up the rebel line toward Kenesaw, proper, was about one hundred and fifty to one hundred and seventy-five yards from the point and in a kind of fort some thirty feet square, the fort making part of the line of earthworks. While a survey would change a little some of the Major's lines when brought

to scale, his map is substantially accurate otherwise, so far as I had time to make observations and will convey to future generations, as well as the present, a just conception of the positions and lines of the contending forces on that memorable day.

From the position on the Confederate works, where Mrs. H., Mr. Channell, his three little boys and myself stood, we moved along the crest of the works to the fort above mentioned, from which the whole line to and including Big Kenesaw substantially came into view. I had regretted our being compelled to give up the trip to the top of Kenesaw—there is no road and the climbing is long and rough and hard—from which to take a comprehensive view of the battle lines, but here was most unexpected and gratifying compensation for that supposed loss. The view point is clear and satisfactory all along the ridge, up over Little Kenesaw and to the summit of Big Kenesaw. Mission Ridge does not stand out more distinctly than the Confederate Kenesaw line does from this little fort, standing like all the other earthworks hereabouts, almost untouched by the waste or change of years. Its guns could not touch us after we were well up toward the enemy's line owing to the lay of the land. All the way from the point up to this fort, the rebels had thrown up heavy earthworks, traverses, running back at right angles with their main line twenty to thirty feet, at intervals of fifteen feet and covered the spaces with pine logs and sods to protect themselves against the enfilading fire from our line in which I was taking a hand with the Henry rifle, mentioned a while ago. It was evidently a hot place in their line and I suppose the exact quantity of ammunition expended by the two sides on Cheatham hill through those five days will never be known. After the rebel evacuation, we were told that our rifles had killed men who were moving about two miles, or more, in the rear of their line, almost in the outskirts of Marietta. The walk up to the fort gave us a perfect view of the ground over which Harker's Brigade charged on our left. There is no crest or depression in it anywhere to afford protection to men moving on the works or lying flat on their faces. The guns of the enemy swept the whole surface and made life on the slope after the unsuccessful assault impossible. It was no wonder General Harker perished as he

moved about on horseback within short range of keen marksmen, a target which some one must hit very quickly, because his mount lifted him above the line of blue and distinguished him to the point of inviting his visitor, speedy death.

While we walked back to the point, I asked Mr. Channell how much of the hill, rather how much land, he owned there and he answered, "Sixty-five acres." He owns the entire battle ground and, in his way, is endeavoring to pick up all the information that he can derive from visitors with reference to the charge and its incidents. I suggested to him that there would ultimately be great value and interest to him in the preservation of the natural features, as nearly as possible, embracing the two lines of works so near together and the forest immediately around them. Less than ten acres would make a little park to preserve the memorials of one of the heroic incidents of the war; fifteen acres, I think, would be abundance for the purpose. He said that people would come when he was away from home and go over the ground without permission and would carry away anything they could find in the nature of mementoes. Visitors, running into hundreds, come every year from all over the world, as they do to the Chickamauga, Lookout and Mission Ridge fields, for all sort of purposes. Many of them are survivors of the contest, actual participants; many were soldiers in the armies then on Kenesaw; many were soldiers from other armies; the friends of participants and other soldiers come; military students at home and from strange countries come. It would be necessary for Mr. C. to stand guard, or fence his property, to control trespassers, I suppose, for the vandal and the idiot find their way to Cheatham hill as well as to Bryant's Spring and to the Chickamauga towers, and monuments, and markers.

From the angle of the rebel line the roof of Mr. Channell's birthplace and the trees about the house are visible through the timber down the valley of the creek which bends around toward the southwest after passing the front of the rebel line at this point. Mr. C's father was too old, or infirm, for the service and was not in the Confederate army. He came to view this ground the day we marched away from it and on many occasions afterward passed over it. He found, in the lapse of time, parts of the

bodies of our dead exposed, in some instances, because of the shallowness of the graves and the disturbance of the gravel and earth with which they had been covered. They were all long since removed, some of them to the graveyards in God's country, near the old homes from which they came, but most of them to the National Cemetery at Marietta, where rest the fourteen thousand "brave boys in blue," while at the same place is the Confederate cemetery containing about thirteen thousand, sons of the south, who went down in their devotion to the Confederacy. We stepped down from the earthworks to inspect the ground between the lines. The abattis which presented its sharpened points and brushy obstructions to our advance, and to which they added by throwing over *cheval de frise* by night, making us believe one night for a time that they were coming, as it lay some twenty feet in front of the earthworks, had long ago rotted, or been carried away and we at once found our feet among the graves hastily made on the 29th of June, 1864. Like the earthworks, even these small disturbances of the surface, many of them, remain plainly discernable. There is the excavation in which each body was placed and beside it is the little flattened mound of earth and gravel which was made to reach the body at the time of its removal. The grave contains a nest of leaves drifted, or fallen, into it, but the little mound, like the breastworks, in most instances, lies bare of dead or living vegetation. This temporary cemetery of the past stretches between the lines for a distance of perhaps a hundred yards. While talking with a gentleman in Marietta last evening he asked me if it was true, as he had been told, that details of Confederate soldiers aided our men in the burial of our dead. I did not recollect any such thing; on the contrary, it is my recollection that our men did all the work of burying our dead, and I so advised the inquirer after information. At one point in our walk and talk over these old graves, when we were at the southern end of them, Mr. Channell pointed to a spot between two trees and about twenty or twenty-five steps from the Confederate line and said an old Federal soldier had told him that just there *Dan. McCook* was shot from his horse. I told Mr. C. that in the first place McCook could not have been shot from his horse in the assault, for, to my

certain knowledge, he was not on horseback at any time after we formed for the charge. Every officer of our brigade left his horses back of the ridge on which we formed and I think the same thing was true of Mitchell's Brigade on our right. Dilworth commanded our skirmish line down through the open field and may have remained mounted until he came to the creek. I did not see him as we moved down, but I am very certain that from the creek to the works we were all on foot.

In the next place, while I did not see McCook fall, his position being at the right of the brigade and mine at the left, he being with the front regiment and I with the rear regiment, I did not think he fell so far to the south by at least forty feet. The old soldier's statement of the place being a little nearer the truth than his statement as to the manner of the fall, he was still only entitled to the credit of romancing, though he said he saw the fall. McCook and Harmon and Harmon's prospective son-in-law, Captain Fellows, of his regiment, all fell near together and were carried back through the lines while the firing was at its highest, the two latter were killed, McCook, as already stated, was mortally wounded; the ball passed through the top of his right lung entering just beneath the collar bone. He lived until July 17, next following.

The small sons of Mr. Channell were busy watching for bullets and other *debris* of battle as we walked over the field and works. The little fellows would find a relic, but leave it for the visitors to pick from the ground. We brought away several balls and pieces of lead, the tin frame of a Confederate cartridge box and a gun cap of that old fashioned pattern. One good look all over the scene and we made our way down to Mr. Channell's house. Here the little fellows brought out their stocks of relics, for they keep them separate, and we made some purchases by way of mementoes and to reward the diligence and care in using their sharp eyes on the ground of conflict for our benefit.

In what is now Mr. C.'s front yard stood an oak tree when the war was going on. Some years later and before Mr. C. built there a colored man, who had leased the land, grubbed up the tree. In doing so he opened the shallow grave of one of our

soldiers, who had evidently crawled out to the tree as a picket, or sharpshooter, in front of the 20th Corps and been killed on the spot where he was buried. The old darkey dug up all the bones and threw them in a heap by the fence, a few feet away, where they have remained until this day, being gradually diminished in numbers by being carried away piece-meal by the visitor and relic hunter. Mr. C. went in search of a bone—a gruesome souvenir, reminder that we inhabit mere dust and ashen tabernacles—for me to carry away. “Sonny,” said he, “do you know whar the thigh bone is which was kickin’ about the yahd?” “No, sah, I don’t,” and then his eye fell on the wasted middle portion of the radius or ulna of one of the soldier’s arms and I brought it away with me. Taking a drink from the only well on Cheat-ham hill and afterward a drink of good buttermilk from the churn of Mrs. Channell, we called our driver and saying good-by to our host and hostess and their children came away, reluctantly. \* \* \*

I am not now to pass from history to criticism.

If we could have carried the angle, it would have proved most disastrous to the Confederate army if the advantage had been pushed. This conclusion flows from the very conditions which made it morally certain that we could not carry the angle. The enemy’s line drawing in toward his rear both right and left gave him short interiors on which to move troops to the assistance of those holding the point. When we left the ridge there was a moral certainty, not to us, for we knew too little of what the leaves covered on that hill to entertain any special conviction, but in the nature of things, in the environment, on all the facts, there was a moral certainty that the assault would fail.

For nearly twenty years whenever I have thought of Kene-saw I have remembered one author’s description of New Hope Church with which you had some familiarity after the deadly work there ended. Said he,

“Every man knew that Hood’s Corps was in front and behind the breastworks, and that it would take desperate fighting to dislodge them. Therefore, as the columns of assault moved out they moved with a rush, and though met with the same awful fire as before, scores and hundreds of men surged right up to

the breastworks and died there. It was simply slaughter. Sherman had blood to spare, and Hooker poured it out in the dark forest as though human life had no value. The steady sheet of flame pouring over the logs scorched and withered the blue lines until they had to draw away from it.'

My story is told. "He who has served his country well," says Voltaire, "has no need of ancestors." An hundred and twenty years of the American Republic have shown lines of worthy sons of noble sires, but where freedom and equality prevail "ancestors" can neither make nor unmake men. With us, it has ever been,

"Act well your part,  
There all the honor lies."

In the honorable discharge from the service, carefully preserved as an heirloom or possession, is at once the patent and the certificate of a nobility in which the possessor and his successors to the latest generation may take a just and growing pride.

Many of us met and parted in the ante bellum days, when "peace had her victories no less renowned than war." That was the morning of life. On such fields as Kenesaw, to many of our comrades, there came together the climax, the noon-tide, of fame and the night of rest, the breaking of the eternal morn. To survivors to-day, there will scarcely come the climax of fame; it is already in the past, was on some battlefield, was in the sacrifices or heroisms of the years of warfare, or may have been attained in the walks of civil life and times. For each one there remains, not far off, the coming night, the rest beneath the shrubs and flowers; where clouds and sunshine shall play at hide and seek; where winter's cold and summer's heat shall vex not; where the winds shall whisper and birds shall sing of Him who tempers the one and cares for the fall of the other, until the resurrection hour. "Ye are of more value than many sparrows."

In his last moments, Stonewall Jackson, dreaming that they were still on the march, said, "Let us cross over the river and rest under the trees."

"Beyond the rock waste and the river,  
*We* shall be soon."

Then,

"So live, that when thy summons comes to join  
The innumerable caravan which moves  
To that mysterious realm where each shall take  
His chamber in the silent halls of death,  
Thou go not, like the quarry slave at night,  
Scourged to his dungeon, but sustained and soothed  
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave  
Like one that wraps the drapery of his couch  
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

This concludes the address. The notes proceed:

It develops that Mrs. H. somehow lost a valuable and highly prized cape on the trip, but the loss cannot impair the satisfaction derived from the visit to the famous hill or prevent our taking the 6:30 p. m. train for Atlanta.

ATLANTA, GEORGIA, May 24, 1897.

According to promise, we left Marietta Saturday evening at 6:30 and an hour later were quartered at the Kimball House, Room 106, very desirable quarters, in every way. Ralph Byers, unexpectedly met us in front of the hotel and reminded us thereby that we are not entire strangers in this rushing city of one hundred thousand people. It was arranged that Mrs. H. should go to church with Mrs. Byers in the morning and that I should appear for dinner at the Byers residence. This programme was exactly carried through. We had a delightful dinner and a delightful afternoon with our friends at 198 Oak street. Captain Byers is an old soldier and an old lawyer. He wore the blue and he practiced in Ohio. I have known him well since 1880. These facts furnished the basis for my own pleasure, while an acquaintance of as many years and the intimate friendship and sympathy of our better halves warranted thorough enjoyment of the meeting by them, after a long separation. The family has been south for some years. Late in the afternoon we took car for the return to our hotel. It is not very far from the Byers home to the point on Whitehall street, now well within the city, where we camped after the fall of the city, from September 4, 1864, until the 29th of that month. I shall not try to locate the camp more definitely as my old notes do enough in that respect for all practical purposes.

We had a good night's rest and spent this forenoon writing and arranging for a visit to Peach Tree Creek this afternoon. The events which make the spot interesting to me are recorded in my journal with oppressive briefness. It was, of course, in 1864.

"July 19. News of Colonel McCook's death. *Fight at Peachtree.* Loss heavy."

I am free to say that conveys very little idea to the mind of a stranger to the action, but let us go out there.

At 1:30 p. m. the carriage came and we started westwardly soon to take and stick, for five or six miles, to a wide, unfinished street, which proved to be the line in which are laid the pipes

of the Atlanta Water System. The pumping station is at the mouth of Peach Tree Creek, *i. e.*, where it empties into the Chattahoochee, and the road runs straight from the city to the station, about seven miles. The ride was not as smooth and easy as it might have been. It was like, and was in fact, a rough country road, not stony, but uneven, with the final finer grading and all the gravelling undone. The livery man of whom I made inquiries before we left the city said a Mr. Moore in the vicinity would be able to direct the driver to the point I wished to visit. *i. e.*, "where the Federal troops crossed Peach Tree, nearest the mouth, on the 19th of July, 1864." In due time, the driver stopped at a cross roads, where stands a fine country residence. This was Mr. Moore's house and the driver went up the long walk to find the proprietor. We were fortunate. Mr. Moore was at home and at once came down the walk to inquire our wishes. We found him a very genial and intelligent "Georgia farmer," as he called himself. I explained to him briefly the object of my search. Immediately, he said, "I think I know the ground; it is one of two places which are not far apart." I invited Mr. Moore to take one of the vacant seats and ride with us to the creek. As we rode along our conversation made more definite the place we wished to find and we presently drove into a field and out to a point overlooking the valley not far above Mr. Moore's mill, which is three-quarters of a mile above the point at which Peach Tree enters the Chattahoochee. Mr. Moore had said, when I first told him what I was looking for, that it was on Mr. Campbell's land. Very soon after we drove into the field mentioned, Mr. Campbell and his oldest son came from their work and joined our party. While the point on which we stood very much resembled the one of which I was in search, there were no evidences of the earthworks which we had erected and in which the battery had been placed and the moment you looked off in any direction the conditions did not fit memory's landscape. I said to Mr. Moore and Mr. Campbell, "This is not the point." Driving back along the private road by which we had crossed Mr. Campbell's land as far as his house, we landed again and went on foot some twenty rods toward the creek and came out on *the point*. Here were the remains of the

earthworks, though plowed over and planted for years. Their location and course were clearly traceable and fitted into recollection precisely and when the landscape was scanned the whole scene of July 19, 1864, came back with distinctness of outline.

On the 18th of July we crossed the Chattahoochee above the mouth of Peach Tree a considerable distance and above the mouth of Nancy's Creek and then, crossing Nancy's Creek, built a line of works, against possible attack. On the 19th we moved forward and in the afternoon, from the ridges along the north side of Peach Tree, discovered signs of the enemy's presence south of the creek. Gradually we approached the stream and about 4 p. m. one-half of the companies of my regiment were working across the stream by a narrow foot bridge constructed by placing two large poles from bank to bank on which cross sticks and pieces of wood were laid and over these grass and sod. The walk was about, I should say, less than, three feet in width. The stream at that point is perhaps eighteen or twenty feet wide and appeared to be of very considerable depth. At least, it did not seem desirable to fall off the temporary bridge while crossing the rickety structure. The enemy along the ridge in front had obtained the range of the crossing point, although there was then, as now, a fringe of bushes along the edge of the water, which afforded a screen of some value as against Confederate sharp-shooters.

As the men crossed I sent them under cover of the bushes down stream to fall into line on the right, single rank. In front of us and making an addition to the screen of bushes mentioned was a corn field, practically three cornered, covering the bottom land between us and the foot of the ridge on which the enemy was posted. The ridge was near the creek some distance to the right of our line and swung away from it, say fifty rods on our left. This made the triangle of corn land. The Campbell house stood in an orchard on the ridge in front of our left several rods nearer the creek and also nearer the line of the hedge, extended, than the present house stands. We had no definite notion as to the number of rebels on the crest. We were put over the creek for the very purpose of finding out the fact. When all my skirmish companies were over—the balance of the regiment still

crossing—I gave the word and the line moved into the corn, which was higher than a man's head, for the most part, and we made good time toward the ridge. The line of my men could be made out as it progressed, by the shaking of the corn and the line from the ridge and the line of the enemy in the edge of the timber stretching away to our left poured a hot fire into it. Campbell, of Company K, was mortally wounded. I seem to hear, still, the poor fellow's screams and groans when and after he fell near me, but we could not stop. Lieutenant Lane of Company E was wounded and fell. Others went down while we were still rushing through the corn. When we came out of it at the foot of the hill, the enemy had fallen back. I had less than two hundred men and it came out afterward that the crest was held by, possibly, fifteen hundred to two thousand. We had stormed the ridge because of their inability to determine how many men were coming through the corn. Two hundred made as much noise as two thousand would, almost, and the confidence shown by the fellows who were coming was such as to lead to the conclusion by the Confederates that there were enough to carry the crest if they should try to hold it. If they had known our number, they had nothing in the world to do but wait on the crest and when we emerged from the cornfield look down the slope and say, "Come up here." Every man could have been taken prisoner, or killed if he refused to surrender, and the brigade which was crossing the creek as rapidly as possible on the little bridge might not have carried their position. My men swept up the slope and the comparative lightness of the line and its fire was soon disclosed to the enemy back in the woods. They organized to drive us back across the creek and presently began a counter-charge, in force. The remainder of our brigade and Mitchell's regiments were coming to the crest as rapidly as they could cross the stream and double quick through the cornfield. By the time the rebels struck us we had grown so strong along the ridge that they could not regain it, although for an hour a most persistent and bloody effort was kept up to drive us back from it. The contest was fierce and fatal. The rebels made their second mistake in supposing that there was nothing along the crest but the thin line which had

routed them and that it must, in turn, be routed. They did not appreciate the continual accessions from the boys who were coming to our aid. The loss of the 52d was heavy in killed, wounded and prisoners. Captain Schneider, Lieutenant Donaldson, I recall, as among the killed, and among the prisoners Lieutenant Colonel Clancy. The regiment was struck hard. Company K, for example, went into the fight with thirty-two officers and men, as I recall the number. When the engagement was over and its scattered remnants were brought into line there were only eleven men left. The other twenty-one were either killed, wounded or prisoners. At the fence, which then stood a short distance beyond the crest, after the rebel counter-charge was repulsed, three of that company were found lying side by side where they had been loading and firing between the lower rails, one of them shot through the head and two of them through the heart; John Bittner, Thomas Duke and Samuel Smith. The boys always called the last named "Chubb." They were all good soldiers, none better.

We were more than decimated by the enemy's guns. The color-bearers were shot down and a beardless boy of Company C found both flags lying on the ground at the close of the fight. I made him color-bearer on the spot. A little Captain of the 85th Illinois, Kennedy by name, who always reminded me of Lieutenant Add. Marsh of Company G, 52d, in the charge of his regiment, pushed through the orchard past the Campbell house and was with his company at the fence in rear of the house when the counter-charge struck them. He had the word "stick" half uttered, "st—," when a minie ball entered his mouth and he fell dead. His boys were driven from the fence, to which he evidently was about to encourage them to stick, but they held the line of the house against the assaulting column.

Lieutenant David F. Miser had fallen at Cheatham hill; over to the right of the house when the firing ceased, I found his cousin, Benj. F. Miser, of Company G, mortally wounded. I saw him supported by a comrade while he pencilled a note to his mother in which he told her that he had not more than ten minutes to live, that he had tried to do his duty and that he was not afraid to die. The pencil dropped from his fingers; the precious

missive was taken in charge by the comrade; the dying soldier's eyes closed and within the time he had named his spirit took its flight with the departing day. A braver man, a truer soldier, a more faithful son, never offered his life for his country.

Captain P. C. Schneider of I Company was killed in the counter-charge. His company was quite a distance to the right of the Campbell house with the reserve which was struck by the enemy on the right flank and in front. A few paces in front of the point where the Captain fell, at the edge of the locust grove, a Confederate Major's cap was found with a hole made by a pistol ball through the band at the right front. The Captain was found with his Smith & Wesson by his right hand *with one empty chamber*. The story well or ill founded, on these facts, was that the Captain had killed the Major, who was carried to the rear and was himself immediately killed. In the counter-charge the lines were very close together at that point, in fact, there was some mixing of Federals and Confederates.

The Captain was a capable, conscientious officer, a strict disciplinarian and worthy of higher rank. In a conversation which we had, shortly before crossing the Chattahoochee, he told me that my Brentwood promotion had wounded him; he thought some previous militia or military experience had better qualified *him* for the place and that McCook should have taken *that* into consideration when the vacancy occurred and given the position to him. He said that he had watched with a jealous eye, but that I had won his heart and he was glad that I had received the promotion rather than himself.

I had noted his reserve, but long before concluded it was part of his nature. The conversation showed that he had gone through a protracted, silent struggle and, without an effort on my part, he had come over to me and given "the touch of nature which makes the whole world kin." It was a brushing of hearts which made us such friends as only death, which came so soon, could part.

Lieutenant Donaldson of Company E, who had approved himself as equal to every occasion on the long campaign, but whose service had not been fully appreciated by some of his superiors, was killed on the ridge above and a little to the right of

the spring. This ended the want of appreciation. He had sealed his record with his life-blood and this entitled his memory to sacred regard.

It was a sorrowful mustering of our broken ranks that night, but there was work, serious work, for the survivors beyond burying the dead and sending back the wounded to be cared for in the field hospitals. We had repulsed the enemy, but he lingered close to us and kept up a desultory fire. We were the first to cross the last stream on the way to Atlanta and there was still a hope on the part of the enemy that we might be driven back. Troops below us attempting to cross had been defeated that day. So, intrenching tools were brought up and the work of going down into the ground began and progressed through the livelong night. By daylight on the 20th, we were under cover of earthworks and lay still through the day, recovering from the losses, rather, recovering from the grievous sense of the losses, which had befallen us in the three closing hours of the preceding day.

Some casualties occurred on the 20th. I recall Captain John A. Norris of the 98th O. V. I., afterward in civil life known as Colonel Norris, as one who suffered. He ventured a little way up a wood road to the left of the Campbell house on a private reconnoissance. Some sharpshooter, keeping things quiet until the Captain came into full view and in range, broke one of his legs by a shot and it was amputated half way between the knee and the body. I had been on the same road and almost on the same spot at the close of our charge the day before. He was a splendid soldier. I had known him before the war as a professor in the Cadiz High School, while I was at Richmond, and we were close friends from the end of the war down to the hour of his death. I drew his will in the closing hours of his life, working on it at his bedside from midnight until six o'clock in the morning, December 22, 1876. His record as School Commissioner of Ohio and as Pension Agent at Columbus were admirable. He died from overwork, January 19, 1877.

The firing was kept up in a scattering sort of way until night. The enemy had suffered as well as ourselves and they

needed a rest and a fresh breath. Beside, the situation was growing in interest and excitement further up Peach Tree Creek. The sounds of conflict floated down to us through the day.

The Campbell house was torn down to make a bridge across the creek for troops and especially for the artillery. When the dusk came down in the evening the bridge was completed and several pieces of artillery were quietly brought over and dragged up the point farthest from the site of the Campbell house. Embrasures were made for the guns in the earthworks and they were carefully and neatly screened by branches carefully placed over them so as not to excite attention. There were, I think, three guns of Barnett's battery in this position when day broke on the 21st. The enemy, wholly ignorant of the thunder that lay behind the mask, began pecking away with their rifles. Waiting, waiting patiently, until the morning was fairly and clearly open, our men, all in the secret and guarding it sacredly, stayed close under cover of the works and making such breakfast as they could, without returning the rifle fire, were given a picnic by the roar of the concealed Napoleons and the Confederates were given an effective surprise. It was natural that we should enjoy the situation as the twelve-pounders made the lives of the enemy in their shallow works—stretched across a hillside, say from three hundred to four hundred yards away and on higher ground than our position—perfectly miserable and the lines sent up an appreciative cheer. The rebels had no artillery that could compete with the guns served with the usual speed, precision and skill of "Battery I," and it had its own way in that community. The little "journal entry" I made at the close of that day expressed the character of the work clearly, if it was tersely and half profanely done.

"Artillery brought up. Enemy caught—a soldier would say—hell."

He could not stand it another day, so that on the 22d of July, 1864, we were again on the move toward Atlanta.

As we stood to-day where those guns had been planted I imagined, somewhat as I had done at Cloud's hill, that I could hear the reverberations from their discharges rolling across the

valley and among the ridges of Peach Tree; could see the wagon train moving along the road which lay, and still lies, along the side hill beyond the creek; could see the breastworks lined with blue coats; could query as to how our horses and servants, beyond the creek, behind some ridge, were faring and how the boys in hospital further away, nursing their wounds, were progressing. Those who were able to bear the journey were sent by rail to some hospital in the rear and after a battle their line stretched from the big tent in the field all the way to the comfortable home of wife or mother "in God's country." The corn ground in the bottom, over which we charged, is now in wheat. The hedge, which ran along the edge of the field at our left from the little bridge up toward the Campbell house—to the foot of the ridge—is there still, apparently unchanged. No doubt it has been trimmed back again and again. I asked Mr. Campbell if it was, in fact, the same hedge, and he said it was. Mrs. Campbell, a true southern woman—she would pardon me for saying, with true Yankee wit—had joined our group and gone from their present house, built since the war, over to the point. Her husband was not at home when we made our call in 1864. She was living in the house with their three small children and by the exigencies and dangers of war was driven to flee with her little ones, with a little meal and a few other provisions, to her father—a Confederate surgeon—living in Atlanta, the day we crossed the creek. Of him are told stories greatly to the credit of his large, human heart. For example, when solicited, in hospital, to attend *first* to wounded Confederates and leave the Yankee wounded till afterward, he paralyzed the soliciting rebel officer, by a withering look and the information that neither his profession nor his humanity could brook such discrimination. "*These men are all my brothers.*" It was an extinguisher. And how his daughter enjoyed giving us this instance of her father's nobility of nature!

Mrs. C. said she never saw her house again. When she came back she found that our men had torn it down to bridge the creek and there are portions of it still sticking in the earth at the edge of the water. I made the best apology I could, under the circumstances, for the impoliteness of my comrades in

taking down her house, in her absence and without her leave, placing the act on the true ground—the necessity of the situation. We could not leave our guns behind, in fact, we had immediate use for them on this side and there was no other material at hand out of which to build a bridge promptly!

Then Mrs. C. suggested that after she went to Atlanta, upon one occasion, at great risk, she volunteered to carry a supply of water to some needy soldiers on the line and as she started along the street on her return—with a good-natured twinkle in her eye, “perhaps you were the officer who ordered it”—the Yankees blazed away at her with their guns. I had to deny any such unchivalric conduct as ever ordering men to fire on a lady and to withhold my approval of such a thing in even such a case as she detailed where she was furnishing aid and comfort to the enemy. I found while Mrs. C. and Mrs. H., a little way off, talked of the war and of their common Methodism and its interests, that I could locate orchard and fences and the hillside spring, where many of the men drank that afternoon, quite accurately, because Mr. Campbell approved my suggestion, or answered my leading question in the affirmative, in every instance. Any of the boys going on the ground now would recall the old scene with distinctness. The woods and fields and trees and bushes and orchard and house and outbuildings and garden have all been changed in the lapse of time, more or less, yet the rugged outlines of hill and valley and stream and roads and hedge and bushes remain to suggest the full picture as it appeared that July afternoon. While we still stood on the point and walked about the crest and talked of those days the very hour of the charge came and, as at Cheatham hill, I had the landscape bathed in the same sunlight, touched with the golden sheen at the same angle that impressed the beauties and dangers of the scenery upon the tablets of memory when the music of life, “*Festin*, heavenly swain,” was young.

At last, our lingering on the little field came to an end and regretfully, for these were very interesting and agreeable friends, we returned to the Campbell home and our carriage. Bidding good-by, we were driven back to Mr. Moore’s home. His intelligence and cordiality placed us under very great obligations.

Such a man must be a power anywhere and it is safe to say that the world is better and wiser because Mr. Moore has lived—is living—in it. He has been north, more than once, since the war and knows our people; he has lived south all his life and, of course, knows its people. He is one of those choice spirits, in this respect, whose knowledge and influence must always, to the end of his life, tend toward the breaking down of the old middle wall of partition between the two sections. He proudly rejoices in our patent of nobility the enviable title of "American citizen." Gathering from his wide front lawn, which is in perfect order and keeping, though unfenced, a bouquet of flowers for Mrs. H., receiving our thanks for his kindness and courtesy, he bade us good-by.

During the war he was and still is the proprietor of Moore's mill, a little way below the point of our crossing, which mill figures in some of the official reports of officers, I think, on each side, with reference to the operations near the mouth of Peach Tree on July 19th, and for many years has been postmaster of Bolton, located on the south side of the Chattahoochee, where the railroad from Marietta to Atlanta crosses it, near his home.

On our return to the city our driver went round the reservoir which is some two miles up from the pumping station. It is a very considerable lake into which boils from the supply pipe an immense column of water under the operation of the pumping engines at the junction of the Chattahoochee and Peach Tree.

It is settled that we shall not be in a rush leaving for home, though one business matter has found me here and seems to be pressing in its nature. If I could spare the time, otherwise, I should continue to travel for a month yet. To-morrow will see one point, at least, and perhaps two points, of interest visited, and if two, then the trip will be rounded up to my complete satisfaction.

A few minutes before we stepped on the train last evening a Confederate veteran—a Major—introduced himself as "one of those aforetime rebels," and entered at once, after the fashion of many old soldiers, upon a talk about the days of the war. He had fought four full years for the Confederacy and is now en-

joying the evening of life as a citizen of Marietta. The conversation was frank, cordial and interesting. His apparent satisfaction with, and acquiescence in, the result of the conflict was thorough and genuine, and his pride in the American soldier sincere and enthusiastic.

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ATLANTA, GEORGIA, May 25, 1897.

At 8:30 this morning we took seats in the train for Jonesboro, twenty-one miles down the Central of Georgia, and in an hour stepped out on the platform at the little town of three thousand inhabitants. It has grown since the war. We ascertained last evening that we could run down, have about one hour's time and take the train coming north and be in Atlanta for early dinner. Immediately upon reaching the platform I inquired for a liveryman and was directed to Mr. W. T. Sims, who aided me in various ways, very intelligently.

The two points referred to at the close of yesterday's notes were "the Sandtown road" and "Jonesboro." Following the order of time, we should have gone to the road first, but two considerations required that Jonesboro come first. The one was the running, or connection, of the trains; no good connection, or at all, for that matter, is made in the afternoon. The other was that if we were to see but one of them that one must be Jonesboro as the more important. I remembered quite accurately the distance from the field of battle to the town and calculated that with a good team, promptly brought around upon our arrival, we could make the drive out to the point where our charge was made September 1, 1864, and return in time for the noon train to the city.

A few words with Mr. Sims showed that the thing could quite readily be accomplished, although he good naturedly insisted that they would be glad to have us stay over night and make them a visit. Around came one of his carriages and a driver. While the team was in course of being hitched, Mr. S. brought and introduced Captain Jesse Anthony of the 30th Georgia Infantry, who was in the Jonesboro fight. This was good luck, as the Captain consented to ride to the field with us and act as guide. We were driven rapidly up the railroad toward Atlanta about one mile, where we came to the edge of the woods, running off west at right angles with the railroad, in which the enemy were posted behind temporary breastworks. I inquired of the Captain as to the time when they took up their positions about Jonesboro, and he replied that it was in the night

of August 31st and the morning of September 1st. It was against this line that we saw Morgan's 1st Brigade and part of Mitchell's 2d Brigade of our division charge, at first, unsuccessfully, while we were moving against the line and the battery at the angle in the open field further to the right. The exposure of the entire division was of the most open and pronounced character as it advanced on the enemy's line through the last year's cornfield. At the right, where our brigade moved, the land was somewhat broken by gutters and small gorges which disturbed the aim as we moved over them. I am a little ahead of my story, for the carriage has not yet reached the angle against which we charged. Driving west along the edge of the woods which seems to be unchanged, and along which still runs the line of Confederate earthworks, the Captain conducted us to a point in the line back in the woods where a battery had been stationed in their line. This point, he said, was carried by our assault, but I could not make the bearings fit. The statement that it was carried by the assault was true, but the guns that were worked on us, during the charge, were not behind that line. Leaving the carriage and walking a little way out in front of the battery position, which he pointed out, all the conditions of the Jonesboro battle were filled. I was in the opening through the timber as it appeared to us at the position of the enemy against which our brigade charged. Evidently, when the Confederates found us coming from the direction, which our division followed, they pushed their guns forward out of the regular line of works and threw up the temporary line in the open field. It was on this spot where I took my stand for the hasty review.

On that September afternoon in 1864, we made our way, down the hillside, in yonder woods, across the valley to the left, heading this way. At the upper edge of those woods, sixty rods back of the point, which can be seen from the position of the rebel battery, General Sherman passed us attended by a single orderly. I saluted; he returned the salute, with a word—"Major"—and rode on along our line. When we were down almost into the valley the enemy's artillery began to play on our columns. One of my officers—I must not now name him under the maxim *nihil mortuum nisi bonum*—when the guns began to

speak, stopped by the wayside for a moment, with the statement that he was ill and must rest a little. No better camp soldier ever drilled a company or kept the books, accounts and office business of a regiment. He had been in the war from its outbreak and had managed to pull through all the tight places without making any special observations one way or the other necessary. Here we were, almost without warning, marching out of the woods into the open where no dodging could do any good and where every man must move under the open inspection of all his comrades. We crossed the little creek and under cover of ground in front and on right and left of us climbed a steep ascent of fifty rods to the flat top of a knoll on which there then was, and still is, a fringe of pines toward the enemy, behind which fringe as a sort of screen the brigade was formed. Our horses were left under the hill. We waited for some time, so that the lines on our left as far as the railroad and beyond might take up their positions. The plan was for that portion of one of the corps east of the railroad to move down so as to be practically in rear of Jonesboro. If our line succeeded, this would make sure the capture of a large portion of the enemy's forces in line about the town. This column was somehow delayed and never did reach the position assigned, although it made the extension of our left beyond the railroad and participated in the engagement. From the knoll we could see the rebel line along the edge of the woods and the battery in the open field in front, where I stood to-day. At last the movement along our whole line began. On the left, as far as the railroad, the blue battalions emerged from the woods in which they had been under cover and started across the wide cornfield. Our simultaneous movement took us down the slope, over a gully, up over a rolling stretch of cornfield and down to the right so that when we started directly up hill for the battery, a little wooded, or rather brushy, gorge broke off two or three of my right companies and trailed most of the right wing of the regiment along the left side of the fringe of bushes which pointed directly to the battery, about a hundred and twenty yards away. The guns were working on us and my men were trailing arms, making double quick time toward the battery. A shell exploded just as it left one of

the guns and a fragment, the size of a man's hand, struck my left knee with disabling force. It was about seventy yards from the battery to the point where I fell alongside of the little bush margined gorge or ravine. At the instant, I called to Captain Hutchison to take command of the regiment, but I was in error as Captain Rothacker ranked him. They corrected the error and the line swept up to the battery and was in at its capture. The men immediately turned the pieces and began firing at the retreating enemy. There was a quantity of loose powder and unexploded shells lying about and presently one of the guns by its flash ignited the powder and an explosion followed, which killed and injured several of the men. Among the former was Robert N. Mercer of Company B, who was horribly burned in the explosion. Mercer was a short, stout young fellow, remarkable for the size of the knapsack, which he always carried and for his faithful, staying qualities as a soldier. He was quiet, patient, dutiful, and never known to complain or grumble at any demand made on him for any duty as a soldier.

When I fell from the blow of the fragment of shell, I was assisted out of the way of the men and into the scant shelter of a tall stump which stood six or eight feet away.

Michael Madden of Company K stopped beside me, having caught me as I reeled, and as soon as the circulation began to relieve the numbness in my left leg, he supported me back to the knoll from which we had started on the charge. Minies were still flying when we started back, but after while the night came on and the defeated rebels, being pushed back, were too far off for effective work, or ceased firing. I was in the field hospital that night and part of the next day, but moved with the regiment, though obliged for a whole month to mount my horse from the right side, which was the wrong side, because I could not bend the left knee to put that foot in the stirrup.

Colonel Dilworth commanding the brigade and Captain E. L. Anderson of the brigade staff were wounded.

Now, let me look at the approach to this field, the field itself and the engagement, through the glasses I used some years ago when a controversy or question arose among some of my comrades over some of the points involved in movements and results

after I fell in front of the battery; in other words, shifting position from the Confederate line looking north and northwest, let us adopt Uncle Mose's idea and come "On de ground by de way we all come."

In that description I first quoted the paragraph relating to the battle, which will appear a little later on in the long letter of September 14, 1864, and then proceeded:

It is my distinct recollection that "Bob. Mercer," a member of Company B, was killed while assisting in the loading and firing of one of the captured guns. Some ammunition had been spilled and scattered on the ground and the boys did not notice that there was loose powder lying just in front of the muzzle of the piece which was ignited by the flash of one of the discharges and produced an explosion of some sort in which Mercer was fearfully and fatally burned. I think he expired on the ground, if he was not killed instantly. His remarkable quality was his faithful, patient endurance. The regiment had no better soldier, though a very unpretentious man. I can see him now with my mind's eye, as he appeared that day.

Jonesboro remains one of the vivid pictures on memory's walls after nearly thirty years. The day was filled with some striking points in my experience. Back in the woods, a mile before we came in sight of the "field," General Sherman, with a single orderly, passed across the road from our left to our right immediately in front of my horse. I saluted and he returned the salute, with a quick jerk—the General was in a hurry; he knew more about what was beyond that wood and what was about to happen than we did.

We wound, with the road, around from northeasterly to easterly and presently a southeasterly direction down a wooded slope, our general direction leaving the ascent to our right and the descent to the left. There was an occasional halt. We were not in line of battle, but following the wagon road as though on an ordinary march. Presently the air began to fill with the sense and stir of a coming fight. We were still sidling down the road, but with only a forest limited view. An officer of the regiment—agitated, evidently greatly frightened—poor fellow, the only one of "ours" I ever saw show the feather, even for a

moment, comes hastily up to my right side as we were moving slowly down, almost out of the woods, an occasional gun baying the declining sun—"Major, I am too sick to go any further." Surprised and confused by the thought that one I knew so well and who had no superior in quality as a camp officer should make such an exhibition, at such a moment, I looked down into his pale face and mentally querying, "Can this man be a coward? and is that the reason he has been off on missions so often during engagements this summer?" and then thinking, "I must not wrong him, perhaps he is ill," I said, "If you are sick and *can go no further*, you will *have* to fall out." A quarter of a mile, or less distance, brought us out into the open, at the foot of the hill. Facing southeast and east of southeast, on the opposite elevation, a hundred rods away, was a line, which strongly suggested that our friends, the enemy, were lying in wait for us behind temporary breastworks, rails and brush and logs and, perhaps, some earth, and at some points within the screen of strips of timber. Other little valleys, two or three of them, debouch at the point where we struck the lowlands. Slowly, we move across the opening to the east, passing over a stream, which runs toward the south, and make our way through cleared fields to the top of the hill directly east of and opposite the one we had descended, passing over a rail fence just before reaching the crest. The ground as we went up was a little benchy, broken and uneven. At the crest, we discover, on looking east, open fields to the railroad, which was a rifle shot away; to the north of those open fields, not many rods to the left of the line of vision, as we looked toward the railroad, was a line of timber; just beyond the railroad, and running north and south with it, was also a line of timber. Immediately southeast of us, as we looked toward Jonesboro and at the point of the hill up which we had just marched, within, say, two hundred yards of us, was a little grove of trees which, as we lay on the crest, cut off our view of part of the enemy's line. Waiting a few minutes, Colonel Dilworth, commanding the brigade, sends an order for me to detail three companies from the 52d to skirmish past the grove, on the left and out to the southeast through a wide rolling corn-field. My report, presently copied, shows that I sent A, F, and

D Companies. Directly south of us, across part of the common valley mentioned, is a higher wooded point, continuing south in a ridge, behind and on which troops of another corps are supposed to be moving into position. Among them was the 30th Ohio in which my friend, Captain J. W. McElravy, was that day, as always, at his post, but for once with no fighting to do and with full view of our assaulting lines, "a looker on in Venice," or, to change the figure, the occupant of a box seat at that afternoon's theatrical performance. Artillery kept up its thunder from the time we sighted the rebel line and here and there, now and then, were spurts of musketry firing as skirmish lines collided to the right and left and in front of us. In a few minutes, blue coats appear on the railroad; they deploy our way; our horses are left behind the hill, for it is growing hot on top of it; the brigade moves out past the grove, in battle line, the 52d on the left, next Mitchell's Brigade; the line west of the railroad moves south; we enter the corn just over the crest as we move southeast; we go down the slope, cross a gully and, over rolling ground, begin the gradual upward assault on the enemy, at the crest, say two hundred and fifty or three hundred yards from the gully. The line to the left of us, Mitchell's and Morgan's Brigades, on higher, nearly level, ground, stretching directly toward the railroad and joining the troops deployed across it, moves down, but suffers heavily from the fire of the enemy, concealed in the edge of the timber, which stretches from the railroad out almost to the point at which our brigade is directly aimed, where a rebel battery is planted in the open field, some of the regiments near the railroad being checked and their more eager men driven back slightly by the weight of the rebel fire. The troops between us and the railroad halt half way, or a little more, across the cornfield; we lie down at the same time for a moment. The air is full of the sounds of battle. Presently we move on; at one hundred or one hundred and fifty yards from the enemy's line the rush begins. In the alignment the 52d is thrown against the end of a little gully pointing right down from the rebel battery along which gully for a distance of perhaps sixty yards grew brush and undergrowth with a few small trees—a spouty piece of ground. This broke the right of the regi-

ment slightly and made the men trail along the east side of swale. A little more than half way up this gully and at the distance of seventy paces from the battery, I was wounded in the left knee by a fragment of shell; a dead tree trunk, perhaps twenty feet high, was at my left. The blow staggered me round to the left side facing the tree and I fell into the arms of Michael Madden, a corporal of Company K, who set me down on the safe side of the rotten stump. As Captain Hutchison of F Company passed me, I shouted, "Captain, take command of the regiment." In a moment, I recalled the fact that Captain Rothacker of G Company was senior officer, and directed some one to correct the order. I learned afterward that the two captains corrected it themselves by the time they reached the head of the swale. Madden staid with me until the numbness began to pass off so that I could move my leg. While I was still sitting on the ground and within the time that men could run up hill seventy paces the regiment captured a portion of the battery upon which we had charged. Mercer, to whom I have referred, jumped over the works and received the surrender of a rebel artilleryman, at the point of his bayonet.

The wound I received showed the fragment of shell flying directly from the battery in front. The shell must have exploded at the very muzzle of the gun.

I still have the light blue "re-inforced" cavalry pants and the drawers, which I was then wearing, through both of which the shell cut, as neatly as could have been done with a knife, making a hole in the form of a right angle, one inch on each side. It cut a corresponding hole in the flesh and the bruise, the size of a man's hand, turned black as my hat. The fragment struck a glancing blow and passed between my knees, otherwise, it would have shattered the joint.

The general movement converged the lines of the second and third brigades toward the point upon which the 52d charged directly. It was this fact that resulted in the commingling of the men to which my report refers. Although I was still at the point where I was wounded, in the care of Madden, I did not see the line go over the works, being somewhat interested in the effort to overcome the shock of the blow which I had just received.

I was taken off the field after the engagement was practically ended, although minies were still singing through the cornstalks about us as I was taken back to the crest of the ridge from which we started on the charge.

That evening or next morning I talked with Captain Rothacker, Captain Summers, Major James and others about the details of the action at the works and after their capture. I learned that little "Bob" Mercer was one of the first three or four men—if he was not the first man—over the works at the battery, captured a rebel artilleryman standing to his gun and sent him across the works to the rear. Afterward, Mercer was helping to handle one of the captured guns, turned on the enemy as they went flying across the field toward the town, when powder which had been spilled on the ground from broken cases during the engagement was, in some way, ignited and an explosion of ammunition occurred burning him fatally. I am not sure, but think he was also wounded by a shot from the retreating enemy. At all events, he died near that gun.

Captain Summers, H Company, had helped to manage the guns and took intense delight in telling about their capture and the feat of turning them on the "skedaddling rebels." Those were his words. That the officers and men of the third brigade were the first to lay hands on the left section of that battery was, I supposed, too well established ever to be gainsaid. Such common property was the entire capture of guns and the glory of the exploit that I am surprised at the *discrimination* in General Morgan's report in which the first—his own—and the second—Mitchell's brigades—are given exclusive credit for the capture. The third brigade was never a favorite with him.

Captain Rothacker reported to me orally the carrying of the works and the capture of the guns in our front and turning them on the enemy and I remember talking with him and some of the men of B and G Companies specially about the death of Mercer.

The few repetitions from giving these separate accounts, written at separate times, cannot, I think, grow tedious and, therefore, the time is not taken to eliminate them by any sort recast of the story.

On the 4th of September, I had immediate charge of General Govan and sixteen hundred rebel prisoners captured in our movement against the railroad below Atlanta, which movement compelled the enemy to destroy war material and evacuate that city. Govan was disposed to complain that he was not put under the control of a general officer.

The walking was just as easy under a field officer of my rank and I had the pleasure of walking him and his sixteen hundred men to the gate of the Atlanta prison, where many a poor fellow of ours had suffered and many of them died, or been killed.

There was no mistaking the locality of the rebel battery, or the knoll on which we formed for the charge, or the swells of the open field over which we moved, or the little valley or gorge in, or beside, which I fell. Its green bushes are just such as skirted the little spring run, the day of the battle and as will skirt it long after every man and officer who took part has passed away, if the method of farming the land is not changed.

This was our last engagement before the beginning of the March to the Sea and was the end of the Atlanta campaign—from Chattanooga to Jonesboro one hundred and fifty-nine miles, a long and bloody way.

We were driven back to the station over the fields crossed by the enemy in the flight from the line, which we carried in our charge. The cotton plants are in no danger from the soldiers' tread and after we were driven about over Jonesboro and alighted at the station the ten minutes wait for the train was made interesting by one of the most cordial receptions by the bar of the little city that any man ever enjoyed. A half dozen lawyers were gathered at the station to go to Atlanta on business and somehow Mr. Sims had learned that I was a member of the bar. Its Masonry had full play. Lawyers have a sort of kinship whenever they meet and no one would have supposed that sword had been lifted against sword by any one of the group of chatty, jovial fellows, or their immediate ancestors. Comraderie and good fellowship filled the ten minutes, and I talked with some of them on the way into the city. Mr. Sims is ac-

quainted, in a business way, with the Columbus Buggy Company people and sent his best wishes to them.

A short distance below Atlanta is McPherson Barracks, containing, I think, two hundred acres of ground. I had overlooked the fact that it was located on the Central Georgia until Mr. Wright of the Jonesboro bar called my attention to it.

The rifle pits, the earthworks, the streams and fields and woods, the hills and valleys remain, one may say, much the same, but the conditions of life are mightily changed for the better. The wrinkled front of maddened war is smoothed away and in its place is the smile of peace everywhere. I can scarcely realize at times that my own memory is not afflicted by some dreadful nightmare when it tells me that I saw these conflicts of life and death and participated in them. It was and is not a dream; the dread reality will never be more than half told, even though the Official Records of the War of the Rebellion should reach two hundred volumes, and historians, drawing on that and other rich mines, should continue to turn out histories until the crack of doom.

I am reminded that the 71st O. V. I., which had the unfortunate experiences at Pittsburgh Landing and at Clarksville, Tennessee, in April and September, 1862, bore a very honorable part in the skirmishing and fighting resulting from the pursuit of the enemy below Jonesboro on the second and probably third days of September, 1864, under command of its new Colonel, Henry K. McConnell. Lieutenant Colonel George W. Andrews resigned when Captain McConnell was promoted over him and so failed of the preferment for which we had planned. The promotion occurred May 30, 1863; the resignation was dated June 3, 1863.

When the facts were fully known, touching the Clarksville surrender, the orders cashiering Colonel Rodney Mason and dismissing his line officers were revoked by the War Department and they were *all honorably discharged*.

Hurried as the Jonesboro visit was it gave us great satisfaction and left but one point to be visited to complete, in a way, the work of the southern trip, seeing it is not to embrace any campaigning farther south at present.

Pursuant to order Messrs. Milam and Miller sent round a carriage about 3 p. m. and we were driven down the Sandtown road. My recollection fixed the distance about five miles out from the old city. At four and a half miles I found a situation on each side of the road which corresponded very nearly with that of which I was in search, but what had become of the earthworks which we had built. They were wholly wanting. Driving further down the road, we passed some works which were too close to the road to be ours, although they had a familiar look. A half mile beyond was six miles from Atlanta and on unfamiliar ground. I conversed at this point with an old Confederate soldier, who emphasized particular attention to the works last mentioned. We drove back and sure enough they were ours. The trouble with the recognition, going out, was that the road has been relocated more than half way from the point where it ran along behind our line down toward the line and its direction with reference to the works has been somewhat altered. Another item which tended to confusion is the growth of timber in front of the earthworks. I located the old road and then the situation became perfectly clear.

Now, see the journal for 1864, August 5-August 12, inclusive. The 7th describes the crossing of the Sandtown road at the spot indicated. It was an ugly piece of business and artillery and musketry made life very insecure even after we had constructed heavy earthworks and protection against enfilading shots. I remember one day that a shell passed under the headlog and literally destroyed the head of one of the men, scattering his brains over his whole company. We were able, I found, to make the other fellows very uncomfortable by diligent and careful marksmanship and I gave orders for full rations of lead to the enemy. They were strictly obeyed. After while "old Jimmy Morgan"—now of Quincy, Ill., if living—sent me word from some place in the rear not to permit the men to do any more firing than necessary, not to waste ammunition. I sent, with my compliments to the old General, word that ammunition was not being wasted; that there was no getting along with the other fellows except by making it dangerous to expose a finger; that by diligence my men could silence both their rifles and battery, and asked for more

ammunition. I politely suggested that if the General doubted my judgment, a personal visit to the line would satisfy him. He did not come, but the ammunition did, with the apologetic statement that he had no doubt I was right about it, only desired careful scrutiny of the work of the men and would leave the whole matter to my judgment. That was August 9th, the day we expended thirteen thousand rounds of ammunition. We finally shot them into silence. I think it was on the 11th that Otho Linton's head was blown to pieces. He was an excellent soldier of Captain Mansfield's E Company. His body rests in the National Cemetery at Marietta, Georgia.

August 10th, shows in my journal an expression which I shall not undertake to make clearer, except by saying the verb used—"beat"—was not used according to Voltaire's doctrine to conceal thought, but was used not to disclose, but to recall a fact.

I must at this point mention the experience which I seem to be having mentally in recalling the exact appearance of these men whom I have been mentioning as killed or wounded. There seems to have been something in going and writing over the old scenes to sharpen the faculty of memory so that features and persons of the men come before my mind in a strangely distinct manner—certainly much more distinctly than they would have come from the simple mention of their names before I left home. The power and influence of reflection no doubt aid in producing the result and the effect of the law of association is in a measure the same. Otho Linton, "Bob" Mercer, each one I have had occasion to name and many not named, who have come into my thoughts have stood before my "mind's eye" as they stood before the actual eyes in the "days of battle," or in the quieter camping ground.

I saw the spot in the road on which Lieutenant Ad. Knecht of A Company fell with an ankle broken by a shell just as the line was clearing the roadway. I saw him writhe and reel and fall. Amputation of the foot was necessary and I think he has been a resident of Dayton ever since the war. I walked along the crest of the works, which are in a remarkable state of preservation, stood above the spot where Linton was killed, looked out through the young pines, which now stand in what was then clear land

and passed in imperfect review the conflicts on both sides of the Sandtown road. "Imperfect," I say imperfect because it is impossible to recall all of the details of such a struggle, even on a single acre of ground. We had made two lines of earthworks on the west side of the road and not far from it in coming up to the road August 5, and 6. T. H. Montgomery of G. Company, afterward Sheriff of Jefferson County, now living at Toronto, above Steubenville, lost an arm on one of these days.

At Rome, Georgia, the afternoon we moved on that place, May 17, 1864, I saw a solid shot ricocheting through the open woods toward our line. It was the first cannon ball I ever saw in its flight. The second was a shell fired from the rebel battery after we crossed the Sandtown road. Captain Hutchison and myself had been down at our first line west of the road, and had started back up a woods path toward the front. It had just begun to grow dusk. A crash through the trees over the front line made us look up. A shell that instant struck the road at the end of the path and again a few feet above me it dipped into the ground. I saw it strike each time and followed its movements so as to step out of the path to the right and let it pass, while the Captain, who was following me perhaps twenty feet behind, stepped to the left of the path to avoid it and we both turned to watch it bounding by active, short leaps two hundred or three hundred yards down through the woods to the rear. It would have bowled us both down, but for the dodging. It was not a safe experiment to attempt to stop a cannon shot even when it seemed to be almost wholly spent. Its power to kill or cripple was delusive until it took a dead rest.

We were driven directly to the city before sunset and so ended the inspection of battle and camp grounds for the present. To-morrow at 4:30 p. m. we shall start home and the next day, sometime, with good luck, shall see *that* desirable camping ground and its campers, dearly beloved.

If I can find the time after we return, I shall make a little sketch of the movements of the regiment from the date of its march with General Govan and his fellow citizens to the Atlanta prison, September 4, 1864, until the 16th of November next en-

suing, when we left the ruins of that city, early in the morning, on the famous March to the Sea.

The official report of the Atlanta campaign, found in War Records, Vol. 72, pp. 727-731, is as follows:

“HEADQUARTERS FIFTY-SECOND O. V. I.,

ATLANTA, GA., September 7, 1864.

SIR: I have the honor to submit the following report of the part taken by this command in the campaign now closing:

On the morning of May 3, this regiment, moving with the brigade, left Lee and Gordon's Mills, Ga., and in the evening encamped at Ringgold, Ga. It remained near this point until the morning of the 7th, when, at daylight, with Companies A, B, and F as skirmishers, it headed the column moving by the direct road upon Tunnel Hill, then held by the enemy. The skirmishers struck the enemy's vedettes at the distance of two miles from Ringgold and a desultory firing was kept up until within a mile of Tunnel Hill, when a brisk skirmish took place, the enemy's force consisting of 50 to 100 cavalry or mounted infantry. Companies G and H were sent to effect a junction with the skirmish line moving in advance of a column that was following a road on our left. The junction was effected. I was directed by General Davis in person to move my skirmish line by the right flank one-half mile and skirmish the woods toward the point where the rebel battery had opened. The battery had been planted on the road leading through the gap to the right toward Buzzard Roost and near the gap. When the line reached the point I received an order from Colonel McCook to recall the skirmishers, and immediately received one from General Davis to skirmish over the ridge. Before reaching the crest a staff officer from General Palmer directed the line recalled. The result proved dangerous to General Davis and staff, as, riding a short distance beyond where the skirmish line had halted, they were fired upon by a squad of the enemy concealed near by. The regiment remained quartered near the church in Tunnel Hill until the evening of the 9th, when it joined the brigade in front of Buzzard Roost. At dark on the 10th seven companies, under command of Lieutenant Colonel C. W. Clancy, relieved the skirmishers of our First Brigade on Rocky Face; the three remaining companies lay with the brigade in reserve. From daylight until dark of the 11th the fire of the enemy was galling upon the skirmishers. At night of the 11th the line was relieved and encamped two miles in rear. Taking up the line of march with the brigade on the morning of the 12th, about daylight of the 13th, the regiment reached the mouth of Snake Creek Gap. In the evening, after marching in a zigzag direction for a distance of four or five miles, a position about a mile from the defenses of Resaca was taken up. Early on the morning of the 14th the movement upon the works of the enemy began; during the day, the regiment, with the

brigade, was supporting the forces engaged in an assault upon the works; at night moved to a ridge a short distance to the right and fortified. The regiment occupied this position until the morning of the 16th, when it moved to the mouth of Snake Creek Gap, at which point knapsacks had been left, and from thence to Rome, at which place it moved in support of the Eighty-sixth Illinois and Twenty-second Indiana during the brief engagement on the evening of the 17th. P. M. of the 18th, crossed the Oostanaula and fortified in the suburbs of the city against an anticipated cavalry attack. Encamping in the suburbs, the regiment rested until the morning of the 24th at 6 o'clock, when it marched with the brigade toward Dallas, at which place position in line was taken the morning of the 27th. On the night of the 29th the regiment was ordered some distance to the rear and left of the line held by the brigade, to cover an opening between two brigades. Temporary fortifications were thrown up and at daylight the following morning the regiment returned to the line of the brigade. P. M. of the 30th, dropped back a mile toward Dallas behind temporary works.

June 1, early in the forenoon, the regiment, with the brigade, marched to the left and reached its position between Dallas and Ackworth in the night, relieving a regiment of the Twenty-third Corps upon the line. From this position constant skirmishing with the enemy from the main works was kept up until the morning of the 4th, when the command was moved two or three miles to the left into works of the Twentieth Corps. Morning of the 6th moved to the left and encamped near Ackworth. At 8 a. m. of June 10, moved toward Kenesaw Mountain. During the gradual approaches to the mountain of the succeeding ten days the regiment threw up intrenchments three times, and Companies I, C, H, and E advanced the skirmish line on the 13th. Companies A, B, F, and G supported the skirmish line of the Eighty-sixth Illinois on the 16th, and advanced to the skirmish line on the 18th. On the 21st the regiment threw up works under the mountain. On the 23d the regiment was ordered to support the skirmish line in a contemplated advance to the top of Kenesaw. The advance was not made, and the regiment returned on the 25th; Companies D, I, and C on the skirmish line at the foot of the mountain. Relieved at dusk by the Seventieth Ohio Volunteer Infantry, when the regiment marched two miles to the right and encamped in rear of the right of the Fourth Corps. June 27th, at 7 a. m. the regiment formed the rear line of the brigade, then thrown in column of regiments for an assault upon the enemy's works. The assault was made at 8 a. m., and notwithstanding the withering fire from the enemy's guns and the failure to carry the works, together with the efforts of frightened and wounded men, to break through the ranks, the regiment preserved its unity and alignment within thirty yards of the works, when ordered to occupy and intrench a second line about thirty yards in rear of the position it held when the assault ended. The posi-

tion was intrenched immediately, although the troops were constantly harassed by sharpshooters from the enemy's works.

July 3d, the enemy having evacuated their works the night previous, the regiment moved through Marietta and encamped about four miles south-southeast. At dusk on the 4th we occupied works thrown up in front of the enemy by the First Brigade. On the 5th, followed the enemy to their last position northwest of the Chattahoochee River and threw up earthworks. On the 8th, the regiment was detailed as skirmishers. On the 9th, relieved from the skirmish line. On the 10th, the regiment encamped near the Chattahoochee, where it remained until the morning of the 18th; crossed the Chattahoochee above Nancy's Creek; crossed Nancy's Creek at noon, without opposition, and night intrenched on the northern bank of Peach Tree Creek. In the afternoon of the 19th the regiment, under the personal direction of Colonel Dilworth, commanding the brigade, effected the crossing of Peach Tree, and only sheltered from the fire of the enemy by a light strip of undergrowth on each side of the stream. As soon as the entire regiment was on the south side of the creek, Companies A, F, H, B, and K were deployed as skirmishers, as much as possible under cover of the bushes, with instructions to halt when the ridge and houses, from 300 to 500 yards in front, should be carried. At the command the five companies leaped from cover, and, as quickly as men could pass over the distance, regardless of the fire from twice their number of guns, carried the crest with a shout at the success. Lieutenant-Colonel Clancy immediately double-quickened the reserve to the right and rear for the purpose of sheltering the reserve. Company A, by his order, was withdrawn from the skirmish line, and Companies F, E, and G sent forward on the right. Both our flanks were without support at this moment. Orders to move the skirmish line forward were sent by the Colonel commanding brigade, and as the movement began it was met by the enemy in force, charging back upon the line. The weight of their first assault struck the center and left of the line, but did not succeed in dislodging us from the houses and the crest, although our loss, in proportion to the number engaged, was severe in killed, wounded, and missing. The second assault, made by at least six rebel regiments, struck and almost completely enveloped the right of the skirmish line and the reserve. The line was driven to the reserve, and the reserve, by the flank fire and the weight of numbers, was forced back to the main line, then formed about fifteen paces in the rear of the reserve. At this moment Lieutenant Colonel C. W. Clancy, the commanding officer of this regiment from the 1st of May to the 19th of July, was taken prisoner, and with him the records from which this report for the period mentioned would otherwise have been made were lost. The ridge was held and the enemy repulsed. On the 20th the regiment intrenched in rear of the Eighty-sixth and One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Illinois. On the 22d encamped within two miles of Atlanta, on the right of the Marietta road. On the 23th the regiment formed the rear guard of a reconnaissance by the division, in rear of the

right flank of the Army of the Tennessee. Twenty-ninth, formed part of the second line, advancing the right flank of the army. At dusk the regiment was ordered on the skirmish line. On the 30th, relieved from skirmish line by Thirtieth Ohio Volunteer Infantry, and moved with the brigade division distance to the right. On the 31st, moved on a reconnoissance with the brigade to the right and returned. Moving with the brigade toward the right on the afternoon of the 4th and the morning of the 5th, the regiment threw up intrenchments, under a heavy fire of shells, about 10 a. m. At dusk Companies E, K, G, and B were detailed for skirmish line, and were relieved on the following evening. On the 7th the main line was advanced in full view of the enemy's works and batteries, the latter playing on the troops freely. The position assigned the regiment at this point exposed it to a direct and enfilading fire from both musketry and artillery. Heavy traverses were thrown up and just completed by the night of the 12th, when a change of position was ordered. It had been impossible to work in daylight, hence the length of time required to build such works by men fatigued and harassed, fighting from dawn till eve each day. On the morning of the 13th the regiment was assigned a fortified position on the southern branch of Utoy Creek, and remained in it until 2:30 a. m. of the 19th, Companies A, F, D, and I picketing twenty-four hours meantime. On the 19th moved some two miles toward Sandtown; countermarched, and crossing the branch of Utoy, lay in rear of a portion of the Twenty-third Corps until night, when we returned to camp. On the 20th, marched at daylight with the brigade; reached the Montgomery Railroad, six miles below East Point, about midday. The regiment was ordered to support the Twenty-second Indiana Volunteers while engaged in destroying the track. At dark reached the camp on Utoy without the loss of a man. On the 23d, Companies I, C, H, and E ordered on picket, and relieved on the 24th. On the 27th, at daylight, moved out of our works, crossed Utoy, and at noon took up position facing north-northeast. On the 28th, moving with the brigade, crossed the Montgomery Railroad, and encamped. On the 30th, moved to the right front, near Rough and Ready, and fortified. On the 31st, in the afternoon, moved to the front a short distance; faced about and moved to the right, in the direction of heavy firing; encamped near the left of the Army of the Tennessee.

September 1st, moved with the brigade toward Jonesborough, passing through the works of the Seventeenth Corps, and halting. The regiment was ordered to skirmish over a hill in front. The position was occupied by the skirmish Companies A, F, and D, with but little resistance. The remaining seven companies occupied the front line upon the left of the brigade, when formed for the movement upon the enemy's works, and continued to occupy that position in the movement until both the works and guns of the enemy were captured, although men from many regiments of the division became mingled while engaged near the captured works and guns. By one of the casualties of battle the command

of the regiment devolved upon Captain Samuel Rothacker soon after the final charge began, and remained with him until the morning of the 2d. On the 2d, the regiment encamped at Jonesborough. On the 3d, at 6 p. m., moved to division hospital and encamped for the night. On the 4th, the regiment was ordered in advance of the train by way of Rough and Ready to Atlanta, Ga., which place was reached in the evening. The regiment was detailed as a part of the guard over a brigade of prisoners from the suburbs to the military prison, and on the following morning it was directed to its present camp.

I respectfully submit and herewith transmit a list of casualties in this command since May 3d. In the body of my report I have omitted any regular allusion to the casualties in the different actions. The accompanying list I hope will be sufficiently explicit.

Of the officers whom we shall see no more, I can only say they flinched from no known duty, dying like they were, true men and true soldiers. Captain S. M. Neighbor was mortally wounded at Kenesaw; also Lieutenants Ira H. Poole and D. F. Miser. Captain P. C. Schneider and Lieutenant J. H. Donaldson were killed on the field at Peach Tree. Were I to begin making special mention of the worthy it would be difficult to avoid injustice to some. Alike to officers and men, I can say they did their duty in action.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

J. T. HOLMES,

Major, Commanding Regiment.

CAPTAIN CHARLES SWIFT,  
Acting Assistant Adjutant General, Third Brigade, Second Division,  
14th Army Corps."

List of casualties in the Fifty-second Regiment, Ohio Infantry Volunteers, from May 3, 1864, to September 6, 1864:

Date.	Place of Engagement.	Killed.		Wounded.		Missing.	
		Officers	Men	Officers	Men	Officers	Men
May 11.....	Buzzard Roost, Ga.....		1		9		
May 15.....	Resaca, Ga.....		2	1	6		
May 31.....	Dallas, Ga.....		1		4		
June 27.....	Kenesaw Mountain, Ga....		22	7	76		3
July 19.....	Peach Tree Creek, Ga.....	2	17	3	35	1	25
August 5 to 12.	Before Atlanta, Ga.....		5	1	8		2
September 1..	Jonesborough, Ga.....		3	1	16		
		2	51	13	154	1	30

Respectfully submitted,

J. T. HOLMES,

Major, Commanding Regiment.

ATLANTA, GEORGIA, May 26, 1897.

While we wait, when not otherwise engaged, to-day, going back to Lee and Gordon's Mills, May 3, 1864, I must sketch and arrange a few of the more striking incidents of the Atlanta campaign, affecting us, which have so far been, partly or wholly, omitted or will not be embraced in the work promised after arrival at home.

My files of letters and documents will supply nearly everything needed for such a sketch; in fact, they will make it, requiring very little annotation or explanation. Some of the items that may appear to be omitted as we go forward will be taken up or touched sufficiently at a later date. After the brief and widely separated notes sent from the fields as we moved south, we shall at the close of the campaign come to a comprehensive letter designed to gratify the home people of that day and, with the other portions of this work, sufficient, I hope, to satisfy the home people of these and later days. As the campaign progressed, its duties and activities were such that the sword was mightier than the pen or pencil and was seldom out of reach, while the keeping of the record of events was left to those whose duties were not so much on the firing line, or who had better access to writing materials and more leisure in which to use them.

The order of march for our brigade, issued at Ringgold on the eve of the opening of the ball, was in these terms—its exact form is preserved:

“HEADQUARTERS 3D BRIG., 2D DIV., 14TH A. C.,

General Order No. 9.

May 6, 1864.

The Brigade will march to-morrow at daybreak in the following order:

52d Ohio.  
125th Illinois.  
22d Indiana.  
86th Illinois  
85th Illinois.

The ambulances will follow the Brigade. The wagons will be packed and parked at this place and be in readiness to move forward when ordered.

By order of

DANIEL MCCOOK,  
Colonel Commanding.

E. L. ANDERSON,

Captain and A. A. A. G.

Co. O.,

52d Ohio.

The Regiment will march left in front."

On the same day, a pencil note of which the following is a copy was sent to my headquarters:

Major:

"CAMP 15TH O. V. V. I.,

Why do you not come over and see us; tell Abe to come this afternoon.  
Yours, S. McMILLAN."

Sam. McMillan was the only son of my landlord while I attended Franklin College. We shall hear of him again in a few days.

HEADQUARTERS 52D O. V. I.,

Dear Parents:

NEAR ROME, GA., May 18, 1864.—6 A. M.

All's well, so far. Rebels routed one hour since from this place.

I have seen sights since the morning of the 7th; will write particulars some future time, if spared.

A. R. had been a little sick, was better, but I would not let him come past Dalton as our march was to be rapid. Your son, J. T. H.

Nine o'clock. There is fighting at the town beyond the river. This place is one and one-half miles north.

Our division ran into the rebels here at 4 o'clock last evening. The fight lasted till dark. Losses about equal—one hundred men on each side.

Our brigade, fifteen killed, forty wounded.

Fighting in front nearly ceased. The bridge was fired awhile ago, and the river is between the combatants.

A kind Providence has almost wonderfully preserved yours and mine amid all danger.

J. T. H.

Dear Father:

KINGSTON, GA., May 22, 1864.

All is well. I have not seen Taylor for five days. I was left sick at Resaca. The regiment has been in one engagement since I left it, but Taylor was not hurt. He is now at Rome. I expect to go there to-day. That was a pretty heavy fight, two days duration.

At Resaca our loss in killed and wounded will probably reach one thousand. Our advance is ten miles from here. The rebels are showing a heavy front. Will likely make a stand at that point. The railroad is running to this place and to-day will run up the branch to Rome.

A. R. H.

HEADQUARTERS 52<sup>D</sup> O. V. I.,  
NEAR ACKWORTH, GA., June 7, 1864.

Dear Parents:

We are still well. I dropped a line from Rome May 18th, just after the fight. A. R. came up at Dallas May 26th.

He is in good health now. Will, Mc. and Frank both safe yet. Sam. McMillan killed in a charge made by Wood's Division 1st or 2d of June.

We were under fire from May 27th. to June 4th, nine days.

The loss of the regiment since this campaign began—May 7th—is five men killed, one officer and nineteen men wounded.

This army has made one hundred miles advance. The loss has been nothing compared with the Potomac and yet it has been fearful. Death and desolation rule the hour.

I hope for a speedy end to all these things, no matter, under Providence, who of this generation may enjoy it.

If fortunate, when marching and fighting lull a little, I'll tell you of what we've seen. It has been since May 7th emphatically "Days of Battle, Nights of Waking." Your son,  
J. T. HOLMES.

CHATTANOOGA, TENN., June 24, 1864.

Brother James T.:

After several days of kicking and cuffing around I have at last been brought to a stand in General Hospital No. 2, at this place. How long I will stay here it is impossible to tell; it depends altogether whether the doctors think me badly diseased or not. I think likely we will be sent to convalescent camp before many days.

I have been gaining a little each day since I left the brigade hospital and in a few days more would be all right, if I just had money to pay for fixing my boots, buy a hat and some stationery. My respects to all the boys of "G" and tell Ross I'll write him a letter, if I can ever get hold of paper and envelopes.

A. R. HOLMES,

General Hospital No. "2," Ward 22.

VINING'S STATION, COBB CO., GA., July 10, 1864.

Dear Parents:

I write from the north bank of the Chattahoochee, which river the rebels crossed last night, leaving us full possession of this side after having fought over almost every foot of ground from Ackworth, near which place I wrote from last. I suppose you have heard from A. R. probably since I did. He went back from the front of Kenesaw Mountain June 16th. He was bilious and not in health to remain out in the kind of weather we had then. He was in Chattanooga and better when he wrote me.

I can't write you any history now. Let it suffice for me to say I was in the assault of the 27th ult. and while comrades fell all around me dead and maimed I was *untouched*, and am yet without a scratch.

The regiment lost eighty-five in the charge and seventeen holding its position until July 2d, making a total of one hundred and two—five of them officers. No officers killed. About thirty men killed outright and died from wounds.

Atlanta is in sight nearly eight miles away; its spires and domes glisten in the sunlight, the objects of many thousand Yankee eyes. The Johnnies are thick on the other side of the river.

I believe the *work* of the spring campaign is over. Movements will still continue, but they will not be by the grand army. *I'm no prophet, however.*

I want to hear from home a little oftener. Don't wait for me to write. Your son,  
J. T. HOLMES.

When this letter was written Colonel Dan., Captain S. M. Neighbor of D Company, Lieutenant D. F. Miser of G Company and Lieutenant Ira H. Poole of I Company, who had been mortally wounded at Kenesaw, were still living so far as I then knew. Neighbor died July 7, McCook died July 17, Poole died July 30, and Miser died August 2, next ensuing.

A revision of the losses at Kenesaw increased them six over my statement in this letter.

LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN, TENN., July 13, 1864.

Dear Brother:

I have been near two weeks on "Lookout" and never a word have I heard from you or the regiment since the 27th of last month. I luckily, the first day I came on the Mountain, ran against "Clark" of Co. "I." He gave me the news up to that time and the intelligence of your safety, but could tell me nothing concerning Co. "G."

Since I have been here my recovery has been slow. The surgeons here give no attention to such cases as mine. They allow exercise and mountain atmosphere to effect our cure. And never since I soldiered have I fared worse for food than the last two weeks. The boys at the front had better thank their God for sufficient coffee and hard tack to sustain life and be content; it would be heaven to me just now in preference to this place.

Yesterday I walked a half a mile and back, then took a little sleep and felt the better for my walk. Berries are plenty here and I have been thinking all morning of making a break for the woods to get some.

I wrote a letter home a few days since telling them where I was, that I had got about well again and would in a few days probably start for the regiment.

General Sherman has ordered all, who will not be able for duty in sixty days, north of Nashville. I don't have to go. There is some talk

of our receiving two months pay here; such an arrangement would suit me vastly.

A. R. HOLMES.

General Hospital No. "3," Chattanooga, Tenn.

HEADQUARTERS 52D O. V. I.,

IN FRONT OF ATLANTA, GA., July 25, 1864.

Dear Parents:

In the crowd of events and acts I almost forget whether I have dropped a note home or not. I believe I have not, however, and must then tell you first that A. R. is still back, I suppose, at Chattanooga. Have not heard from him since I wrote you last.

In an engagement on the 19th the regiment lost eighty-five officers and men killed, wounded and missing. Among the latter Colonel Clancy. He was taken prisoner within twenty-five paces of me, but I could not see him. Had started to go to him, but before I reached him he was captured. Do not think he was hurt.

I am still unscathed, but feel lonely and almost disheartened.

We have lost in all two captains and one lieutenant killed; two captains and six lieutenants wounded; Colonel McCook and Colonel Clancy both gone and about two hundred men killed, wounded and missing.

Atlanta is two miles away yet, with the rebel army proper and all the militia of the state between here and there. I cannot predict how soon the city will fall, but think it must come before many days.

We crossed the river on the 18th. Our guns reach the suburbs of the city. General McPherson was killed 22d.

Joe. Johnson has been relieved and his successor, General Hood, is now believed to have been killed on the 23d. Hardee reported wounded. Write soon. Your son,

J. T. HOLMES.

I forgot to mention in the body of my letter that Frank was severely wounded in the right shoulder during the action at Peach Tree. He was doing well at last accounts.

The rumor of Hood's death was unfounded; he survived the close of the war, dying in New Orleans, August 30, 1879.

GENERAL FIELD HOSPITAL.

VINING'S STATION, July 27, 1864.

Major Holmes:

SIR: Will you please have the Adjutant fill out and forward a furlough for me for approval, and if approved send it to Nashville by mail. Direct to Lieutenant Wm. H. Lane, Nashville, as I expect to go on next hospital train. Make it for twenty days then I will stay as long as I can, but will return to duty as soon as able. I am getting along finely and sincerely hope you may escape all danger, for what would the poor boys do now without you, Major? You must be short of officers; you need those on detached service badly.

Remember me to all.

Yours truly, WM. H. LANE.

Lane was shot through the left thigh when the skirmish line was about half way across the cornfield at Peach Tree. The shot must have come, at least four hundred yards from our left and the aim must have taken at the line by the shaking of the corn for the marksman could not then see my men. The Captain took tea with us about four years ago.

LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN, TENN., July 28, 1864.

Dear Father:

It is some weeks since I have written home from the fact that every day almost I expected to leave this place and return to the regiment. I made a second application this morning to be sent back and received the promise of the doctor that I should be sent in a few days, which may mean to-morrow, or it may mean two weeks. My recovery has been perfected as far as hospital treatment will accomplish it and I think in another month my health will be better than at the beginning of the campaign.

News here is scarce. It is supposed though, beyond a doubt, that Sherman by this time is in "Atlanta." Some of the most desperate fighting of the war has taken place before the walls of that city. Contests in which they stood up man to man and with butt and bayonet decided which should die. Of the particulars of the fighting and of my own regiment I have gained but little. Taylor I have not heard from since I left the regiment though what little I have heard of its engagements up to July 23, leads me to believe him unhurt, but there has been heavy fighting since.

Lieutenant Colonel Clancy was taken prisoner on 20th (19th). The regiment by some mishap was thrown into confusion somewhat in advance of the rest of the line and fell back in disorder, the Colonel, being probably wounded, was left behind.

Politics are of little moment in the army now; each eye is watching for, each heart awaiting with painful throbs, the two events which they hope will be the forerunners of bright peace, "The downfalls of Richmond and Atlanta." But I have no hope of that bringing peace yet without many another hard knock. The capture of those two places is not going to be the capture of the two great armies which now fight the battles of the Confederacy. They will still be able to keep up two organizations almost as formidable as at present. It is true we will have in our possession their walled cities, but their system of communication will yet afford the means for the most rapid and dangerous combinations to our scattered forces.

Address my letters to the regiment. Your son,

A. R. HOLMES.

HEADQUARTERS 52D O. V. I.,  
NEAR EAST POINT, GA., August 17, 1864.

Dear Parents:

I guess I haven't written home since about a month ago.

I had both my horses stolen on the night of the 26th of July. Have not recovered them and suppose I will not. A. R. came up on the 14th from Chattanooga. He looks better.

We were in an engagement on the 7th of this month in which I lost one officer and ten men killed and wounded. From the 6th to the 12th I lost in all eighteen. We are resting from our labors. I think this four or five days quiet is preparatory to the final struggle for this "Gate City." When Atlanta falls, there will be some rest for the weary soldiers but little sooner. I have heard nothing from Clancy.

The weather is fine. The army in good spirits. I have only to repeat, *write*. Your son, J. T. HOLMES.

Will McElravy was safe about the 3d and I presume is yet, as they have had no fighting.

Roddy's rebels tore up our cracker line for some distance yesterday and drove off a good many cattle, but the damage will soon be repaired.

Captain J. W. McElravy of the 30th O. V. V. I saw four years of fighting with that regiment and is still pushing the battle of life successfully in the "Great West."

HEADQUARTERS 52D O. V. I.,  
NEAR ATLANTA, GA., August 20, 1864.

My Dear Parents:

Our division has just this hour—6 p. m.—returned from a raid on the railroad running from East Point to Montgomery, Alabama. We started before daylight, marched through the rain and mud, tore up the road six miles southwest of East Point and came back through rain and mud. The division did not lose a man, although confronted by a brigade of cavalry for six miles before reaching the road. The boys tore up the rails and ties for about a quarter of a mile and then we beat our retreat, capturing ten "Johnnies."

We are all tired. Let me say, however, our movement and exploit to-day were only intended to cover a big tearing up spree of Kilpatrick's on the same road farther down, and to put the track where we struck it in such a shape that the enemy could not transport a force from Atlanta in time to intercept Kilpatrick. Now I said we were all tired, weary, worn. I want you to save this letter and hand it to every one who may wonder or think strange that I do not write more.

Fighting is my profession now and friends at home must know that the faithful officer, in such a campaign as this has been and still is, can find no adequate time for the use of the pen. Don't point to newspaper

correspondents, "the gas houses of the rear," as a class. They have nothing else to do but drink the whiskey of some headquarters, write of movements and especially fighting that they never *see* and scatter their panegyrics over the unworthy, as lavishly as though true merit were receiving its reward.

If I live until the end of this campaign and escape unhurt or so that I can write, I promise to write a letter that shall satisfy you all and every inquirer. If I do not, one and all can safely say I fell trying to do my duty. Just think of my maintaining a correspondence. I have not summed them up but I think since the 1st of May this regiment has lain over one hundred and ten days under the enemy's rifles and artillery. The fearful losses we have suffered speak in silent but forcible language of our service. We have lost more men than any regiment in the brigade, or division, or corps.

Again, and, upon the subject of letters for the present, finally, I know letters are of deep interest to you and as I have been doing I shall continue to drop a note often—you don't get them all—but remember I have in my hands the interests and frequently the *life* and *death* interests of a regiment of men; my time is theirs and the day's work *done*, whatever it may be, if there's a chance to rest at night, tired nature will improve it; besides, for days, sometimes, I have neither paper nor envelope with me. Not that they are scarce, but where minies sing or shells hum such things are of no use.

Wrote you about a week since; probably it was the 17th.

A. R. stood the tramp to-day very well. I'll stop now to read the papers. Your son, J. T. H.

While we lay on Utoy creek, I received a dispatch from Adjutant General Townsend at Washington, through General Whipple, inquiring as to the relation of Dr. Mary E. Walker to the regiment or any services rendered by her to it under contract or otherwise at Lee and Gordon's Mills. The answer was as follows:

HEADQUARTERS 52<sup>D</sup> O. V. I.,

NEAR ATLANTA, GA., August 22, 1864.

Brigadier General Wm. D. Whipple, A. A. G. D. C.:

SIR: In reply to your inquiry indorsed upon a dispatch from Washington, bearing date 19th and signed E. D. Townsend, A. A. G., relative to Miss Mary E. Walker, I respectfully submit that I know of no contract with Miss Walker for the rendition of medical service at any time in this regiment. Nor did she render any such services during her stay with the *brigade*.

J. T. HOLMES,

Major, Commanding 52<sup>d</sup> O. V. I.

HEADQUARTERS 52D O. V. I.,

IN FRONT OF ATLANTA, GA., August 23, 1864.

My Dear Parents:

I wrote you the evening of the 20th, but you may receive this first. We still lie near East Point, with everything quiet except the skirmish line.

I don't know when Atlanta will be taken. It seems to be like Richmond—a tough job. There has been but little fighting since the 28th ult., in which the rebels were completely *flaxed* by the 15th and 17th Corps, Logan's and Blair's.

I suppose we have seen nothing compared with a hundred days man, who fought at Monocacy, or followed the wandering Johnnies through Maryland. I have an idea it was terrible, even almost as fearful as the experience of some of Ohio's Militia after Morgan last summer!

\* \* \* \* \*

Nothing further now.

Your son, J. T. HOLMES.

How does my watch get along? Is it running all the time, or only a part, or not at all?

Write often. A great many letters are lost on the way.

About the date of this letter, General Palmer having resigned a few days before, General Jeff. C. Davis was assigned to the command of the 14th Corps and General Morgan to the command of the second division.

HEADQUARTERS 52D O. V. I.,

NEAR EAST POINT, GA., August 25, 1864.

My Dear Parents:

I am not writing because I have much that I can say, but because I want to send you a document from our General that is highly characteristic as well as a paper of good sense. I saw the General ride past awhile ago going along this line towards the right and, by the way, "Johnny" will waken up to-morrow morning finding no Yankees in front of his right between the Chattanooga and Decatur or Augusta railroads, while too late he'll find the same Yankees with from 10,000 to 30,000 more sitting down on his left and squarely across the Macon and Montgomery Roads. This is the probability, and from all I can see it is highly probable.

Seeing the General reminded me of his letter and I thought notwithstanding you will see it in other papers I would send it as containing sound doctrine from a sound man.

\* \* \* \* \*

Your son,

J. T. H.

A. R. is stirring.

Sister Em:

ROUGH AND READY, GA., August 31, 1864.

It is many days since I have received or written a letter. Still I have written two home since receiving any. The last letter I received bore date about May 17th, and I thought surely there would be one for me at the regiment when I returned, but never a one was there. Taylor had started one to the hospital from you for me, but I never received it. I got back to the regiment the 12th of this month and found them lying about seven miles west of the city of Atlanta. There we lay until the 26th, when Sherman, leaving 20th Corps entrenched north of the Chattahoochee, cut loose from everything and with twenty days rations broke for the Macon railroad at the point where my letter is headed, which is some fifteen miles southeast of Atlanta, and our mail communication for a few days will be decidedly precarious as there are somewhere from fifty to one hundred thousand rebels between us and the Chattahoochee. We have made our way thus far around the city without molestation almost. The rebels appear to have no objection to our regaling ourselves from the cornfields, potato patches and barn yards of the Southern chivalry, and if they have any they appear to take it all out in thinking, at least they make no physical demonstration of their dislike. By the time this reaches you John's death will be known. John received what is considered a very slight wound, and I cannot help but think that neglect, under the belief that it was not dangerous, was the cause of his death. There are many of our surgeons whose rank and pay allow them, with impunity, to neglect the wounded and maltreat the sick soldier, but the day is coming when these lords of creation will have to pick rags in the mud for a crust to live on through the just appreciation of their merits by the men they now treat as dogs.

I suppose Frank is at home by this time. Treat Frank to the best because he is a good soldier. Will. is getting along pretty well. Will. and John had not two superiors in their company for coolness and intrepidity in a fight. Alex. Hammond is looking very well but complaining. Dan. Harrison is back in hospital. Taylor is in good health.

A. R. H.

"Frank" was a younger brother of Captain J. W. McElravy, at the time, a ward of my father. He had enlisted in G Company in December, 1863. Will." and "John" were our cousins and "Alex. H.," a son of John H. Hammond, one of father's near neighbors.

HEADQUARTERS 52D O. V. I.,  
ATLANTA, GA., September 12, 1864.

SIR: I have the honor to tender my immediate and unconditional resignation for the following reasons, to-wit:

First. The feeling existing between self and the present regimental commander is such as to render it impossible for me to fulfill the duties of my position with honor to myself or credit to the regiment.

Second. The Governor of the State of Ohio having declared that I need not look for any further promotion from him, and as I am under no obligations to him for my present commission, I would wish to re-deposit it with the State of Ohio, *the sooner the better*, that I may re-enter the service, if possible, from my own native State of Massachusetts. I am, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

---

First Lieutenant, 52d O. V. I.

P. O. Address.

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To Brigadier General Wm. D. Whipple, Assistant Adjutant General,  
Department of Cumberland.

Endorsed:

HEADQUARTERS 52d O. V. I.,

ATLANTA, GA., September 13, 1864.

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Tenders his resignation. Respectfully forwarded.

In *camp* ———— was an energetic, driving officer; in the *field* and in the *fight*, during four months, he has shown himself neither.

This I recently represented to him.

J. T. HOLMES.

Major Commanding Regiment.

It was his mode of stating his case. We never had a personal difference in any form. As I shall elsewhere suggest, it became my painful duty to advertise him of the danger of disgrace, not from my act or wish, but from the stir and gossip which his conduct had created and the determination of my superiors and that the only way to avoid it was by resignation.

HEADQUARTERS 52d O. V. I.,

ATLANTA, GA., September 12, 1864.

My Dear Parents:

I send you a line now that you may entertain no uneasiness over my scratch received in the battle of Jonesboro on the 1st inst. The wound is healing nicely and the blue spots of the contusion are gradually disappearing. The knee joint may be some weeks in fully recovering. From the 1st up to this morning I could notice no improvement whatever so far as the feeling of the joint was concerned, but during to-day I have kept very still and it feels better. Have not used a crutch or cane. Can and do get about some, but wouldn't be much just now on a foot race! I suppose A. R. told you I was struck on the left knee by a piece of shell.

He is threatened with jaundice, but has just gone to bed having told me before he left my tent that he felt better to-day. We need more vegetable diet than we've been having, and I think will get it now.

If I can find time you may, in about *one week*, look for the long promised letter.

Affectionately,

J. T. HOLMES.

Why *don't* somebody from home write oftener?

HEADQUARTERS 52D O. V. I.,

ATLANTA, GA., September 14, 1864.

My Dear Parents:

It is ever a gratification and oftimes a pleasure to the way-worn, weary traveler after a haven of rest is reached to review the scenes, the lights and shadows, of his journey, and endeavor to fix in the store house of memory all that may be of profit and for future warnings in what has been passed. I sit down to-night by the Gate City of the so-called Southern Confederacy and experience a woof of pleasure with a warp of sorrow as I take up this pen to redeem my promise of a campaign letter.

Thoughts come crowding in swarms for utterance; some steady, calm, and quiet; others strange, wild and weird; the mournful and the joyous; the despondent and the exultant. I crowd them all back that a plain narrative of facts may, as I hope it will, interest you and others, who may desire to know of a relative in the army.

On the 3d day of last May the regiment broke up its camp at Lee and Gordon's Mills, fourteen miles south southeast of Chattanooga. This camp, you will remember, was about seven, probably eight, miles from the state line between Tennessee and Georgia and in the latter state. We have been in but the one state since March, or rather December of last year. From the Mills we marched before night to Ringgold and pitched our camp in full view of the gap through Taylor's Ridge of White Oak Mountains, where Hooker fought on the 27th of last November, the second day after the rout from Mission Ridge.

Ringgold and this gap had been left unoccupied by our forces during the month of January, but the enemy showed no disposition to try laying a permanent hold of them. We remained encamped near Ringgold with the army then gathering from Knoxville, Chattanooga and Huntsville.

On the night of the 6th McCook said to me, "Major, we move in the morning and the 52d Ohio takes the advance of this army towards Tunnel Hill. I want you to take the lead with three of your best skirmish companies and when you strike them and get them started keep them hopping; give them no time to stop and fight you." He meant the enemy and repeated, "Be sure to keep them on the *hop*."

Bright and early on the morning of the 7th I selected Captain Sturgis, Captain Hutchison and Lieutenant Lane's companies and deploying them took the road for Tunnel Hill.

The regiment commanded by Lieutenant Colonel Clancy headed the column, the 14th Corps.

A mile through the fields, pine thickets and woods and we found pine bushes chopped across the road, here and there, to prevent our cavalry from charging on their videttes. The skirmishers passed and I, with my bugler and orderly, rode around the obstruction leaving the column to remove their own obstructions. At two miles out, while my line was mostly in thick bushes, bang whiz-z-z a solitary shot. I listened, "pit it ta pat, pit ta pat" faster and faster went the rebel horseman until the sound died away in the distance towards Tunnel Hill. Two miles farther on a few rebels let fly as we came in sight of an old house, but it was only fun for the boys, fifty of them probably, to send a very scary volley among them and as the bugle sounded "Forward" to laugh as the Johnnies hurried to the rear. All went quietly then until just as we were coming in sight of Tunnel Hill, about a mile off. I saw their cavalry, one hundred or one hundred and fifty in number, manœuvring for a position to give us a fight. Finally, they opened at the distance of three hundred yards. Without the signal, down went every man on the skirmish line flat to the ground and commenced a spirited return of the fire. General Davis himself a short distance back had just told me to be careful as there *might be* a line of battle in the wood in front of me. They hit my horse's right ear and cut through a lock of my hair behind the right ear; in short, they made it quite warm all around. In about a minute, satisfied that I could hoist them without much loss, I ordered the bugler, who staid by my side, to sound the "Forward." Just as our boys were rising up, a Johnny shouted, "Why don't you send on your cavalry?" You see they don't like to fight infantry. It is too close work for a cavalryman. Another, as loud as he could shout, said, "Send on your G—d d——d nigger wool." They thought we would send negro soldiers against them. They didn't wait; the skirmish line went for them on the double quick and away off, as he spurred his horse beyond bullet range, I heard "Bring on your G—d d——d nigger wool."

The cavalry that had been fighting us was routed and the town came in full view. I halted the line and the enemy opened on us with artillery from the edge of the place. Under the personal direction of General Davis I moved my line by the right flank and swept through the place making the rebel battery get up and dust to avoid capture. We pushed up the hill beyond the town and by order of General Palmer, commanding 14th Corps, I recalled my line of skirmishers, five companies, two having been added as soon as the enemy began to show resistance. I should say seven companies, for I likewise had two from 125th Illinois.

As I was leading my companies back to the town to camp and rest, \* for skirmishing is hard work, I met General Davis. Said he, "Major, is there any body of men out this road?" I replied, "General, I just now

met about two companies of our cavalry going out to where I drew off my line and I suppose they are the relief for my line." He rode on with his staff, after telling me to report to the regiment in Tunnel Hill and take rest. As he reached the ground where my skirmishers had stopped and turned back, he and staff received a volley from probably thirty guns, only one shot taking effect, mortally wounding the horse of his Inspector General. I could not account for it for a long time. The question with me was how could rebels fire on General Davis from bushes so close at hand when they had not fired at our skirmish line that had just stood on the same ground. In due course of time, a month or six weeks, I satisfied myself that the body of horsemen I had met had been and were rebels dressed in our clothes. They had remained in town, took the chance of passing for Yankees and in the nick of time rode boldly past my skirmish companies as the latter came off the line and taking shelter behind bushes watched for just such an opportunity as they got, but too eager they missed their mark and General Davis *lives* to-day.

We remained quartered near the church in Tunnel Hill until the evening of the 9th, when we moved about two miles out and brought up with the brigade under Rocky Faced Ridge, from the top of which rebel sharpshooters plugged their balls down on the heads of devoted Yankees.

Night of the 10th we went on the skirmish line under the very crest of this renowned ridge.

It rained, I cannot tell you how hard. Yea, it poured from dark till morning and we had to sit and take it with the pleasing reflection that daylight would place us almost at the mercy of the enemy on the lofty perch. Morning came and the next night came. Two of our boys had been killed and ten wounded. The advantage of position and shelter had nearly all been with the enemy, but the regiment, or seven companies on the skirmish line, had fought well, punishing the enemy as badly as they had been punished. I had almost forgotten to say that in the fight at Tunnel Hill I did not lose a man, while the boys emptied three saddles and captured a cavalry horse.

After dark on the 14th we were relieved from the front line and moved some five miles to the right and rear of the army preparatory to passing through Snake Creek Gap and moving on Resaca, which we did during the next day and night. It was dusk when we entered the head of this gap. A little run, as crooked as it can be to get away from where it starts, runs through the six or seven miles of a cut through White Oak Mountains. This stream is called Snake Creek and the Gap is named from the stream.

We were most of the dark, drizzly, muddy night of the 12th getting through, but did make it. We reached the exit before day and halted to rest a while.

At daylight we fell into line and marched, perhaps, a half mile out into the wider mouth of the gap and into an open field. The whole country thereabouts was forest covered. On the way, we passed a group of general staff officers sitting on horseback in the woods on the left of the road. Among them was General Daniel E. Sickles, who, while a member of Congress from New York, killed Philip Barton Key, then United States District Attorney, in Washington City, February 27, 1859, was tried for murder and acquitted in April following, and who had lost a leg at Gettysburg, July 2, 1863. He had come to Sherman's Army, not to take a command, but on some commission connected with the concert of action between the Army of the Potomac under General Grant and the western column under Sherman.

In that open field the boys stacked their knapsacks in one great heap and we left a guard over them. It was, and it looked like, stripping for a fight.

The march through Snake Creek Gap has always been associated in my mind with the pass in the Toubourg forest in Germany, where Arminius, with his fierce Germans, ambushed and destroyed the legions of Varus, the flower of the Roman Army, and filled the empire with mourning, in the ninth year of the Christian Era. The possibility of disaster to us, if adroitly ambuscaded within the narrow defile, was obvious even to the untutored mind, but the enemy had apparently overlooked the narrow way to their rear and we wound through its eight or ten miles of rough, rocky road without resistance.

On the 13th we moved toward Resaca and on the morning of the 14th the work of war began in earnest. As the day advanced the contest thickened. Our brigade was shifted from place to place over the field until shortly after noon when the 23d Corps, General Schofield, assaulted the enemy's main works. Our division supported him and I never heard such fighting and so long continued on such a small spot of ground. It wasn't more than forty rods in length. It was here General Sherman was riding along the gun stacks of our regiment when a shell plunked into the ground about ten feet in front of his horse's head. The animal stopped and turned his head slightly to one side to see what that could mean. The General looked quietly down at it and shook his spurs towards the inquisitive animal's flank, a hint that he meant to move on. It didn't require more than a moment for the whole incident to occur.

but in that moment the General showed us he could be as cool as a cucumber under fire.

Sherman ordered the assault to cease and said he wanted the artillery to do that work as it was folly to slaughter men at that point. This day we lost one man standing almost on the spot where the shell struck so close to Sherman. He was cut almost in two by a twelve-pound solid shot; never knew what hurt him.

I have tried again and again to locate a point of geography and recall a name, but, unavailingly. It seems to me that the point was between the pile of knapsacks at the mouth of Snake Creek Gap and the position where Carter was killed by the shell and General Sherman rode past while the assault was in progress at Resaca, much nearer the latter position, however, in fact, after we had reached the immediate presence of the enemy. It may have been at some later date and a different place. These are the things that come clearly to mind; a halt in a rather open woods; a knoll on our left and an open field beyond it; a fence running from the road where we halted along the edge of the field up over the knoll, most of which was covered by the timber; on the further side of the field, and in the timber which skirted it, was a rebel skirmish line; McCook, Morgan, Davis and, possibly, Palmer were near the fence at the top of the knoll; a surgeon with a sharp instrument nipped a bit of flesh out of each side of the calf of the leg of a stout, fresh-faced, soldier and corresponding holes were made in the soldier's pants as though he had been freshly wounded by a pistol shot; the secret of these preparations was being carefully guarded and confined to the immediate actors; the man was, I think, a non-commissioned officer, perhaps a corporal, of the 52d, but then wearing no chevrons; his name as well as his person I then well knew and the person remains in memory; he was ostensibly to desert to the enemy and after such time as he might find convenient come back with such information as he could collect with reference to the rebel forces, movements and purposes; in other words, a spy was being prepared and sent into the enemy's lines. He never returned or was heard of again. He was probably detected and executed as a spy.

That night we moved a short distance to the right, occupied a ridge and fortified it. The next day was one of the warm days for us so far as bullets were concerned. We lay on a wooded ridge behind the works

we had thrown up. Through the night and from early dawn till dewy eve rebel sharpshooters kept balls whizzing in a complete cross fire amongst the trees, in our ranks, and at a battery that was planted in the middle of the regiment. Our artillery troubled them much and the chief aim of the sharpshooters was to keep cannoniers from working their guns.

There were eight of us lying behind three little logs as a screen from their infernal shots when a sharpshooter put a random shot between the two upper logs that missed Sergeant Major Freeman's arm about three inches, Captain Barnett's knee two inches, Lieutenant James—I think he was one—four or five inches, Colonel Clancy's head one inch, Adjutant Masury's thigh six inches, grazed my boot leg, cut Lieutenant Duff's pants and drawers on the calf of the leg and plunged through Captain Sturgis' right leg, entering just below the knee in front and passing between the two bones came out half way down toward the ankle. It was a remarkable shot. Six inches lower and to the right would have sent it through the whole row of men.

Now and then all through the day some one would be hurt; two were killed. As night settled down the shots commenced falling sparsely and at dark there was only the occasional picket shot.

About half-past eleven and as I had lain down and drawn my blanket over me, a sharp cracking of musketry began a short distance from our left. In a moment every man was up and at his post, weapons in hand. The twelve guns in the centre of the regiment were wheeled into position and opened with shot and shell, grape and canister straight to the front right and left. We thought they meant to fight us and for about half an hour the scene was strikingly grand and terrible. The twelve guns amid the darkness furnished one of the finest pictures for the artist that mind could imagine. The guns were as close together as they could be worked and the streams of fire that seemed to leap continuously from their deep mouths were only rivalled in grandeur to the senses by their deep-toned thunder upon the stillness of the night.

The rebels were repulsed, and in the morning their works were empty.

From here we marched immediately to the mouth of Snake Creek Gap where we had left knapsacks before the fight. The distance was six miles. Buzzard Roost had been taken by a flank movement on Resaca. The enemy were now on the way to the Etowah and south.

We didn't know where they proposed to stop and fight us next. General Davis' division was selected to sweep through Rome the extreme right flank of the army, and from our marching ability we were called Davis' Cavalry.

We led off for Rome and on the 18th, from that place, I dropped you a line giving you the situation in brief. Had I sat down then to write details of what had occurred I should have written many more things

than this account thus far contains, should, in other words, have been more minute, but now it would never do; I shouldn't get through writing in a month at such a rate. In the engagement on the 17th, in sight of Rome, on the north bank of the Oostanaula, we lost no men, although the pluck of the regiment was tried worse than if we had become hotly engaged. Two regiments of the brigade lost, as I think I told you, from sixty to seventy men.

We crossed the Oostanaula on the night of the 18th and on the 20th, leaving our bivouac in the streets of the city, camped in the suburbs until the morning of the 24th.

Rome was deserted, almost, but few citizens left. I did see one of the prettiest ladies in that place I ever saw, but she was a violent rebel, uncompromising, etc. The country round about is beautiful; there, the two pretty rivers, Oostanaula and Etowah, come together and take the name of Coosa.

The city in prosperous days contained about five thousand inhabitants and was to my eye the most desirable place for permanent residence I had seen in the south. I have had no occasion to change that view since.

Connected by rail with all parts of the United States, at the head of steamboat navigation, affording ample water power by its two small rivers, surrounded by a rolling country that only needed and needs the industrious hand to make it abundantly productive, I must concede the palm to the little city of Rome, Georgia, over all, large and small, that I have seen beside in this war cursed land, what was once called the "Sunny South."

On the morning of the 24th we pulled out and after a winding march brought up at Dallas, Paulding County, on the evening of 26th. The next morning we took position two miles east of Dallas under fire of the enemy and remained there behind works we threw up until the 1st of June, when we moved some miles towards Ackworth into works previously constructed by the 23d corps. Here we lay within five hundred yards of the Johnnies shooting at them and being shot at until the morning of the 6th, when we found our friends in front gone, flanked out again. This was their position on Pumpkin Vine Creek and the Allatoona Pass or Mountains.

On May 27, 1864, near Dallas, as we were moving forward through to an open strip of timber land, in line of battle, quite early in the morning, and while I was riding in the line with the men, we came to a fallen tree. It did not lie squarely across our path, but the right of the regiment struck the top ten or fifteen paces before the left struck the stump. I was riding with the right wing and as my horse came directly to the point where the tree forked, he veered to the left slightly and leaped the body of

the tree, which was full two feet in diameter. One of D Company and one of F were crossing the tree just at the fork. I could have touched them with my right hand as my horse rose over the log. At that instant, I heard a sort of double sound such as a four-years-old child would make by striking its two little fat hands together twice with a scarcely perceptible interval of time between the strokes. The two men fell, tangled together, in the fork. The line moved on. We had heard no sound of a gun. In a few paces, we passed what was known as the Washington house, a small, deserted, frame, country residence in the edge of the timber, and halted. There before us was an open valley three-quarters of a mile wide, with no sign of an enemy nearer than the forest-covered ridge on the farther side. The D Company man, John Lowmiller, slightly in advance of the other, had been shot through the head, killed instantly, and the F Company man, George W. Wallace, had been shot through the face from side to side in such a way as to knock out several back teeth from each side of his upper jaw. He recovered and remained in the service until the close of the war. I am advised by my friend, Captain Brice, of Wheeling, that he is still living in Jackson County, West Virginia. The sharpshooter was perched in some tree on the ridge, with a Whitworth rifle, having globe or telescope sights, and had evidently fired at the mounted officer clear across that valley. He probably had no knowledge of the log to the presence of which, at that moment, I may have owed my life and my two men their disaster. I had heard the Whitworth for the first time, under the lofty crags of Buzzard Roost, at the opening of the campaign, and on the 11th of May when on horseback in a peculiarly exposed position had the distinct consciousness that Charley and his rider were the target at which, more than a mile away from him, the sharpshooter had taken three distinct "trys" with his ugly, plunging shots. The report of the gun is not like that of any other I ever heard. There is no ring, no clearness, to it. One is reminded of a great pop-gun. The *pop* was impressed on my memory, however, and remains "to this present" with much distinctness. It was several years after the war before I saw one of the cartridges. They were about three inches in length, the ball an inch, the powder two inches, caliber, about forty.

While the forward movement of June 10 was in progress and we were passing through a pine forest, there was a halt, with a sort of tumbling out of ranks late in the afternoon, prior to camping for the night. The sky was leaden, a drizzling rain had been falling for several hours, which was increasing in volume; everything that would take water was soaked; the drip and drizzle and splash continued. I remember there the mixed odor of pine and smoke and saltpetre, so often encountered in those days. Three or four of us, having dismounted, had gathered on a large fallen tree, and as one of the group, W. S. Furay, a newspaper correspondent, then without a military title, improved the occasion to express some emphatic and unfavorable sentiments with reference to General Sherman, in short, to administer a genuine "roast," abundantly interlarded with some choice adjectives from Shimei's vocabulary. F. was "out of humor" with the General as the General was sometimes out of humor with war correspondents. As the water dripped from his black hat and his poncho, and his water logged extremities found sympathy in our own, he enjoyed a source of relief that was denied to us, at least it would have been dangerous to indulge in it, because at the end was a possible order cashiering or dismissing the offender from the service in disgrace. The Colonel has remained true to his first love and, as the lawyers write it, has "from thence hitherto" been a devotee of literature and a long time resident of Ohio's capital city.

After resting near Ackworth until the 10th we began the movement on the enemy at Kenesaw Mountain and through constant fighting, day by day, always marching, digging or picketing where the guns of the enemy could reach us. Every inch of ground was contested until we came to the base of the mountain. Here again, as at Buzzard Roost, from the crest of the rocky and ragged steep, they could pour the leaden hail down upon our devoted heads. At times they would open two or three six-gun batteries, then, lookout; the screech and scream of their shells would very forcibly remind one that he was only flesh and blood and should one of these nasty creatures come straight to him he couldn't stop it until it would have the better of the argument.

The day they first opened from the top of Kenesaw Mountain with their shells I did a thing that I have often wondered since how I was able to do it.

We were not in works, simply lying out in the open field. They let fly very suddenly and with very respectable aim for the point where I

stood; two shells passed just over my head and struck the ground close behind, another burst in the air above and a fourth instantly plowed the ground and burst about fifteen feet in front of me. I thought "who can tell how long we'll live," and in the smoke and dust of the bursted shell I folded my arms and stood gazing at the rebel battery, without a feeling of fear, until they slacked up the working of their guns. What possessed me to do it I cannot tell without it may have been an internal assurance that they couldn't or wouldn't hit me. Anyhow they didn't.

\* \* \* \* \*

The next paragraphs of this letter are embodied in the account of the assault on Kenesaw June 27.

Late in the afternoon of June 23d an impression obtained that Kenesaw was being evacuated. I was selected to lead a charging column, break through the line of sentinels supposed to be left at the foot of the mountain next us until nightfall, scale the heights and unfurl the stars and stripes on the top of Kenesaw. Colonel Dan's enthusiasm over the idea that the third brigade was to enjoy such an honor was almost boyish in its fervency and that I should do the unfurling was a favored notion with him; he had set his heart on it; I think he was my sincere friend always. The skirmish companies were selected and we moved out some distance in front of our heavy earthworks. In the Kenesaw bottom, heavily wooded, as it was, and with thick underbrush, with a swamp or swale, thirty yards wide, in front of us, standing in line, I said to the men that they had before them a fearful peril, that it was my conviction that very few, if any, of them would reach the summit alive.

The twilight was coming on, the gloom of that wood was ominous; the limbs and bark of trees were being nipped and cut by minie balls on every hand; yet no man flinched, no muscle twitched and that little band never moved more promptly off the parade ground than when the order was given, "Forward, March!"

It was a march, and they must have felt it, into the very jaws of death.

The order to storm the heights was countermanded at the end of a hundred paces for the enemy was there in force still, but those soldiers had shown what has always seemed to me their most striking exhibition of cool, collected and determined

bravery. The heroism displayed at Thermopylæ could have been of no higher, purer quality.

It was a moment of trial—a test of courage—of which each of them may well and worthily be proved for a lifetime.

On the 8th of July there was a forward movement, the enemy was crossing the Chattahoochee and we were keeping in touch with his rear guard so that we might know where to find him. The 52d was on the skirmish line; shots were being exchanged as we pressed through the woods. Presently we struck the corner of a field that had been in corn the preceding year. As we advanced, the length of my line in the cornfield increased and so did the fire from the Confederates in the woods around the opposite corner. The dusk of evening had commenced falling. I was riding close to my line of men. We were on higher ground than the enemy. One who looks out of the car windows now as he approaches the river going into Atlanta will see the sort of surface, if not the very ground, over which we were fighting. Men were being hurt and sent back, if merely wounded. Isaac Banghart of Company G suddenly stopped. I was riding within a few feet of him. He dropped his gun and showed me that he had been shot through the flesh of the arm. I directed him to the field hospital which had just been established in the woods beside a road near the corner of the cornfield which we had passed and he walked away. The firing lasted until the rifles began to make a flash in the twilight and then ceased. Establishing the line for the night, I rode back to headquarters near the hospital. My astonishment and anger may be imagined when, upon inquiring after Banghart, the surgeon informed me that his arm had been cut off above the elbow. Perhaps I used some words not common in polite society, but after the third of a century I do not feel like "taking them back." There was neither excuse nor defense for the cutting. The arm was as plump and graceful as a woman's; the soldier's health and habits were perfect; not a bone had been touched or injured and yet the man had been maimed for life. There may have been whiskey mixed with the judgment that amputation was necessary. I always thought the beauty of the subject for a little operation had overshadowed the consideration of the soldier's true interests.

The letter proceeds:

Next morning they were gone again and we followed until, near the railroad bridge over the Chattahoochee, we found them in a semi-circular work about four miles in length covering the bridge. These were the jaggiest, most unapproachable works I ever saw them in. They were like a row of porcupines on a huge scale; you couldn't go near them if there was nobody to shoot at you!

These works they abandoned in the night as they had done others all the way from Buzzard Roost and we camped on the northwestern bank of the river and rested until the 18th. From that camp I think I wrote a note home; I know I did.

On the 18th we crossed the river above the mouth of Nancy's Creek and effected the crossing of Nancy's Creek without opposition. The next day, however, as we made the crossing of Peach Tree the rebels jumped into us and cut our regiment badly. Here Colonel Clancy was taken prisoner. The total loss of the regiment was eighty-five officers and men. Two officers killed and three wounded out of the number.

I never felt blue in the army until then. Every place I looked, I missed familiar faces, some for all time, others for an uncertain period. That fearful word "missing" was written after some names; we did not know what fate it might mean. Here Frank Mc. received his wound, and I bear personal testimony that he was with his company in as hot a place as ever he'll see again.

The rebels were whipped in this fight, too, but it cost some precious blood and sacrifice to do it. When they finally gave way from our front it was to fall back to their works in the outskirts of Atlanta. On the ground between the two lines we found some of our poor fellows dead where our skirmish line had been overpowered at one point; they had been killed and the ground being covered by the guns of both sides it had been impossible to bring the bodies off until the enemy left. Some wounded men lived for thirty-six hours and were carried off alive but fly-blown until they were almost yellow. It was a hard sight. I saw two of the 85th Illinois carried off there who were alive; one died soon and the other is living and doing well.

We followed the enemy, thinking they were going out of Atlanta to let us go in, but we missed it. They were not ready to give up Atlanta so easily, and we stopped again in front of strong works. Our brigade was for almost the first time left in reserve and it was here that I lost both my horses, stolen by some of the 10th O. V. C. in the night of the 26th. It's good-by horses yet, although no man's fifteen hundred dollars could have induced me to part with them.

We kept working back and forth until August 7th when our division got into a fight in front of Atlanta and we—52d—never were shelled so before. Down to this time through the campaign they had not, on account of scarcity, thrown one artillery shot to our ten, but here they

poured them thick and fast upon us. They couldn't stop our advance and we threw up fortifications within four hundred yards of their works, under their fire, and harassed them to our heart's content until the 12th of the month, losing three killed and fourteen wounded. This was near Utoy Creek.

On the 12th we drew out of the hot place and enjoyed a kind of rest behind works that the enemy did not shoot at very often.

On the 20th as I wrote you our division marched ten miles and back through rain and mud to cut the Montgomery railroad.

On the 27th the grand movement on the Macon railroad began. After marching, camping, fortifying and manœuvring until 12 m. September 1st, we found ourselves face to face with our enemy once more. Gathering our nerve for what we felt would be the final blow in the Atlanta campaign, after the lines were formed under bursting shells and singing minies, we started across a broad cornfield for the works of the Johnnies. This time we took them and the Johnnies too with their guns, ten in number. I was knocked out of this fight, but not until we had nearly reached their works. In that whirl and storm of shot and shell I felt exultant at the success and could not have avoided the feeling if I had lost my limb. It was the hour of victory; an hour in which we wiped out old scores with the foe, in which we remembered the graves of Kenesaw and Peach Tree.\*

War gives to men strange turns of nature when battle becomes nature's subject of thought.

In this engagement, I lost three killed and seventeen wounded, counting myself. The next morning we moved into Jonesboro one-half mile and encamped, while portions of the army went after the routed rebels.

Jonesboro is a very small village strung along the railroad for a mile. It was nearly deserted. I didn't ride through it much as my wound pained me all the time we remained there and I was afraid of it, I'll confess now, although I thought I could take care of it.

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\* Ten years later, my old friend and some time near neighbor, Chaplain Van Horne, in his history of the Army of the Cumberland, Vol. 2, pp. 144-145, said :

"At 5 p. m. the rectified lines again moved forward, and the attack was quickly and vigorously made along the whole battle front. There had been so many unsuccessful assaults made by both armies during the campaign, that the enemy regarded this attempt to carry his intrenchments, so strongly defended, as an exhibition of folly and harmless audacity. But it was soon revealed that the most determined resistance could not arrest or defeat the bold assault. Morgan's division carried its entire front, and gloriously reversed the issue of its assault near Kenesaw mountain on the 27th of June. The brigades of Mitchell and Dilworth there clung to the hillside under the enemy's guns, having failed in assault; here they leaped the fortifications, and under sword and bayonet held captive the troops set for their defense."

\* \* \* \* \*

"The action was the most brilliant and successful of its type during the campaign."

On the 4th our brigade brought sixteen hundred rebel prisoners to Atlanta, and here we are in good quarters resting from our labors.

The 52d had four hundred and seventy guns and swords when it left Gordon's Mills. During the campaign it lost in killed, wounded and missing two hundred and fifty-three. Of these, sixteen officers, five of whom are dead. About one hundred men are dead. In some cases a man was wounded twice and afterwards killed. Such cases are only classed as killed. Some now with us were wounded as often as three times. No Ohio regiment, if I do say it, has made a bloodier mark during the four months. We have made our mark in history, but at a fearful cost. Many good and brave men have been snatched from our rolls and our midst forever. There are vacant chairs and lonesome hearthstones in Jefferson, Belmont, Tuscarawas, Van Wert, Cuyahoga, Hamilton and other counties of Ohio that must ever remain vacant and lonesome. The race of the loved one is run. *He gave up his life at his post*; this I say of every departed one of the regiment.

It was as you know in the action of the 7th of August that John was wounded.

The letter sent to his father I presume does him justice in the character of a soldier.

In bravery his comrades claim he had no superior among them. He had the nerve to dare where others would have quailed.

"Soldier rest, thy warfare o'er,  
Sleep the sleep that knows no breaking,  
Dream of battlefields no more,  
Days of danger, nights of waking."

I have hastily redeemed my promise, indebted to a kind Providence for the life and health to do so. I might elaborate and sentimentalize for pages yet. Let it suffice for me to write, while thousands of hearts mourn the loss of near kinsmen, amid the horrors of war, you are spared thus far both your sons. It is strange, even almost miraculous, that so many escape in battle as do. We cannot tell how it is and yet, God knows, enough perish.

I began writing on the night of the 14th, this is the 19th. Yesterday in riding down through the city I gathered what I think is a fact. Atlanta by slow degrees is passing away. These soldiers fought for it; their comrades strew the ground with graves from here to Ringgold, one hundred and eighteen miles. The hosts of rebellion held a power here that it is the intention to render naught for all time to come, no matter what may happen. General Sherman is making a purely military post of the place; citizens are all leaving and all around the city fine houses are leaving, by piece-meal, on the backs of soldiers, in wagons, carts, old buggies and every conceivable vehicle. A house is vacated by a family, some soldier steps inside with a chunk of a rail and bursts off a board; it's good-by house, for you'll soon see a hundred soldiers carrying away win-

dows, shutters, flooring, weather boarding, studding, etc., etc., *ad infinitum*. All these, to fix up quarters in adjoining camps. So you can see we are comfortable.

The city is scattering; every house has an open lot, or garden, near it, and the result is Atlanta is about two miles in diameter, but it will not be so large by the time we get through with it.

These people bid for these things by their rebellion. They can avert all any day, but they know no such disposition, as a rule.

I have written enough for this time.

We are all well.

Your son,

J. T. HOLMES.

Please excuse want of punctuation, if any, as I was too tired to read over so long a paper.

ATLANTA, September 29th.

Under marching orders. You will probably hear from us next some place north of Atlanta. This letter goes through by special hands.

A single item of military correspondence or business will give some idea of the processes of "red tape," while at the same time disclosing the ravages of the campaign.

HEADQUARTERS 52D O. V. I.,

ATLANTA, GA., September 20, 1864.

Brigadier General Wm. D. Whipple, A. A. General, D. C.:

SIR: I desire to represent as near as possible the facts in the case of Lieutenant G. Rudolph of this regiment detailed for duty in the Signal Corps of this Department September 18th, S. F. O. No. 258.

Before the movement against the Macon Road began, I made application to General Morgan, Commanding Division, to have Lieutenant Rudolph, who had been on detached duty with the Division train since January 8th, returned for duty with the regiment, representing that by the casualties of the campaign the number of Line Officers with the regiment had been reduced to six, and that Lieutenant Rudolph was needed to take charge of one of the four companies commanded by non-commissioned officers.

The communication was returned from Division Headquarters with the endorsement that Lieutenant Rudolph would be relieved according to request if the brigade commander would send up the name of some Lieutenant to take his place in the train.

The name required was forwarded on or about the 18th inst. Lieutenant Rudolph has not as yet reported to me for duty with his regiment, seeking in preference a permanent detail when the interests of his regiment and the service, present and prospective, earnestly call for him here. The casualty list of the regiment during the past four months shows our loss in officers. We yet have but six in the line. An application to General Sherman for the return of Captain Wm. H. Bucke, Co. "A," Chief

Military Conductor, Division of Mississippi, procured an order for his immediate return to his regiment. I have been laboring to procure at least one commissioned officer for each company of the regiment and would earnestly and respectfully ask that the order detailing Lieutenant Rudolph, who is certainly without any experimental or extraordinary natural qualifications as a Signal Officer, be revoked that the best interest of the service may be subserved.

I am, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

J. T. HOLMES,  
Major Commanding Regiment.

Endorsed:

HEADQUARTERS 52D O. V. I., H. 818, D. C., 1864.  
ATLANTA, GA., September 20, 1864.

Holmes, Major J. T.

Asks that the order detailing Lieutenant Rudolph for duty in the Signal Corps be revoked and that he be returned to his regiment for duty. H. 818, D. C., 1864.

HEADQUARTERS 3D BRIG., 2D DIV., 14TH A. C.,  
September 20, 1864.

Respectfully forwarded.

Approved:

J. W. LANGLEY,  
Lieut. Col. Commanding Brigade.

No. 1510, B. C. 148.

HEADQUARTERS 2D DIV., 14TH A. C.,  
September 21, 1864.

Respectfully forwarded, approved and strongly recommended for reasons stated by Major Holmes, Commanding Regiment, and this officer has been on detached service for a long time and his services are much needed with his regiment. Let some other officer be detailed, one who can better be spared.

JAMES D. MORGAN,  
Brigadier General.

B 254 (E. B. No. 228).

HEADQUARTERS D. C., September 23d.

M. R. B. 122, 1864.

HEADQUARTERS 14TH A. C.,  
WHITE HALL, GA., September 21, 1864.

Respectfully forwarded and attention asked to Major Holmes' letter and endorsement of General Morgan.

JEFF. C. DAVIS,  
Major General Commanding.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE CUMBERLAND,  
ATLANTA, GA., September 23, 1864.

Respectfully referred to Captain S. Bachtell, Chief Signal Officer, D. C., for remark.

By command of MAJOR GENERAL THOMAS.  
HENRY STONE, A. A. G.

## FIFTY-SECOND O. V. I.

HEADQUARTERS SIGNAL CORPS, D. C.,  
ATLANTA, GA., September 24, 1864.

Respectfully returned with the request that the name of some intelligent and efficient veteran second lieutenant be substituted instead of Lieutenant G. Rudolph, 52d Ohio Volunteer Infantry.

SAMUEL BACHTELL,  
Captain and Chief of Staff, Department of Cumberland.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE CUMBERLAND,  
ATLANTA, GA., September 26, 1864.

Respectfully returned with reference to preceding endorsement, and directions to detail some good officer.

E. B. 218, V. I.

By command of MAJOR GENERAL THOMAS.  
HENRY STONE, A. A. G.

HEADQUARTERS 52D O. V. I.,  
CHATTANOOGA, TENN., October 16, 1864.

My Dear Parents:

We left Atlanta on the 29th ult. and after having been in three states, Georgia, Alabama and Tennessee, and nearly Mississippi, and having traveled by rail and foot eight hundred miles, find ourselves once more in the Gibraltar of the south. There has been a big scare in these parts and there may be a big fight.

We are under orders for a move, probably back towards Stevenson.

We left Florence, Alabama, on the 10th inst., took cars at Athens, 1 a. m. 14th, reached here at dark. Yesterday I was ordered to Rossville and we had the pleasure of picketing and sleeping on the same ground we occupied for five days before the battle of Chickamauga last year; this morning we were ordered in again.

Clancy was exchanged and returned the day we left Atlanta, but did not come with the regiment.

He was roughly used by the Johnnies, looks well, however.

Communication with the front is interrupted and I don't know how soon we'll hear from Sherman!

We are both well.

Your son,

J. T. HOLMES.

GAYLESVILLE, ALA., October 26, 1864.

Sister Em:

It has been some time since I received your letter and opportunities for writing have been scarce. On the 29th of September we left "Atlanta," traveling by rail. After numerous delays and accidents and so on we found ourselves in "Athens," Alabama; from there we mounted the unflinching marches for "Florence." After two days of the hardest march-

ing I ever saw done we arrived in that neighborhood as near a played out set of men as could easily be found. Here we stopped some four days and then started back to Athens again. General Morgan's division was all that was along. The object of the expedition was to gain a fording on the Tennessee river below Muscle Shoals, for which old Forest was heading, and prevent his crossing. We were so far successful as to compel him to cross several miles below on flats and rafts. When we got to Athens we took the cars and hauled up next at Chattanooga, where they were hourly expecting Hood with an overwhelming force. We lay here three days, but no Hood appearing we were again ordered on the tow-path and after five days marching, in a southwesterly direction, overtook the army under Sherman at this point. The army at the present is living almost exclusively off the country. And wherever it goes it leaves a region desolate.

Will. Holmes is not very well. I think likely he will be sent back to Chattanooga if we have to march much more.

Jim. Dickerson returned to his regiment at Chattanooga. Alex. Hammond was left in Atlanta. My own health has improved on this campaign and I am in better health now than since the 1st of April.

A. R. H.

On the 21st of October the 22d Indiana reported to me and the two regiments became drovers, the custodians of the meat supply, on the hoof, of the second division, 14th Army Corps. The camp had been selected and the boys were rounding up the stock, selecting desirable spots on which to pitch shelter tents and spread blankets for the night, building fires on which to make coffee, fry their flitch or fresh meat and warm and soften the hard-tack. To prevent frauds and adulteration of the soldier's greatest artificial drink, the coffee was issued in the berry, for the most part, already browned, and every soldier carried his own coffee mill. The grinding went on after the vessel containing the water was hung or set over the fire. A stranger to military service would hardly figure out at the first guess the pattern of the mill, and he might have it in his possession without thinking of its capacity. It was simple enough. The tin cup, which each soldier carried, placed with the bottom on some smooth solid surface, half filled with the browned coffee grains, the shank end of the bayonet and a little "elbow grease" furnished all the elements of a first-class mill. It was an easy matter to crush the grains and the expert grinder—they were all experts—would, in a few minutes, empty into the boiling water the requisite quantity of

well ground coffee. Before entering the camp, which was in sight, as the October sun was sinking gloriously behind the semi-mountain tops about Alpine, I came to a clear creek in the middle of which I met General D. S. Stanley on horseback. As our horses drank from the stream with their noses close together, we talked. I cannot now recall anything of the conversation beyond the day's march and its incidents and the camping of the troops then going on. I have never seen him since that meeting. He was a splendid specimen, with dark hair, then rather long, a good eye, a good face, a pleasant voice, an interesting manner, then, though only thirty-six years of age, in command of the fourth corps of Sherman's army. He was travel-stained and weary with the day in the saddle. He was not on the march to the sea, but went immediately north with his command, to participate in the conflicts with Hood's army from Pulaski to Nashville and thirty-two years after the battle of Franklin, one of those conflicts, to be engaged in a fierce personal controversy with General J. D. Cox, over its conduct.

HEADQUARTERS 52D O. V. I.,  
ROME, GA., October 30, 1864.

Miss —————:

For want of a new letter I deliberately sat down a few moments since and gave your last, received about ten days since, a third and thorough perusal, and now in these old woods a short distance north of Rome, under the edge of a shelter tent with my knee for a desk, I'll write a brief reply—this being my first opportunity to write since the 28th day of September. Our track since then you will find on a good map, Atlanta, by way of Stevenson, Alabama, to Athens by railroads. From Athens to Florence and back again on foot, a trip of great suffering; from Athens to Chattanooga by rail. From Chattanooga on foot to Gordon's Mills, our old camp; thence to Lafayette; thence towards Sommerville until we reached a point opposite Alpine, Georgia; and finally, by direct route, we reached Rome last evening. It was one month of the hardest campaigning, save fighting, I ever saw.

\* \* \* \* \*

I'll say I was well acquainted with the brave Donaldson. \* \* \*

KINGSTON, GA., November 5, 1864.

Sister Em:

This may be the last scratch you will get from me for many days; it may be months and my next letter may be headed Savannah, Georgia, instead of Kingston, Georgia.

Sherman says we shall see salt water before three months and every preparation is being made for a long campaign. We go from here to Atlanta and from there we will start with sixty days rations of bread, coffee, salt, and the country we pass through must furnish the remainder. The paymaster is here; if communication stays open long enough I will send home —— dollars.

A. R. H.

KINGSTON, GA., November 6, 1864.

\* \* \* \* \*

Everything here is hubbub and mystery. Let us see what some indications are. First, that four corps, 14th, 15th, 17th, 20th, will rendezvous at Atlanta in a few days for a rapid campaign through to the coast at Savannah, or some other point. Second, that in view of the new base upon the coast and the trouble in maintaining such an extended line of communication as the present as well as to prevent operations upon this line by the enemy, every rail will be taken up from Atlanta to Chattanooga and every tie burned. You may have learned that the rebels took up the track from Jonesboro to Macon and it is reported are laying it down from Selma, Alabama, north.

Third, that Atlanta will be abandoned, being now nothing but a mass of ditches and parapets. It cannot be of any importance as a station, one hundred or one hundred and twenty miles from the terminus of the nearest line of communication for either army, in a country laid waste by the desolations of war.

Fourth, that the 23d and 4th Corps will hold the line of the Memphis and Charleston road; but here I lose sight of what is likely to be the accomplishments of purposes of the man we call *Tecumseh*. While we were at Gaylesville, Alabama, after Hood's demonstrations had ceased, the General said, "Hood's made his raid, now, by G—d, I'll show him what a raid is."

May we all see what it will be.

Your son,

J. T. H.

Clancy is yet in Atlanta. I am still in command.

Write, no matter whether it gets through, *it may*.

The regiment will stand about three-fourths Lincoln, one-fourth McClellan, *I think*. Very quiet.

HEADQUARTERS 52D O. V. I.,

ETOWAH BRIDGE, GA., November 12, 1864.

Sister Sue:

Yours of October 15, reached me while at Kingston a few days since. On the 8th we moved to Cartersville and this morning came down to the two forts on the north bank of the Etowah River to guard the railroad and wagon road bridges. We are still moving by slow degrees south. Almost all traces of civilization are disappearing from the vicinity of this road. Houses are torn down and burned, I might say *towns*. We passed

through Cassville the other day, and of a flourishing village of fifteen hundred inhabitants, only one family, or two, remained. Every house, excepting the churches, was one heap of ashes. Citizens from here are almost all gone and every train going north from Atlanta is loaded with refugees, two or three bed quilts containing the all of a family. I had thought the advantages of a stop and winter quarters might enable me to write the family fully of this people, the armies here and the country.

Incidents by the scores, I might write if I had the leisure, but that is not at the disposal of a regimental commander, if he follows the last injunction of grandfather to me, as I was about entering the army, "Be good to your men."

I suppose you have received my long letter before this and that must suffice until history turns a few more pages. The indications are much as they were when I wrote the other day.

Hurrah! for Nancy. May the dominion of her sons and daughters be bounded by the sea alone, while their fame aspires to the heavens! I'll quit. We're well. Write. Your brother,

J. T. HOLMES.

"Be good to your men." That injunction from the strong old man, who had then lived more than ninety years, was the expression of two sorts of wisdom; one given him by nature, the other by his experience as a soldier in the Indian wars which followed the revolution and as an officer in the war of 1812; yea, a third, the experience and observation of that long life, public and private.

It was distinctly undignified and showed a want of proper reverence for age when I tossed my pen in the closing "hurrah" for my life-long, maiden friend of whose marriage, at three score and ten, I had just then heard. She long since passed to the land of the leal, and I bless her memory for many a kindness in my childhood and boyhood and for faithful devotion to me in manhood, so long as she lived.

During this forenoon, I had occasion to make some purchases in the book and stationery lines and stepped into the largest establishment in this city carrying such stocks. I found the proprietor, who fortunately happened to be at leisure to wait on me, a very bright, intelligent man. Our conversation was interesting. When we were pounding away at the lines about the city in July and August, 1864, he was a small newsboy, six or seven years old, and he could not well forget to tell me, with a quiet smile, that we really owed him a pension for wounding him

in the shoulder very seriously with a fragment of one of our shells. He recovered, though he will always be under some disability from the injury. When the rebuilding of the city began at the close of the war, or when we left its site, on the excursion to Savannah, he returned with the other refugees who had been driven from their homes and began selling papers. The New York Herald was his favorite, at first three or four days old when it reached him, with a shortening of the time of transit as the months and years went by and the railroad service and facilities improved between New York and Atlanta. That small, plucky boy, with the broken shoulder, a few pennies, a good voice and a half dozen copies of a great daily newspaper under his arm, on the streets of the burned and blackened city, in the midst of a desolated country, at the beginning of 1865, developed into the shrewd, far-seeing, broad-minded, cultured citizen of a great southern metropolis, still on the sunny side of life, abreast with every branch of his business, which shows, at a glance, thrift, comfort, prosperity, a fortune, in 1897, illustrated to my mind, with striking force, the greatness of our country in the opportunities it opens to the worthy and the rewards it returns to industry and integrity. His career has been a model.

I violate no confidence when I give his name and address—  
J. F. Lester, No. 7 Whitehall.

COLUMBUS, OHIO, May 28, 1897.

Leaving Atlanta at 4:30 p. m. of the 26th inst. we made a run of over six hundred miles home by 12:15 p. m. of the 27th and spent an hour and twenty minutes, meantime, in Cincinnati; and now, I proceed to keep my promise to sketch the movements of the regiment for two and a half months immediately preceding the active commencement of the Savannah campaign, commonly called the March to the Sea.

From September 5, until September 28, 1864, our camp was on the Whitehall street or road, a mile and a half below Atlanta. It was a dull, heavy time, for the most part. Our ranks had been fearfully thinned by death and wounds through the one hundred and eighteen days of march and battle. The contracted line on dress parade was mournfully eloquent of gaps which had been closed up by moving to the right or left and took the heart and life out of survivors when memory and reflection were allowed to do their perfect work.

One of my first missions was to visit the poor fellow, who wore shoulder straps in the 52d, who was a widowed mother's sole pride and who had made his way from Jonesboro to Atlanta, on a pretended sick list, after the battle, in which he had taken no part whatever, after falling out by the wayside when the batteries began their work. His weak, timid legs would not do their duty and carry him into visible danger, nor were his nervous hands more willing to guide his horse in that direction. Pretexts and excuses for absence had gone with the boys for a time, but when it was noted down as a steady thing that the officer was never in at the death, suspicion was aroused and Jonesboro had sealed his fate. I was sorry as ever I was over any man's fall to say to him what could not be left unsaid and that was, "You must resign." He was lodging at a boarding house in the city and I called on him and had a strictly private interview. He had evidently hoped that sickness would be accepted as an excuse, but with his previous record and the *suddenness* of the sickness, it could not be accepted. I told him that, personally, I could pass it all by, but it had become so far public property and had made such impression on my superiors that if the resignation was not sent in a

court-martial would be ordered and I was sure he would be disgraced. He resigned under protest, above copied, and avoided a much more unpleasant termination of his military career. He returned to Ohio and several years after the close of the war is said to have died while in some way connected with the police department of one of the larger cities of Western Tennessee.

Another incident of this camping period was the return to us of our Lee and Gordon's Mills friend, Dr. Mary E. Walker. She was still dressed in the bloomer style, more correctly speaking, it was in masculine attire. She had first come to the brigade while we lay at Lee and Gordon's Mills in the spring of 1864 and had ridden toward the front from that station and been made prisoner by the enemy. It was said that her theory was to obtain valuable information for the government and a speedy return with it from captivity through the chivalric sentiment which the fact that she was a woman must inspire in her captors. She expected indulgence and favors on this ground and to be handed about in a delicate and considerate way which would afford opportunities for learning a great many things about the Confederacy and its inner life and conditions. She was mistaken. Her blue suit and the time and circumstances of her capture subjected her to suspicion and her treatment by the Confederate military was by no means considerate according to her own story. She was subjected to rigid imprisonment and to some mild indignities and on one occasion an effort was made to kill her while in Libby prison by shooting up through the floor of the second or third story in which she was confined. The ball barely missed her. She managed at last, after being in different prisons and transported from upper Georgia to Libby in Richmond, to obtain an exchange and reported at Washington. It was at the time we lay on Utoy Creek—about the 25th of August, 1864—that the War Department telegraphed to learn whether or not she had any official connection, as assistant surgeon, with the 52d. At Lee and Gordon's, McCook had, in a joking way, talked about assigning her to such duty with the regiment and upon her return to our lines from her captivity she was apparently claiming pay as though she held such rank or had rendered service in it. My answer could

not be construed to aid her claim for I had no knowledge of such appointment or such service.

Whether she succeeded in drawing on the public treasury or not, on any ground, she appeared at Atlanta and spent some days in meeting her friends who had survived the campaign and in an effort to have General Thomas recognize her as an assistant surgeon in the army. The General was, however, inexorable and she obtained nothing but kind words from that great hearted soldier. In the movements which presently began, she disappeared to the rear and it was quite a number of months before I heard from her again.

In line with my suggestions as to the low spirits and depression which pervaded the ranks when we camped at the close of the campaign, I make reference to our chaplain, Rev. Jacob S. Keagle. He had come to us first at Lee and Gordon's Mills as the successor of Rev. A. L. Petty, who had resigned at Nashville. It was heroic initiation for Mr. Keagle to enter at once, almost, on such a struggle as began in May, 1864, but his office required no fighting. It was his duty to brighten the way of those "ready to die," or to see that we all were ready. He was instant in season and out of season through the campaign in the discharge of his duties. Preaching there was none that I can remember after we left the mills, but there was enough and more than enough to do. On the march he was in the saddle and watchful of those who needed his help in any way; in battle he was with the hospital corps ministering to the wounded and the dying. When he came to us he had more or less acquaintance with the men of two or three of the companies, so that he did not come as an entire stranger. The campaign, however, wore him out in spirit and when we finally camped on the Whitehall road, south of Atlanta, the man who came to comfort and cheer and inspire, while enjoying his usual bodily health, needed others to arouse his drooping spirits and keep him out of deep despondency. He came to talk with me about his discouraged mental condition. He had no physical ailments, but the heart was all taken out of him, the contagion of sorrow and low spirits had seized on him and he could not shake it off; he thought he would better resign and go back north. Making a sort of prescription and at the same time

entertaining the belief that it would have much utility for the future, I suggested that he could throw off his depression and at the same time do a good work for many people, if he would systematically go about jotting down the history of every man in the regiment, of each company and of the regiment itself as they might be gathered from the survivors. I pointed out the mode of procedure, the interest he could arouse in his work when the boys found what he was doing, how the work would grow on his hands and its value, when finished, in many ways, to many people. The proposal excited a momentary enthusiasm and he began the work, but in a day or two, fell by the wayside and the pencil was never taken up again to make such record. Down, down, sank his spirits and at last in a kind of despair he resigned and took passage on the train with refugees of all kinds and colors going toward the north.

September 29, 1864, we were ordered to the train and stuck to it until October 2, when we landed at Huntsville, Alabama. We passed the chaplain's train at Chattanooga in the evening of October 1. Some of the boys saw him among the refugees. They were then some four or five days out from Atlanta, but they were subject to the exigencies of war and could go forward only when the military situation would permit.

Some years later, the chaplain became a resident of Columbus and for a time resumed the practice of his early profession—dentistry—then lost his eyesight entirely and a few years since joined the “everlasting throng” about which he had preached to us and of which many of his friends in civil and military life had become members. I delight to say that his friendship for myself was steadfast and unwavering to the end, and that I found him always a gentle, considerate and kindly soul, a man of intelligence and native refinement and sensibility.

The run upon which the brigade had been ordered and which so far as the railroad was concerned, terminated at Huntsville had been made to intercept a raid of Forrest on Nashville. My journal entries, from October 2, to October 14, brief as they are, show the substance of our movements and experiences from the time we left Huntsville, upon this second visit to it, until our return.

This brings us for the third time to this attractive country. I mean the old southern town of Huntsville and its surroundings. Two incidents are prominent in mind connected with these visits. On the first, when our men were aroused for the march on the morning of September 5, 1863, one of them who was wearing boots instead of government shoes hastily pulled on a boot and was stung in the foot by a scorpion that had crept into it during the night. The poison soon began to show its effects; the soldier was placed in an ambulance and taken along with the column. A few miles out I had occasion to ride by the ambulance and heard his suppressed groans. Dr. Duff, the surgeon, who had been called with others to attend him, told me upon inquiry that the poor fellow could not live, and about 10 o'clock of that morning the man died. He was a member of the Battery Company.

The other incident begs pardon in advance for suggesting itself. The briefer its history the better. One of the men of the brigade—not of the 52d—while we were waiting a little time in Huntsville on this second visit was sought out by a dusky damsel and shown one of his children—about three months of age—much to his confusion and disgrace among his comrades.

I have come to the last stage of the present record, or history, whatever it may be called. The outline of our return from Chattanooga to Atlanta by easy marches, with the barest hint here and there as to some incident of the way, is found in my journal entries from October 15, to November 15, 1864, inclusive.

"Dick" was the gray horse that I had left with Mr. Hall in the preceding May. We camped at the Mills early in the afternoon and when matters were settled down a little, I strolled out of camp down toward the Mills and sat down on a large log which lay along the roadside and was half musing over the history which had been made since we had marched away from the Mills to begin the Atlanta campaign, when suddenly, as if they had risen out of the ground, here came Dick carrying Mr. Hall and a small bag of meal. Man and horse and meal had been down about the Mills and evidently gotten together and started home without my noticing any movement until they were close to me trudging along the road down the creek. "Conesauga," for so Swan named him, from the creek in East Tennessee where I bought the

horse, was still as lame as ever and moved very carefully and very slowly with his burden. His pride and flesh were largely gone and I took my last view of the good tempered gray as they passed within a few feet of me without making any sign to either horse or rider. Why? I cannot tell you, except that then the feeling of having any hold on the things of this world was at a low ebb and, correspondingly, interest and sentiment were in abeyance. To-morrow was more uncertain, if that be possible, than the to-morrow of a peaceful, hum drum, civil life. To stop the good horse and his kindhearted rider would be the instant impulse of to-day. To pat the neck and nose of my East Tennessee companion and speak to horse and man, if for a minute only, would be irresistible, but *then* "it was different." The chances of war to the hardened soldier made such things indifferent, at the moment.

"Roebuck," the horse I bought from the McCook estate after the loss of both my horses in front of Atlanta, had been showing signs of failing health for several days and on the march from the Mills to Lafayette developed a well defined case of glanders. He lingered along, isolated from the other stock, until the morning of October 31, when the old fellow staggered and fell just as he came to the line of earthworks, which the enemy had thrown up for the defense of Rome before our visit to that city in May preceding. Dan. McCook as a Captain on his brother's staff had owned and ridden Roebuck in the battle of Pittsburg Landing, April 6-7, 1862. From this point until we reached Kingston I was on foot in command of the regiment. A horse was not to be had for love or money. "All things come round to him who will but wait," and on the 3d of November I bought by far the greatest piece of horseflesh I ever owned or rode. He was then plain "Jack," but his name was in time metamorphosed, by others, into "Jocko." A sketch of him appeared in the Dispatch newspaper of September 30, 1892, and is here copied, though the letter embodied was written without thought of its publication. A wood cut of the little fellow appeared with the article:

## "JOCKO" IS DEAD.

HE WAS THE OLDEST ARMY HORSE IN OHIO.

FOALED ENTIRELY WHITE AND POSSESSED WONDERFUL POWERS OF  
ENDURANCE.

*Brief History of the, for Many Years, Sole Survivor of Ohio's War Horses.*

The Zanesville Courier of September 22d contains a letter written some months ago by Colonel J. T. Holmes, giving a history of his war pony, which was put on pasture years ago, by the Colonel, with a view of simply preserving the horse as long as Father Time would permit him to live. The letter was a private letter, written to an Eastern Ohio gentleman, who had asked for information about the pony. The Courier seems to have gotten hold of the document through a man named Albert Geis, who had been tracing the pedigree of a fine mare owned by him. As the pony (which is now dead), was for years supposed to be the only survivor of the army of horses Ohio sent to the war, the letter makes interesting reading now, and the Courier's article is reproduced, as follows:

Albert Geis has been tracing the pedigree of a fine mare owned by him. The horse alluded to in the following letter from Colonel J. T. Holmes, one of the most brilliant attorneys of Columbus, is her sire.

COLUMBUS, O., May 5, 1892.

W. G. Cope, Esq., Moorefield, O.:

DEAR SIR—The old war horse has more known history than known pedigree. I'll answer your letter as far as possible. "Jocko" was foaled among the Comanche Indians, probably in the fall of 1861, in Northern Texas. When about one year old he was bought from the Indians by a Mississippi trader, and brought to the plantation of the latter on "Yocomy Creek," in the northeastern part of the state, prior to the siege of Vicksburg. He was purchased from the trader, who had a large herd of horses on his land, by the Colonel of the Twelfth Iowa, from whom I bought him.

He went through the Vicksburg campaign and has a mark said to have been made by a fragment of shell while the reduction of that city was going on. He came with his regiment under Sherman from Vicksburg to Chattanooga, and went through the Atlanta campaign, having been in the taking of Mission Ridge. I lost both my horses just before the capture of Atlanta. As soon as the city fell we were thrown back into Northern Alabama to put an end to Forrest's raid toward Nashville, and then having returned by rail to Chattanooga, we began from that

point our march to the sea, passing through the country over which we had fought from May to September, 1864. At Rome, I lost my third horse and was on foot in command of the regiment until we reached Kingston. Here we rested a day or two, were paid off, cut the wires, burned the bridges behind us, and fully entered on the famous campaign. I bought the horse in question while we lay at Kingston. I rode him on the march to Savannah and from there through Georgia, the Carolinas and Virginia to Washington City. At the close of the war I computed the distance covered by horse and rider in company—it was over 2,000 miles.

Of course, all I know of his early history is from hearsay, but putting that with my actual knowledge and experience, the little fellow's record is one of much interest.

The officer from whom I bought him told me that he was not more than half grown at the time of the purchase from the planter. The bargain for him was made while he was in the herd, and it required two cavalrymen, mounted on good horses, to capture the colt and bring him in.

He was perfectly white then and must have been so when foaled, a very rare thing, as you know. He has made his mile in three minutes under saddle when under three years old.

When I left Savannah on the North Carolina campaign there were between one hundred and two hundred horses following us, on the foraging business, because it was my business to gather from the country with my troops provisions for 2,500 men. When we reached Goldsboro, North Carolina, every horse that had started with him from Savannah had been left behind, abandoned or killed. He covered fifty miles per day much of that ride. One of those days I mounted him at 6 a. m., was off his back only twice until the midnight following and was in the saddle at 4 in the morning to ride all the next day.

He came into Goldsboro without chafe, or puff, or scar, the best piece of horse flesh, according to size, that I ever saw. His strength, endurance and intelligence were marvelous; he is living to-day taking his ease, as well as old age will permit, on the splendid farm of one of my good friends seven miles south of this city; the only war horse living in Central Ohio, or in the whole state, as far as I know.

If I am spared to see the end of the pressure of active, all engrossing practice of my profession, I intend to write one book that shall contain a fair sketch of his history and its more striking incidents. I have a regard for him that excels my regard for some men, and his life and achievements excite my enthusiasm whenever I run over such a review as I have given you. He has some marks of the Arabian pony and some of the Mexican broncho, but is, or has always been, greater than either.

Trusting I have not wearied or disappointed you. I remain,

Sincerely yours,

J. T. HOLMES.

On the 5th of July last, along the bank of Alum creek on the farm of Mr. W. T. Rees, the old horse met with an accident to which his old age in no wise contributed, but which resulted in a broken leg and the necessity of shooting him; so that he may be said to have 'died with his boots on.' Mr. Rees says his body was decently buried by an old soldier, thus crowning his exit from the world with a species of 'military honors.' "

November 8, pursuant to the provisions of law, we "held an election." It was Lincoln's second race and the soldiers in the field were recognized as citizens still and entitled to a voice in the selection of chief executive as though they were at their several homes in a time of profound peace. The measure was right. There was no element of forfeiture in the fact that they were in the army and away from home.

The run and march from Atlanta, Georgia, to Florence, Alabama, and the return to Chattanooga by rail and thence to Atlanta on foot over the line of the summer campaign were calculated to give us a review of an impressive nature tending to familiarize us with the scenes where the struggles not alone of the one campaign, but of two great campaigns had occurred; Chattanooga and Atlanta, nay, really of three, for Mission Ridge with its precursor, Lookout Mountain, constituted a distinct campaign.

While the march to the sea for our brigade really began at Kingston, where the orders for it were received, yet it properly began from Atlanta, and now having reviewed the ground and the record of experiences from the Ohio to Georgia's Gate City, having welded into one memorandum "then and now," with the old Atlanta still smoking and flaming, in spots, a desolation, lurid by night and blackened by day, we take leave of these notes and all that follows in the hope that on some other days we may take up the thread of review and so go over the March to the Sea, three hundred miles, and the campaign through the Carolinas, the march from the sea to the mountains again.

It is a delight to think that this portion of a long cherished plan has been carried into execution. It came at a time and in a manner and for reasons which were not foreseen, but, nevertheless has been as satisfactory as though it had come about as the result of our own disposition of events. All the conditions of our travel and enjoyment have been favorable. It happened that

there was a cool wave south as well as north and we saw only two warm, I mean, anything like hot, days while below the Ohio. We had neither clouds nor rain; hotels, their fare and service were, with the slightest exceptions, beyond criticism; we missed no train and had no sort of accident. The treatment of the people with whom we came in contact was uniformly kind and polite and we had no exhibition anywhere of war feeling or bitterness, while the cordiality and good fellowship, shown by many, including men who carried swords or guns against us, were distinctly marked and emphasized in some instances. The war is over; the banner of the lost cause, I think, furled forever; the stars and stripes seen much as in the north; the pride of country often disclosed; the pride in the valor of American soldiers as displayed on many bloody fields, whether they wore the blue or the gray, is every day evinced by survivors. Doubtless, the heart is sore and among its dregs are some bitter herbs, in many instances, but the futility, the utter uselessness of indulgence in practical hatred of section or race, is recognized and time and interest and intercourse; trade and commerce and religion, must make us as effectually one people as are the English of to-day after their civil wars and even revolution and counter revolution in government.

Since the foregoing manuscript was completed, I have found two paragraphs from southern sources which possess a power and a pathos that appeal to the soldier heart. Between them I insert the message of a loyal northerner.

John S. Wise, a southern veteran, in an address to one of the Grand Army posts of Buffalo, September 4, 1897, said, among other eloquent things:

"All through the Southern land are gray-haired men with whom life has gone hard. The burden of defeat—the changed conditions resulting from the war, the pinch of poverty, the hard struggle, under adverse circumstances, to meet the stern requirements of life—have changed them in these thirty years, until such as have not given up and passed away, are bent and gray and time-worn, with the sad eye and soft voice of unsuccess. They have few comforts left to them. Few excitements of the present stir the sluggish courses of their blood. Few passing events arouse their interest or attention. When the weary, humdrum day's work is done they go to their homes and through the usual domestic routine, passing year after year of uneventful waiting for the end. But, boys! In

the life of every one of these there was one glorious episode—one 'crowded hour of glorious life'—filled with perilous issues of such thrilling import that its memory still brightens the eye and quickens the pulses of these old fellows and will as long as life shall last, no matter how hard the game has gone against them. That time was when in gallant youth they followed Lee and Jackson. It was just as you followed Grant and Sherman, Sheridan and Thomas."

Two years ago at the Chicago banquet, on Grant's birthday, Mr. Holstein, now lawyer, orator, poet, who, beginning in later boyhood, wore the blue through the war, a part of the time in our 22d Indiana, said:

"The war is over. The scars on both sides are badges of soldierly honor. Arms are stacked and the ranks are broken. Their swords are beaten into plowshares, and their spears into pruning hooks, and the lovebirds are nesting in the mouths of the dumb cannons.

" 'Let us have peace' was the last command of the great commander, whose birth we commemorate to-night. The blue and the gray are brothers. To-night, with thirty years between us and the dead echo of the last gun of the last battle, it would seem invidious and ungracious to leave unsaid some words of appreciation of our friends the enemy—the gallant soldiers of the South. Grant left untaken and untouched the sword of Lee. We are bigots indeed if we do not honor Confederate soldiers, as such, for their courage. Mistaken in their belief, but believing in their mistake, honestly, devotedly, and bravely they fought a losing fight. Braver soldiers never faced a foe in battle. Honor paid to them for their valor is honor to the Union soldier. The valor of each proves the valor of both."

At Allatoona Pass, where General Corse, October 5, 1864, received the signal from General Sherman on the top of Kenesaw, twenty miles away, to "hold the fort," is a soldier's grave, neatly kept, on the marble headstone of which is this inscription:

"An Unknown Hero.  
*He died for the cause  
he thought was right."*

And now, finally, I quote the other sentiment, the closing prose paragraph, from one of the most popular books in Georgia,

a book somewhat difficult to find, styled "Mountain Campaigns in Georgia," written by a southerner and first issued from the press some ten years ago :

"The tempest of blood which drenched our land has ceased; its sulphurous clouds have rolled away, and the beams of the sun of reconciliation and restored union are lighting the sky over mountain and dale. The echoes of the storm are fast being stilled in the ears of those who once invoked it; but yet, like the voice of thunder, they roll forth to the world the defiance of American manhood to whomsoever dare strike 'the old flag' or 'the land we love'; and in the hearts of those who once strove, there rules, for the dead of either side who gave their lives for their convictions, the sentiment which one wrote of the humble grave in Allatoona Pass, ere he knew under which flag its occupant had shed his blood."

*"He died for the cause  
he thought was right,"*



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